Collier's

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

MARCH 7, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA

•

More About Man's Survival in Space

•

Brown-eyed Parents Blue-eyed Child

WHY?

35 Q. & A. on Heredity

MARY A BECK
5918 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA
11132 1073 2Y

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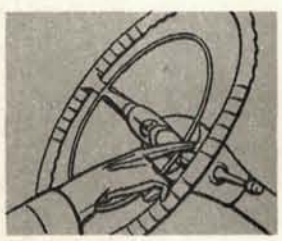
88

THE BIG

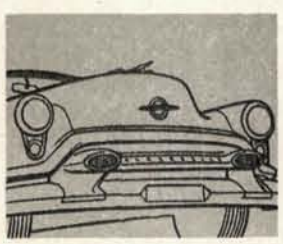
4-Power Package

OF 1953 !

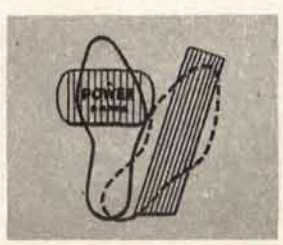
Car illustrated above: Oldsmobile Super "88" 4-Door Sedan. A General Motors Value.



1 Power Steering



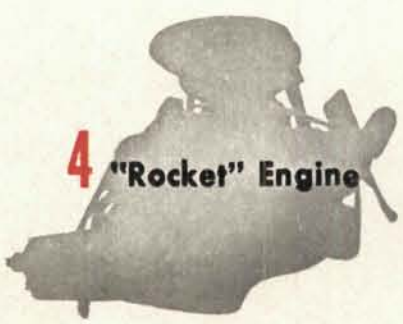
2 Power Styling



3 Power Brakes

Take command of the power sensation of the year—Oldsmobile's brilliant new Super "88"! Take a look at the bold new front end, the sweeping fender lines, the long, level rear-deck . . . *that's Power Styling!* Now take the wheel and feel the smooth, swift response of the higher-compression, higher-power, higher-voltage engine . . . *that's the new "Rocket"!* Take a curve or a corner—park and maneuver with incredible ease . . . *that's GM Power Steering*!* And it takes just a touch of your toe to bring you to a smoother, quicker, safer stop . . . *with Pedal-Ease Power Brakes*!* Plus Frigidaire Car Conditioning*, Autronic-Eye*! Drive the power-great Super "88" soon, at your Oldsmobile Dealer's.

**Optional at extra cost.*



4 "Rocket" Engine

OLDSMOBILE

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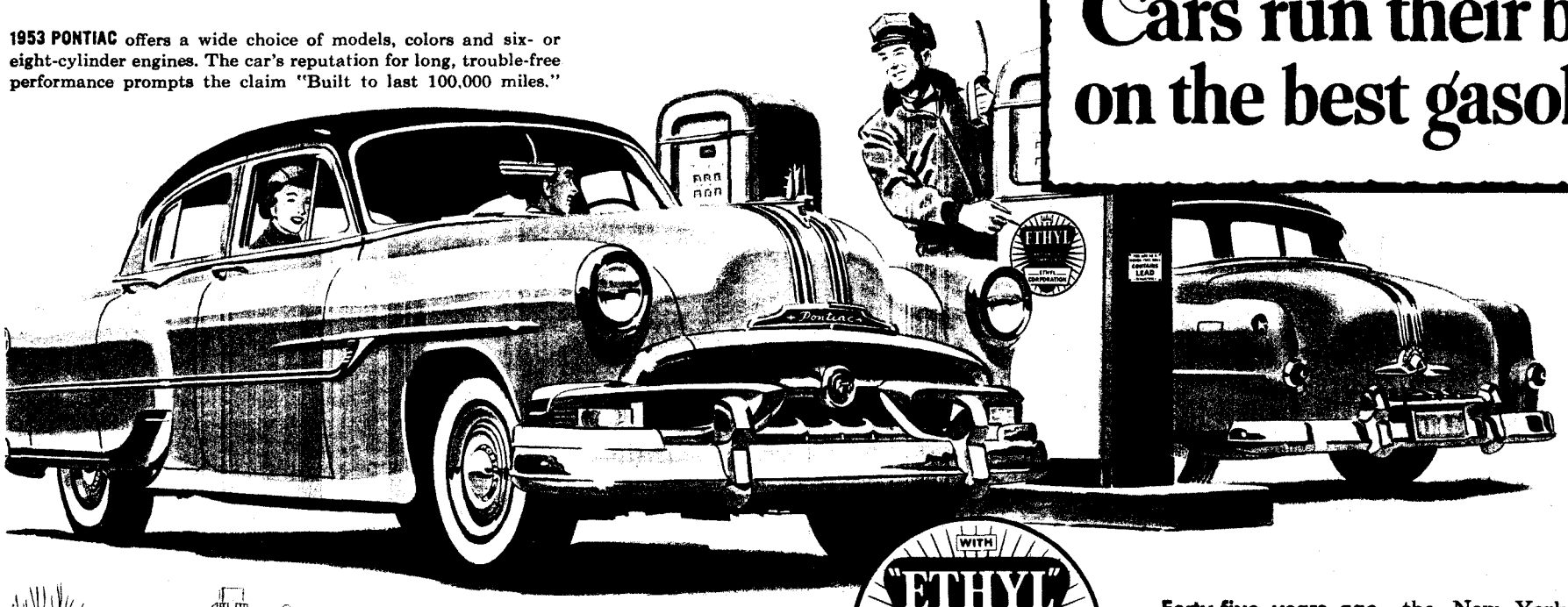
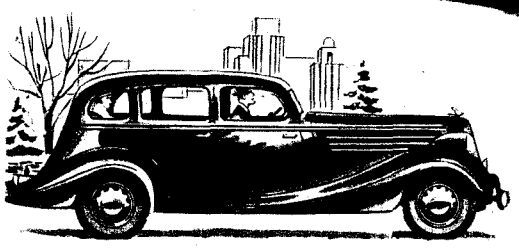
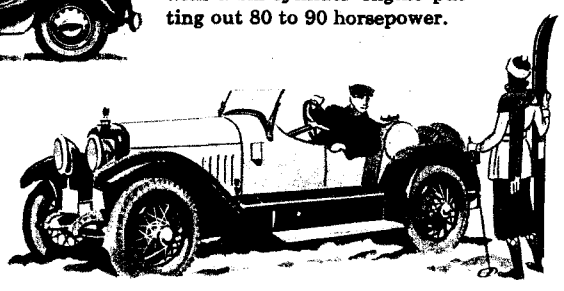
1908 OAKLAND was the ancestor of the present-day Pontiac. This touring model had a two-cylinder, 20-h.p. engine and claimed 20 to 40 per cent less weight than any car in its class.

1953 PONTIAC offers a wide choice of models, colors and six- or eight-cylinder engines. The car's reputation for long, trouble-free performance prompts the claim "Built to last 100,000 miles."





1935 TERRAPLANE was nicely streamlined to "slice into the wind." It was a lively little car with a six-cylinder engine putting out 80 to 90 horsepower.



1921 MERCER was one of a line of revered American sport cars. This runabout had a four-cylinder engine developing 72 h.p. and carried a price tag of $4,200.

TODAY AS YESTERDAY

Cars run their best on the best gasoline

WITH "ETHYL" (TRADE MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND

ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., In Canada

Forty-five years ago, the New York-to-Paris racers spent much time searching for gasoline during their globe-circling trip. On lonely stretches across the U. S., Siberia and Europe, they counted themselves lucky to find fuel that would get any real power out of their engines.

You don't have to hunt for a gasoline that delivers top performance. Simply stop at the pump with the "Ethyl" trade-mark.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It helps modern high compression engines deliver top power. Try a tankful. You'll agree with millions of motorists that there is a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Bogart and Allyson!!!

The years to come will have to go some to top this twosome! Here's TNT teaming of the kind that is reminiscent of those Gable-Gardner and Taylor-Turner combos. And if memory knows a bigger or better showcase for their torrid talents than M-G-M's bold and beautiful "Battle Circus"—memory just isn't telling this excited previewer.

Excited? "Scorched" is closer! Without a doubt, "Battle Circus" is the warmest, most wonderful story of desire-under-fire to come out of the war and into the heart. In it Humphrey Bogart really meets his match ... and she's terrific! A new June Allyson—still winsome (and then some!) but with a smoldering hint of volcanoes to come. And June *does* bust out all over, while all Bogart's breaking loose in this story of a half-naive, half-knowing nurse who comes to Korea to help win the war and can't help winning a one-man war called Bogart.

Last year's Academy-Award winner is in there power-pitching again as an Army major, a surgeon with a first-class touch, a scalpel-sharp temper, and the bedside manners of a marine on leave. Out of gentlemanly respect for June's tender years and inexperienced ears, Bogart waits a full thirty seconds or so after meeting her before inviting her to see the sights, starting with the inside of a tent.

To sample you a sample of the crackling love-talk writer-director Richard Brooks has them tossing at one another: "Please, major, stop creeping up on me," says June. "Stop talking like a vice squad," says Bogart. "Aren't you too old for this kind of thing?" says she, retreating. "When I'm too old for it I'll be dead," says he, advancing.

But all the time he's declaring war on her defenses, she's invading his heart. Then D-Day for the real thing can't come too soon for him.

The screen's top topkick, Keenan Wynn, is just about perfect as an ex-circus roustabout bringing Barnum & Bailey techniques to these Army tactics. In tempo, temperature, and between-the-bombs tenderness, "Battle Circus", is surefire, sheer flame and sure fun!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents HUMPHREY BOGART, JUNE ALLYSON in "BATTLE CIRCUS" with Keenan Wynn and Robert Keith. Screen play by Richard Brooks. Based on a story by Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

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March 7, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Although spring is only a stone's throw away, it's still blustery, and sloppy enough underfoot to make the retrieving of a runaway Sunday paper an uncomfortable business. Artist Tom Lovell, of Westport, Connecticut, posed Miss Penny Peterson, daughter of Ridgefield artist Perry Peterson, and achieved this realistic circumstance without the benefit of a Hollywood wind machine.

Week's Mail

The Cutter and the Cop

EDITOR: I just can't stand these smart dopes who are always picking your articles to pieces, and finding little errors in some of your pictures.

By the way, where's the sleigh bells on your very fine cover for the Jan. 24th issue? ALLAN J. WYLIE, Tampa, Fla.

... The Jan. 24th cover is splendid, but evidently Bill Randall is just a young fellow who never drove a cutter. Being an old-timer who has driven many, I never saw a rig of this kind without chimes on the shafts and frequently on the harness.

Also, how is Randall going to stop this rig? No breeching shown.

J. F. DAVIS, Barton, Wis.

... Your cover shows a fine-looking horse, but what is he doing? Trotting? Pacing? Galloping? Looks like maybe his owner wished he had been a dog instead and trained him as a pointer.

PETE WARD, Washington, D.C.

We figure that he's neither pointer nor pacer, but a trotter who's having a little trouble getting that left hind foot up, due to a slow track.

Training to Defend Alaska

EDITOR: In Big Drop in Alaska (Jan. 24th), your magazine stated that "our best hopes to dim the Alaskan gleam in Stalin's eye are pinned on the men who wear Airborne on their sleeves. Exercise Warmwind more than proved it is a wise decision."

It seems to us of the 196th Regimental Combat Team that we have been slighted by your article because of the major role we of the 196th and 4th RCTs would play in the defense of Alaska.

The 196th RCT is continually con-

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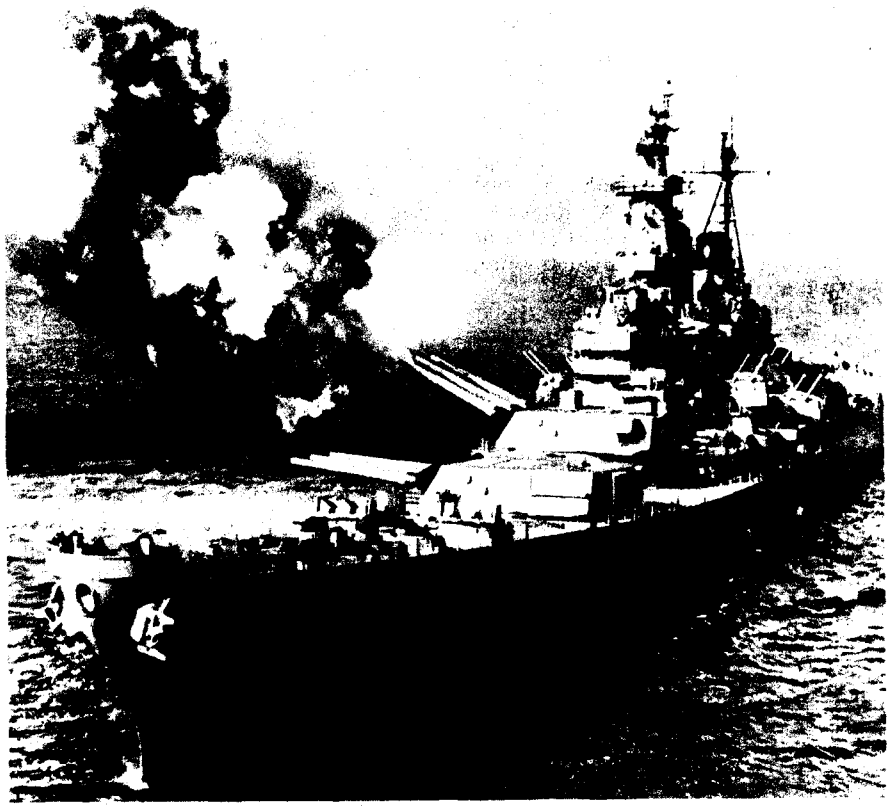
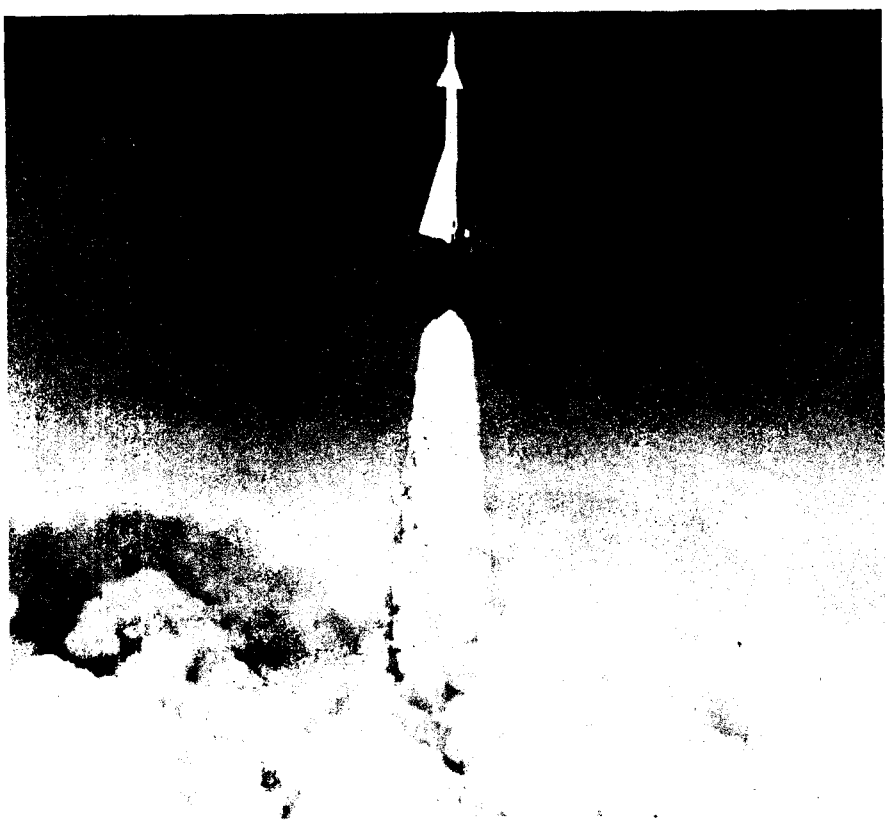
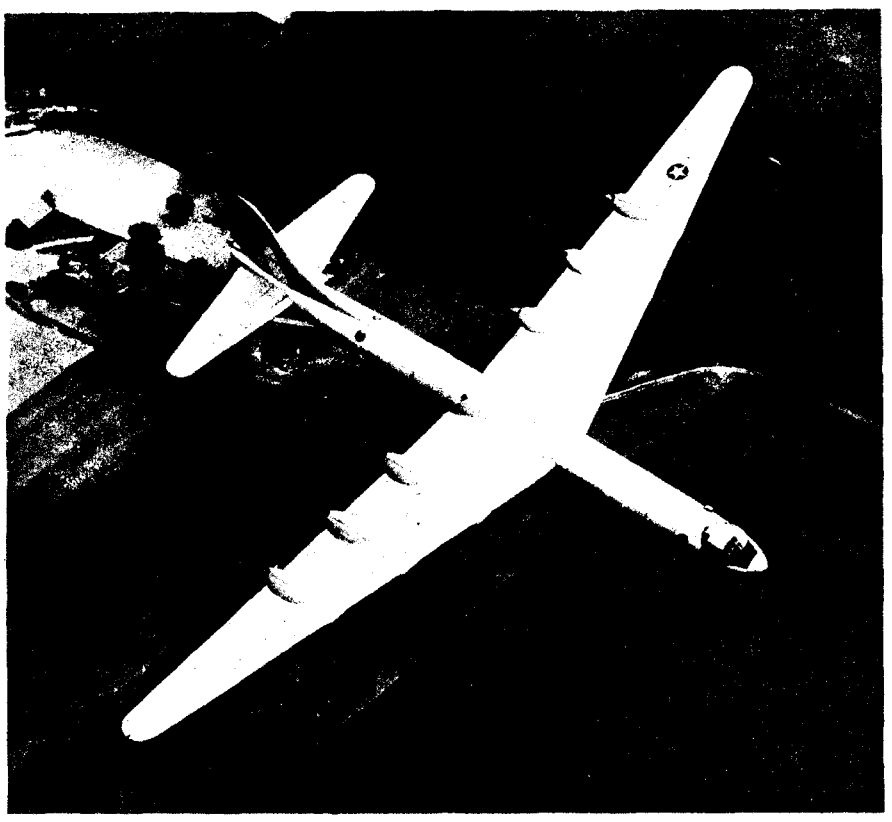


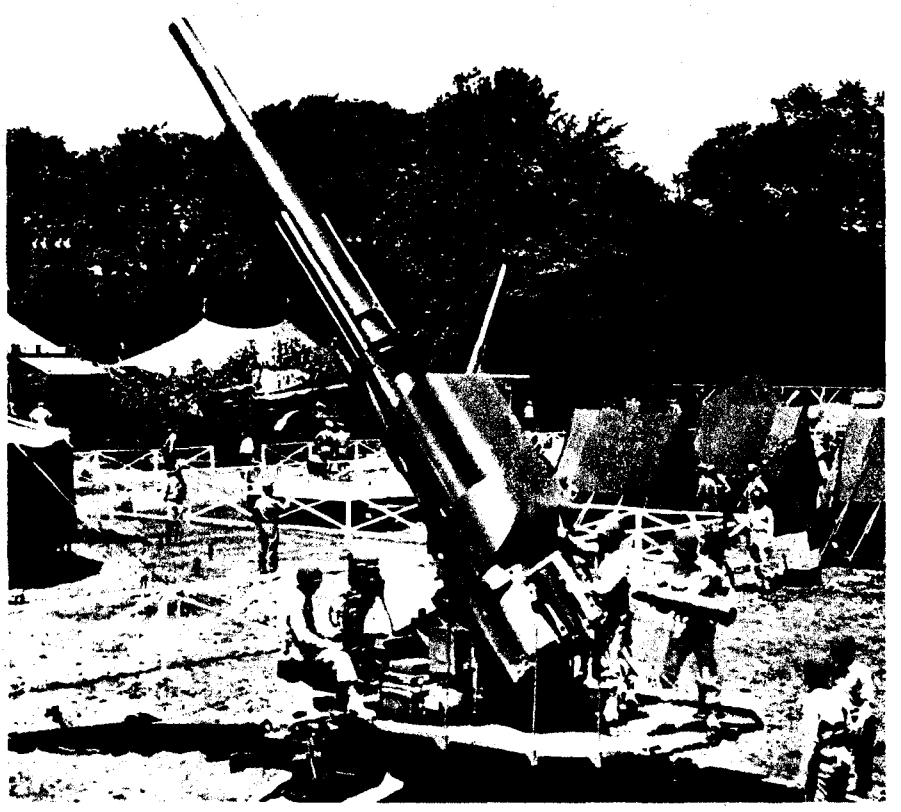
Radar fire control systems for the Navy's guns



Electronic controls for guided missiles



Radar bombing systems for the Nation's planes



Automatic firing controls for anti-aircraft guns

For Safety...Security...Defense

The Bell Telephone Laboratories, the Bell System's research organization, and the Western Electric Company, its manufacturing unit, have been called upon to handle more than a hundred projects for the U. S. Department of Defense. (Four are shown above.) The projects cover research, development, engineering and manufacture, including the very important Sandia, New Mexico, project for the Atomic Energy Commission. Today, as always, the unique skills, experience and teamwork of Bell System people are at the service of the Nation.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . Local *to serve the community.* Nationwide *to serve the Nation.*

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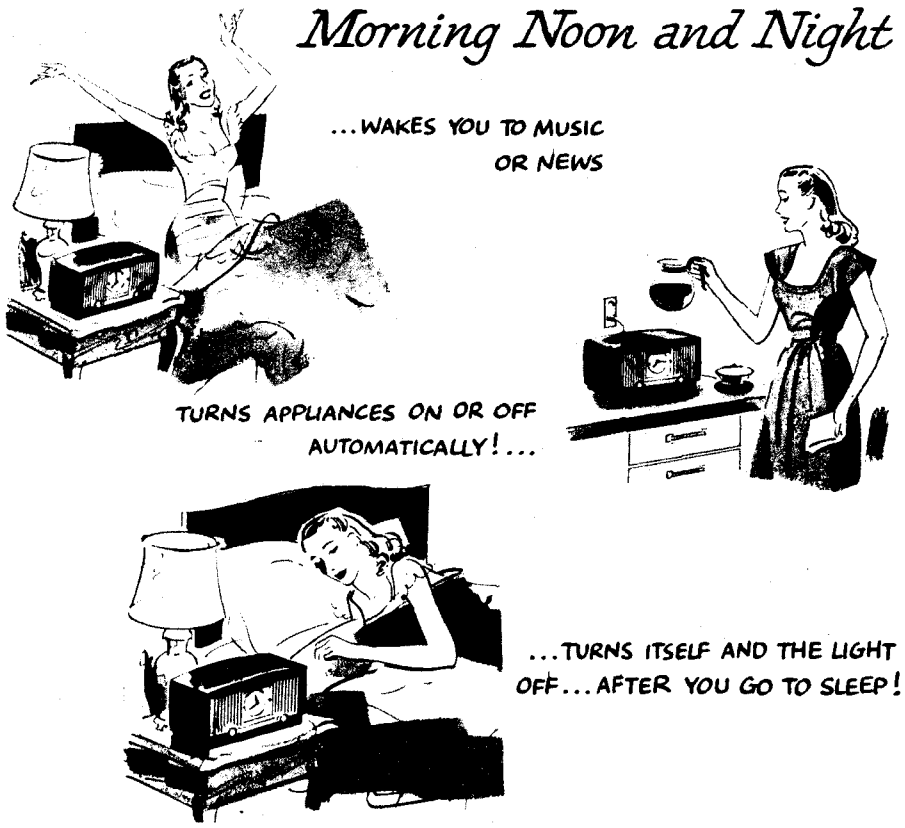
Morning Noon and Night



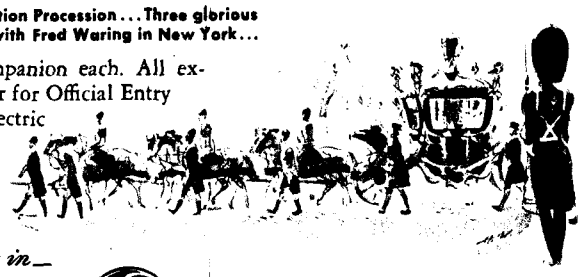
World's Most Useful Radio

Model 546

DAY and night, the wonderful G-E Clock-Radio makes life easier for you. Wakes you on time to music or news . . . starts your morning coffee. All day long, it's a sweet-playing radio that reminds you of appointments. At night, it lulls you to sleep — then turns itself off. The world's most useful radio — it outsells all others! Mahogany, alabaster ivory, Persian red or porcelain white — all at one low price!

G-E Clock Radio prices start at $29.95.
Slightly higher West and South. Subject to change without notice.
General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.

FREE! **Trip to London for Coronation Procession . . . Three glorious days in Paris . . . Weekend with Fred Waring in New York . . .**
for first 2 winners and one companion each. All expenses paid! See your G-E Dealer for Official Entry Post Card or write General Electric Co., Syracuse, New York. Contest subject to federal, state and local regulations.



You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Week's Mail CONTINUED

ducting maneuvers in the often frigid weather, and we feel that the defense of Alaska will be determined by our knowledge of arctic combat and not by some stateside-bound airborne outfit that has never had extensive training under such conditions.

If the time ever comes that we need them, we will probably welcome them with open arms. But, believe us, they will be learning from us and not vice versa. 75MM RR PLATOON, Co. D, 196 RCT, Fort Richardson, Alaska

Bishop Sheen's Fans

EDITOR: May I sincerely thank you for the thoroughly interesting and enjoyable article, Bishop Sheen Answers His Fan Mail (Jan. 24th). The superb colored pictures of the bishop bring out the true spirit and deep humility of this admirable man. HELEN MAY DILLON, Louisville, Ky.

. . . I am not a Catholic, but I recognize Bishop Sheen as one of the greatest speakers of our day. Perhaps, if we had more men on TV like Bishop Sheen, who gives a good example and teaches the word of God, our generation would improve. MRS. E. BERNHARDT, Philadelphia, Pa.

Saved by Cancer Operation

EDITOR: Phillip Wylie's cancer article (What You Read Here May Save Your Life, Jan. 24th) is one of the most timely I have read, and I speak from experience.

Thirty-eight years ago, because of an in-time examination by my physician, the Mayo Clinic removed a murderer from my esophagus with the result that, at the age of eighty-three, I am still able to play my share of golf.

Keep up the publicity, as thousands are dying every month unnecessarily. JOHN A. GELLATLY, Wenatchee, Wash.

Teen-Agers Abroad

EDITOR: I read with great interest your article, Beaucoup Dreamy—American Teen-Agers Abroad (Jan. 24th). It was of special interest to me as I have just returned from two years in Ankara, Turkey.

Although in Turkey we didn't have nearly so large a group of teen-agers, we certainly had all the fun there was to be had. In our teen groups we did not find it difficult to associate with other foreign teen-agers as the kids living in Europe seem to. As a matter of fact, I don't believe there is an American boy or girl in Ankara who has not dated with a boy or girl of some other nation.

The motorized hay ride is nothing new to us; glad to see that the SHAPE teen-agers finally caught on. The part about dating by bus brings back fond memories also. To me, it is surprising to see teen-agers here in the States driving. JOE SOMMER, Culver, Ind.

. . . As a former long-time resident of various European countries and present-day student of international relations, I have a few comments to make on your article about American teen-agers abroad.

This country spends a considerable amount of money on the exchange of students and other groups, trying to improve cultural relations between ourselves and our neighbors. Yet, although in many countries all over the world there is a group of our young people, potentially able—with some encouragement—to do a lot of good in this respect, we in a sudden reversal of policy seclude this group almost entirely from relations with the surroundings in which they temporarily live. It is not the fault of the young people alone that so far they have derived little benefit from living abroad. Apparently nobody among their elders even encourages them at least to learn the language of the country in which they find themselves. Is, then, their lack of interest in local social and political events any wonder?

The article blames this partly on a "basic divergence of culture." But an exchange of culture works both ways. By our encouraging them to mix more freely with the people among whom they live, our young people abroad would gain an invaluable firsthand insight into the problems of these peoples; at the same time it would equip them better to understand world problems.

Let us no longer waste this wonderful potential which is our teens abroad, but let us encourage them to help work toward the goal of international understanding and tolerance.
ANNE L. KNOX, Denver, Colo.

. . . After reading your "pink cloud" article on American teen-agers abroad, I thought I would enlighten you about the American teen-age colony in Moscow two years ago—me. At the age of fifteen I found myself following my father, U.S. naval attaché, behind the Iron Curtain to the heart of Russia. It was frightening, but the most exciting life I've ever had.

My social life was one of formal dinner parties, cocktail parties and the ballet. The one Russian party I attended was to celebrate Red Army Day. In a plain, dark-blue formal, I felt as if I had just stepped out of Jacques Fath's in Paris, compared to the Russian women's dresses.

Not speaking fluent Russian, I was unable to attend school. My sister was my closest companion, being only five years older than I. Whenever we took walks together in the city, we were sure to find the "little men" tagging along. We had great fun dodging them sometimes.

In the background of this picture, taken on the day of the 1951 May Day parade, is the famous Moscow Hotel. In the street are the crowds carrying red banners. Being on the grounds of the American Embassy explains my having a camera.
CAROLYN DRAIM, Burbank, Cal.

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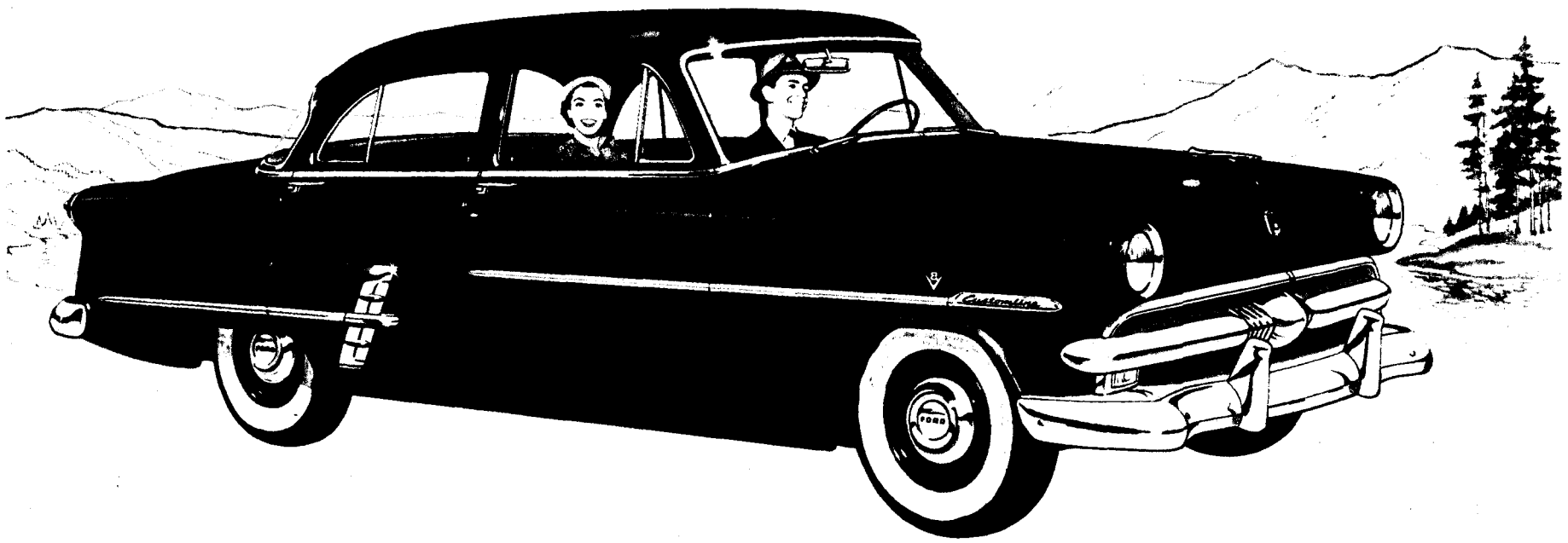


Miracle Ride of the American Road

It's yours in the

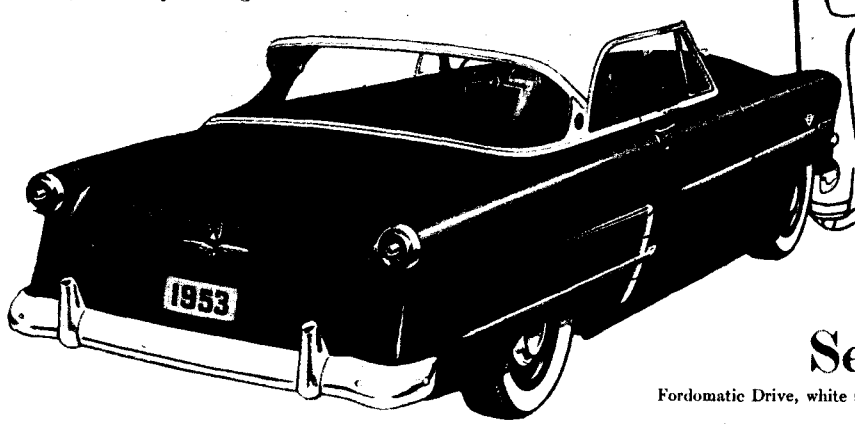
'53 FORD

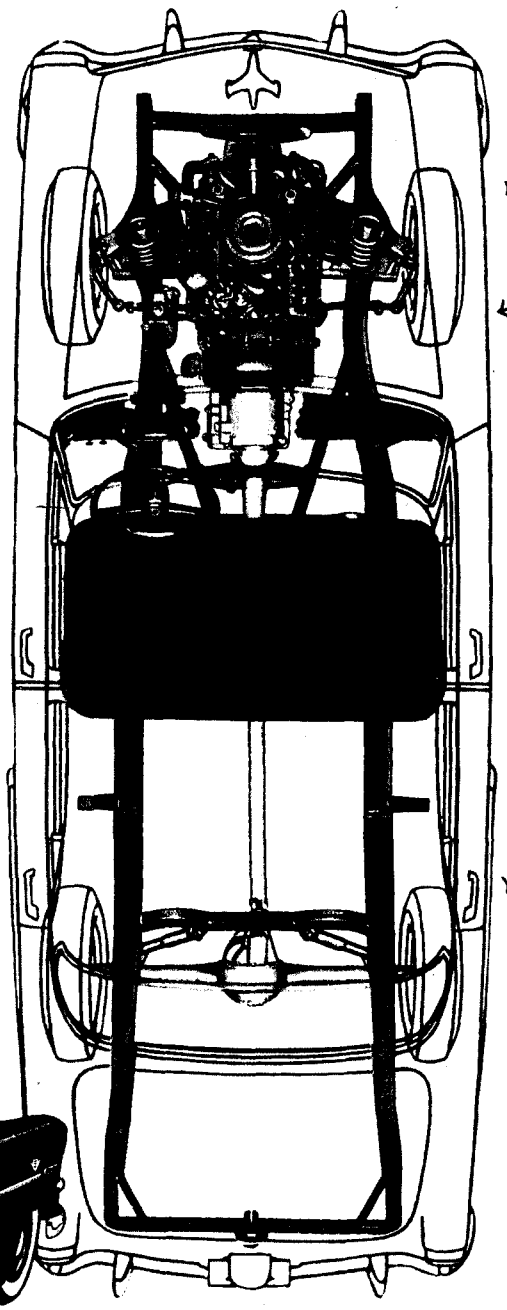
And it's just one of the 41 "Worth More" features that make Ford worth more when you buy it... worth more when you sell it, too!

• If you've thought a car has to carry gas-eating extra weight and hard-to-park length for comfort, you just ought to try the '53 Ford. For here is a road-hugging ride so *level*, so *soft*, so "*shock-free*" you have to experience it to believe it!

With 40 other "Worth More" features, such as your choice of two engines—110-h.p. V-8 or 101-h.p. Six—Fordomatic Drive, Center-Fill Fueling, Full-Circle Visibility and Power-Pivot Pedals . . . the '53 Ford is worth more when you buy it, worth more when you sell it!

Great TV! Ford Theatre,
NBC-TV, Thursday evenings.





Facts about the Ford Miracle Ride

Steady on curves
Ford's front tread is 2 inches wider than the rear. This extra width cuts down roll on curves—makes for greater roadability on the straight-aways, too.

80% less road shock
With tailored-to-model front springs, increased vertical wheel travel, improved shock absorber action, plus new rubber compression bumpers, front-end road shock is reduced up to 80%.

Day-long driving comfort
Seats, both front and rear, are of non-sag construction and heavily padded with foam rubber. Automatic Posture Control "angles" front seat as you like it.

You ride on the level
Variable-rate rear spring suspension and diagonally mounted rear shock absorbers act in complete harmony with the front suspension. Pitch and sway are controlled. Your ride is smooth, quiet and level.

See it...Value Check it...Test Drive it!

Fordomatic Drive, white sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.

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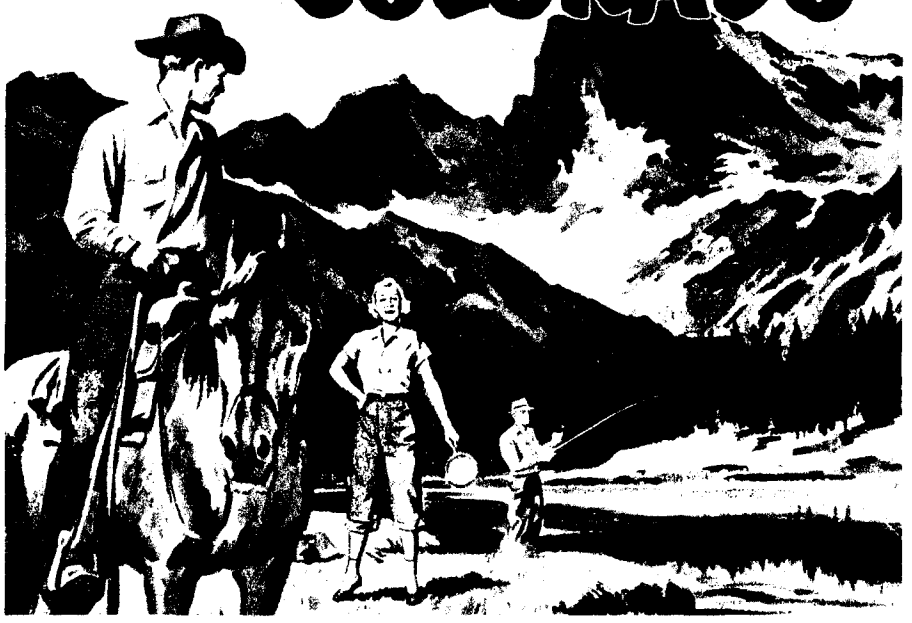
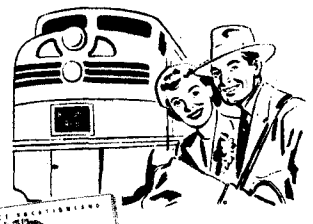
for the Vacation of a Lifetime...

ride Burlington Zephyrs

to COLORFUL COLORADO



Ride, hike, explore, swim, fish, golf, sight-see, or just loaf... you'll find the vacation you want in this snow-capped mountain empire. You can revel in the luxury of world-famed mountain resorts or join real cowboys on a dude ranch in a secluded valley. Colorado promises you the vacation of a lifetime —and keeps its promise!



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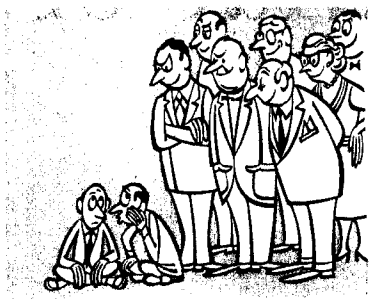
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A man living in Alabama says he's a hundred and five. Attributes longevity to homemade medicines consisting of rhubarb, aloes, turpentine and oil. Kind of oil not specified. Callers asked him what he took the medicine for. He said: "Nothing. Never was sick." Then why the medicine? "So's I won't get sick," he replied. "No disease could stand it."

★ ★ ★

Democrats in the South Dakota legislature held a secret caucus. Both of them—the Honorable Frank Lloyd and



Carl Furchner—sought for ways and means to meet the challenge of the Republican members, of whom the records show there are only 108.

★ ★ ★

In New York a petty officer on recruiting detail was having some trouble selling the Navy to a young fellow whose high opinion of himself was impressive. "Of course," said the sailor, "a young guy with your looks and talents wouldn't bother about joining the Navy just to see the world. But what do you say to joining the Navy and letting the world see you?"

★ ★ ★

Twenty-first of March will be the first day of spring. While we don't guarantee delightful weather, the chances are that the highways will be heavily populated by car drivers looking for signs of the vernal awakening. That's the reason we're giving you a few wise words from Captain Clinton Hurd of the Lincoln, Nebraska, police. The captain calls them The Six Murderous Beliefs. They're the false attitudes drivers have about traffic accidents, to wit: the act-of-God attitude. The Spirit of '76—that only sissies play it safe. The other-guy attitude—it can't happen to you. Price-of-progress attitude—that accidents are inevitable. Your-number-is-up attitude. The law of averages—that it's bound to happen sooner or later.

★ ★ ★

Ever hear of Hallock, Minnesota? It's time you did. Population 1,555. Seven years ago, a few of its citizens, organized by Lyman Brink, lawyer, formed the Hallock Scholarship association. Since then, the town has sent to college 17 high-school graduates who otherwise would have had no chance for further schooling. No strings attached, no conditions other than that they work hard in college. Of course, old 48 could say much more about Hallock and its association, but space demands we be content with lifting our hat to Hallock and wishing we were there to shake hands.

★ ★ ★

Only passenger in this Kansas City elevator was a redheaded sailor. The girl operator took a second look at him and, stepping out of the car, cried: Up! Up! Won't somebody else please use this elevator to go up?"

★ ★ ★

Motorist at a filling station in Burlington, Vermont, was holding forth bitterly about women drivers. Filling-station proprietor got tired listening. "Seems to me," said he, "that the only difference between women drivers and men drivers is that the women get blamed for it."

★ ★ ★

In Little Rock, Arkansas, there's quite a problem—as usual. Who's going to pay the salaries of the custodians and directors of the new Negro Community Center now nearing completion? Who's going to defray the costs of maintenance? Some talk of creating an independent commission to run the center. But that, says the Arkansas Gazette, would "raise the question of Negro representation on the independent commission." As usual, old 48 has the solution. Why not pay the costs of running the new center out of the money collected from taxpayers—some of whom, we understand, are Negroes? Or is old 48 a senile dope, as usual?

★ ★ ★

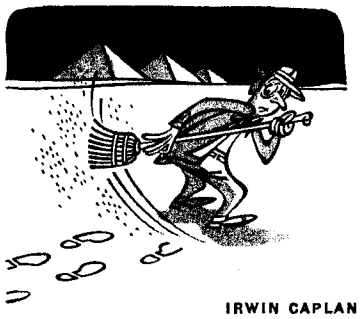
No, we hadn't heard about the Texas multimillionaire who found a pearl in an oyster he was eating in Bangor, Maine, and complained bitterly to the restaurant manager that it wasn't big enough. But we're pretty grateful to Mr. Bob Huckaback for telling us.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Roanoke, Virginia, tells us she's lonely. Too bad, but could be worse. Suppose she had the misfortune of having somebody around who made being alone a pleasure.

★ ★ ★

There are ambitious folks who yearn to leave footprints on the sands of time.



IRWIN CAPLAN

But not Mr. Del Flurrish, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Flurrish says he'll be satisfied just to cover his tracks. ▲▲▲

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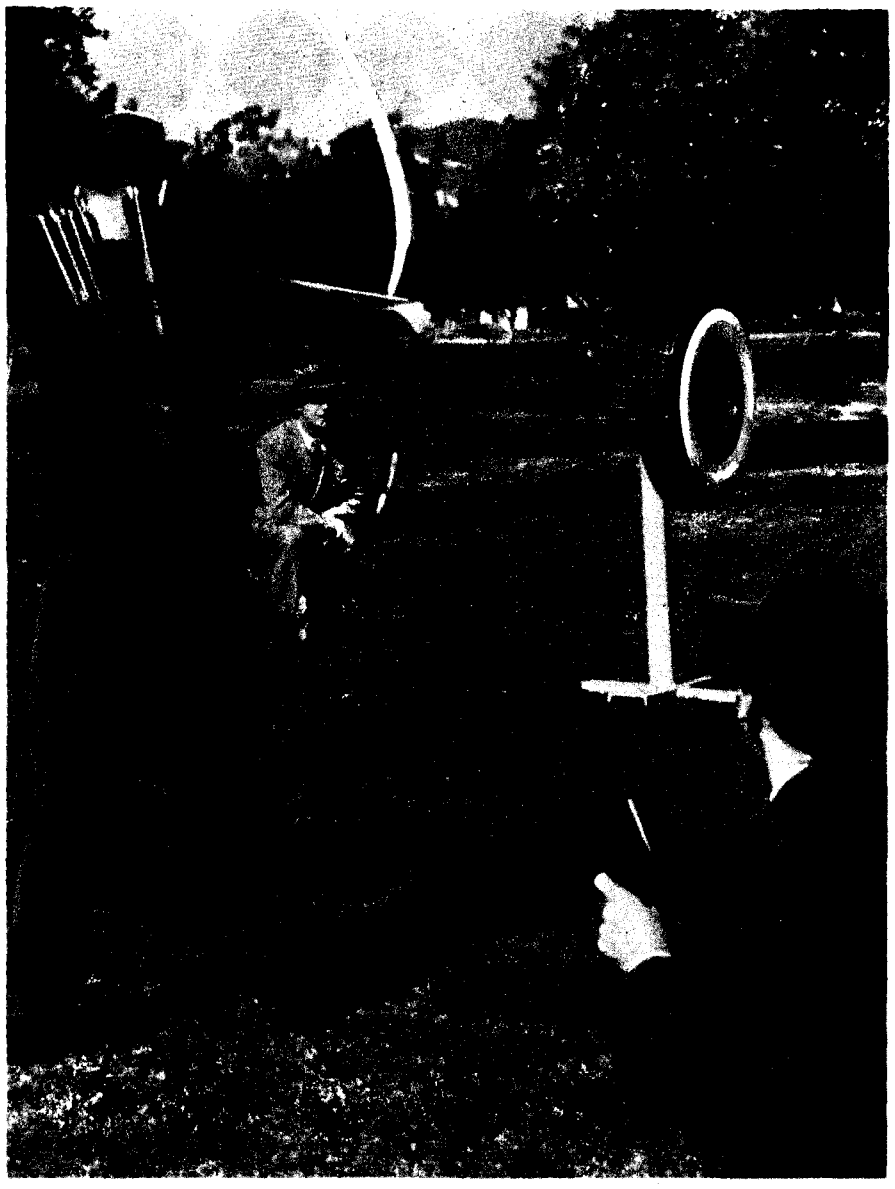
Pierced 20 times, LIFEGUARD STILL HOLDS AIR!



National indoor archery champion, Jerry Amster, shot twenty hunting arrows deep into the New LifeGuard Safety Tube. Air pressure was checked before these twenty arrows pierced the tube, checked after the arrows were removed. There was *no* loss of air pressure!

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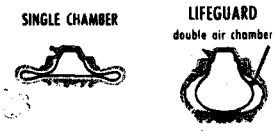

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Collier's, March 7, 1953

Brown-eyed Parents Blue-eyed Child WHY?

Should cousins marry? What are your chances of having twins? The head of Michigan's famed Heredity Clinic answers 35 of the most-asked questions about our inherited traits

By DR. JAMES V. NEEL with MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

WE ALL know that we inherit certain characteristics and tendencies from our parents. But just which characteristics? And in what degree do we or our children inherit them? These are questions of increasing interest to more and more Americans.

To get the answers, thousands of puzzled, worried men and women have written to or visited the Heredity Clinic at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. The clinic, founded in 1940 as part of the university's Institute of Human Biology, was the first of its kind in this country.

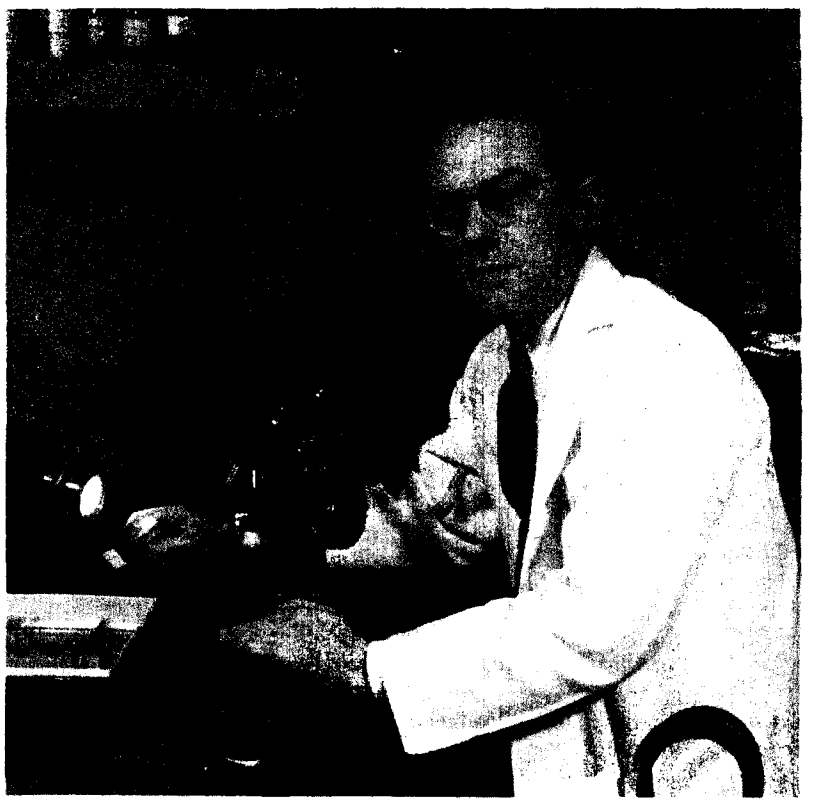
It's easy to understand why people become worried and seek expert advice about real or imaginary defects in their heredity. As a matter of fact, so many defects *can* be inherited that you might think the safest thing to do is not to have any children. That attitude, of course, is nonsense. If everyone who carries a real or fancied defect in his or her heredity should decide not to have children, the human race would become extinct. You should remember that we all have good heredity as well as bad, and it's often more likely that a child will inherit superior ability than a minor or even major defect.

If you have a heredity problem, your family doctor may be able to help you. If not, you can obtain expert advice at the Michigan clinic or at any of the following: Dight Institute, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis; Laboratory of Human Genetics, University of Utah, Salt Lake City; Out-Patient Department, North Carolina Baptist Hospital, Winston-Salem; Dr. Clarence P. Oliver, Professor of Zoology, University of Texas, Austin; Dr. Laurence H. Snyder, Dean of Graduate College, University of Oklahoma, Norman; Department of Genetics, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto; Department of Medical Genetics, Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal.

Most personal problems cannot be handled by mail. Usually, a personal interview is necessary, often followed by certain medical examinations and considerable correspondence with physicians and hospitals.

Here are some questions which have been submitted to the University of Michigan's Heredity Clinic, along with the answers.

Many of the questions state specific problems faced by individuals; others are more general. Together they cover many of the most common questions that are being asked about heredity.



BENYAS–KAUFMAN

James V. Neel, M.D., Ph.D., of the University of Michigan is in charge of Institute of Human Biology's Heredity Clinic and is associate professor of medical genetics at the Medical School

1. *How can two brown-eyed parents have a blue-eyed child?*

Usually two blue-eyed parents will produce all blue-eyed children and two brown-eyed parents, all brown-eyed children. But if brown-eyed parents carry a hidden determiner for blue eyes, they may occasionally have a child with blue eyes. Blue-eyed parents, on the other hand, cannot carry a hidden gene for brown eyes. Some apparently blue-eyed parents, however, actually have almost invisible flecks of brown in their eyes because of the action of supplementary genes. Such parents may produce a child with enough brown pigment in his eyes to make them look brown at a distance.

2. *Our biology teacher says we shouldn't worry about inheriting diseases because only unimportant, minor ones can be passed on that way. Is she right?*

Though we've never had a national census of inherited disease, several surveys lead us to believe that between 1,000,000 and 3,000,000 Americans have some serious hereditary disease. A number of these diseases are comparatively rare, but all together hereditary diseases account for a considerable total of human illness. For example, half the cases of blindness and deaf-mutism in 1952 were hereditary. Then, of course, a great many of the mental defectives who crowd our institutions are there because of heredity. Susceptibility to diseases such as tuberculosis also is now believed to be, in part, genetic or hereditary. And recent work of Drs. C. Nash Herndon and Royal G. Jennings of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, supports the theory that susceptibility to polio can be inherited.

3. *Isn't all inherited disease incurable?*

Many inherited diseases can be treated successfully. For example, dia-

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Suppose you already have twins. What are the prospects you will have another pair?

betes, which is due at least in part to heredity, can be controlled with insulin. Pernicious anemia, also partly due to heredity, is being treated successfully with vitamin B_{12}. The tendency toward gout, which affects tens of thousands of Americans every year, is definitely inherited, but the disease can be managed with colchicine and cortisone. However, even if a hereditary disease can be adequately controlled in an individual, he or she still can pass on the genes which produce the disease.

4. ***Is there any evidence that talents for music, art, mathematics or making money can be inherited?***

It's possible that abilities needed in music and mathematics, such as absolute pitch, a sense of rhythm and unusual memory, can be inherited. As yet, however, there is no worth-while evidence that people are really *born* writers, artists or great businessmen.

5. ***My husband and I are perfectly normal in skin texture and coloring. So were our parents and grandparents. Yet our two-year-old son has the very white skin and hair and the pink eyes of an albino and we are told he inherited it from us. Can such a condition be inherited if it is not present in either parent?***

Your son's albinism is merely one of many inherited defects caused by a so-called recessive gene. Genes are carried in the chromosomes, which are part of the human cells. Everyone has about 40,000 of these genes—about 20,000 inherited from each parent. Most genes occur in pairs, one member of each pair having been derived from each parent. The interaction of each pair determines some characteristic of the child who inherits them. There are some genes—called dominant—which can produce their effect whenever they are present, either singly or as a pair. But recessive genes produce a change only when two of exactly the same type happen to get together. As is apparently true in your case, parents may be carriers of the same recessive gene which hasn't manifested itself before, as it had no comparable partner. Among children of such parents some may receive this recessive gene from both father and mother, and so develop the condition. The chances of another child of yours being an albino is one in four, compared to the one-in-10,000 expectation for an average family. Even if your next child is born normal, the odds are two in three that the child will be a carrier of the gene.

6. ***Two months ago we discovered that our eighteen-month-old daughter has a rare cancer of the eye which our doctor calls retinoblastoma. He told us that this is an inherited disease and that if she should have children, they might develop the same condition. We checked back carefully for three generations and found that no one in our families ever had this affliction. How could we have passed this disease on to her?***

Retinoblastoma is an inherited disease and until recently had always been fatal. But surgeons now can save the lives of many afflicted children by removing the eye before the cancer has spread to other parts of the body. Like a number of other inherited diseases, retinoblastoma stems from a gene that suddenly and inexplicably changes its function in a kind of genetic Jekyll and Hyde existence. As a good Dr. Jekyll gene, it was probably carrying some normal trait connected with the eye retina. But somehow it suddenly changed into an evil Mr. Hyde gene and carried with it the disease of retinoblastoma. Such sudden, devastating changes are rare, but they do happen and in many cases produce some dread disease or some physical abnormality. At present we have no method of predicting or controlling these sudden gene changes, or mutations. Incidentally, since this mutation is dominant, the chance is one in two that your child will pass it on to her children and they will develop the same condition.

7. ***We have just had a pair of fraternal twins, a boy and a girl. Within the next year or two, we are anxious to have another child. But we feel that another twin blessing would be a little too much of a good thing on our modest income. What are the chances that we will have more twins? So far as we can find out, there is no history of twins in my or my husband's family. Is there any tendency for certain nationalities to have more than their share of twins?***

About one in 85 births in the United States results in twins. The likelihood that a mother who has had one pair of fraternal twins will have another is about one in 20. (The odds that a mother of identical twins will bear another pair remains 85 to one.) In this country Negroes seem to have the highest twin rate—about one in 70 births. Internationally, however, the Scandinavian countries have a fairly high twin rate and the Japanese one of the lowest. We don't know why.

8. ***Is there any way of proving that a certain person is the father of a child?***

No. We cannot prove by blood tests that a man *is* the father of a child, but only that he is *not*. An innocent man accused in a paternity case has only a 50-50 chance of getting scientific proof—through elaborate blood tests—that he could not have fathered a particular child. The same blood tests can be used in hospitals when a mother believes she has been given someone else's baby. If both families involved in the possible exchange of babies are available for study, there is about a 90-per-cent chance that the truth can be determined. Such an interchange was detected in Switzerland in 1947, and the children finally were returned to their proper parents at the age of six. In the U.S., an accidental exchange was scientifically proved in 1949, when the children were both three years old. However, accidental baby exchanges take place far less often than anxious mothers suspect.

9. ***I am one member of a mixed marriage. I am white, my husband mulatto. In the country where we now live, this entails no great social stigma, but I have deliberately put off having children because I once heard that a marriage such as ours can produce a wholly black child. What are the chances of our union producing such a child?***

When one parent is white, the general rule is that the skin color of an infant will not be darker than the darker parent. There are no authenticated cases in which two white parents have produced a black child. However, two light-skinned people, both of Negro descent, may produce a child appreciably darker than either because a child may inherit the sum total of the color genes present in both parents.

10. ***Can you inherit immunity to a disease just as you might inherit susceptibility to it?***

There are two main kinds of immunity: natural immunity to certain diseases from birth, and acquired immunity to other diseases, which develops only after exposure to them. However, we also recognize passive immunity, transmitted from mother to child through the blood stream. Our natural immunities are thought to be largely inherited. This belief is based in part on the results of experiments with animals. For example, there are strains of domestic mice which differ widely in their susceptibility to mouse typhoid. Dr. John Gowen of Iowa State College and the late Dr. L. T. Webster of the Rockefeller Institute and their co-workers have shown that the differences in susceptibilities are due to genetic differences between one strain and the next. Our acquired immunities, of course, are not inherited—although there is evidence that some people acquire immunity to a particular disease more readily than others, possibly for genetic reasons.

11. ***Have any experiments been made in controlled human breeding? Didn't a Prussian king try to make his extra-tall guards marry extra-tall women so that their offspring would be near giants?***

Frederick Wilhelm I of Prussia had a plan for marrying his famous tall guards to extra-tall women, but he died before the plan could be put into effect. The infamous Catherine de Medici is said to have attempted to breed dwarfs for use as court jesters, but the experiment failed because the marriages were infertile. This is the closest society has yet come to controlled human breeding. Even if controlled breeding were possible at present—which fortunately it isn't—it is doubtful you could get agreement among a panel of experts as to what traits, other than general intelligence and physical vigor, to breed for.

12. ***My fiancé and I are cousins. Our families are set against our marriage because of that. We have often reassured ourselves that we're right and they're wrong, but at times I wonder if we're doing the right thing. Can you give me any advice?***

A marriage of cousins does tend to bring out in any resulting children hidden recessive defects that may be present in a family. We have no way of detecting these defects until they develop in a child. Most of us carry at least one undesirable recessive gene that might be matched more readily with a similar gene in a cousin spouse. Naturally, if you know of a rare recessive defect in the family, the marriage should certainly not be contemplated

Can a child inherit talent for art—or, for that matter, music or mathematics?

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unless both of you are prepared to accept the risk of having a child with this defect. Yet of the thousands of cousin marriages that take place in the United States every year—about one out of every 200 marriages—the overwhelming majority produce perfectly normal and average children.

13. ***Last year my sister's left breast was removed because of cancer. I've been worried sick since for fear cancer will hit me, too. Is there anything I can do? Would the fact that the women in my family are susceptible to some form of cancer mean that my brother would be, too?***

While the tendency to develop a few rare forms of cancer is sometimes hereditary, we are not sure if cancers of the stomach, breast or uterus can be included in this group. However, Dr. Douglas Murphy, of the University of Pennsylvania, found in a recent study that the chances of women developing cancer of the uterus are roughly doubled if some close relative has such a cancer. Dr. Murphy believes this is due to heredity. A similar relationship has been found for breast cancer. In fact, the chances of a woman getting breast cancer are nearly tripled if a close female relation has had it. But despite these statistics, the odds are very much against your developing breast cancer or cancer of the uterus even if your sister or mother had it. However, as a precaution, it would be wise for women from families in which either of these cancers has appeared to have a semiannual examination of uterus and breast. Many precancerous lesions of the uterus have been caught and removed safely as a result of such tests. So far, very little work has been done on the effect of a family's female cancer tendencies on the men in that family.

14. ***My wife and I adopted a little girl through regular adoption channels. We have since discovered that, intentionally or not, the adoption agency neglected to tell us that the girl's mother had spent six years in a state institution because of schizophrenia. What are the chances of our adopted daughter developing this mental disease, which I hear is hereditary?***

Dr. Franz Kallmann of the New York State Psychiatric Institute found that when one parent has schizophrenia and the other parent is normal, there is about one chance in seven that their children will develop the disease. This is about 15 times the risk of schizophrenia in the population as a whole. However, Dr. Kallmann's figures were obtained for the most part among families in which parents and children had lived together for a long time. Unfortunately, we do not have figures on how much this risk might be reduced by removing the children from the obviously abnormal environment of the schizophrenic parents. We are confident that the risk would be less in a normal environment such as your home seems to be.

15. ***My mother died when I was five. Some recent medical information I have obtained about her family makes me suspect that there is a history of hemophilia, or bleeding disease, in the family. I am now pregnant and the possibility of hemophilia has been worrying me.***

In most cases this disease, which has gained considerable publicity because it occurred in some of the royal families of Europe, is transmitted through an unaffected mother. However, if an affected son lives long enough to become a parent, none of his sons will be affected, but his daughters will be carriers and half his grandsons from his daughters will probably get the hemophilia gene. Women rarely develop the disease. The Hemophilia Foundation at 60 East Forty-second Street in New York is a good source of information should your child be born with hemophilia.

16. ***My wife and I are both nearsighted—myopic. We both acquired the condition between the ages of eleven to thirteen, which would seem to indicate that we didn't inherit it. What are the chances that our first child will have a similar eye defect?***

Both parents are nearsighted. Is their child likely to inherit the eye defect?

Defects in vision such as myopia seem to run in families, but they don't fall into specific patterns. We do know, however, that the risk of two myopic parents having a child with some eye defect is about one in 10, or 10 times greater than in the general population.

17. ***Is left-handedness inherited?***

Dr. D. C. Rife at Ohio State University finds that about 7 per cent of Americans are left-handed; that is, they perform at least one of the one-handed operations, such as: writing, sawing and/or throwing, with the left hand. He has also found that left-handed individuals are more apt to give birth to left-handed children. As a matter of fact, when both parents are left-handed, more than half their children will be left-handed. But Dr. Rife doesn't think inheritance is the whole answer. He believes that most of us are born intermediates and can be easily shifted to right-handedness or left-handedness by prevailing family or social practices.

18. ***What is known about the inheritance of longevity?***

There is no question but that your life expectancy is directly related to the longevity of members of your family. In 1934, the late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University studied the families of 365 individuals who were in their nineties. He found that approximately 85 per cent had at least one parent who was also long-lived. Furthermore, he found that the grandparents of these individuals had lived about 12 per cent longer than had the grandparents of a group of individuals selected at random. Lastly, Dr. Pearl found that of the 2,183 brothers and sisters in the families to which these 365 individuals belonged, the average longevity had been 64 years—15 years longer than that to be expected from standard life tables at the time of the study.

19. ***What is known about the inheritance of birthmarks?***

Birthmarks come in all sizes, shapes and colors. The most common are: (1) moles, (2) haemangiomas, the reddish- to purple-colored birthmarks frequently found on the back of the neck at the base of the head, and (3) the café-au-lait spot, so-called because of its coffee-and-milk color. Almost every individual possesses one or another of these birthmarks. Although much study has been devoted to these skin changes, the extent to which they are inherited is still not clear. But it is apparent that when one or both parents have an unusual birthmark, their children are more apt to have a birthmark than those whose parents have none.

20. ***Is there any way in which the sex of an unborn child can be influenced?***

In the laboratory, it has been possible to make experimental animals produce a disproportionate number of males or females. Several legitimate scientists have tried to do the same for human offspring. But at present medical science knows of no way of controlling the sex of an unborn child.

21. ***Has mating between a human and some animal ever produced any offspring?***

No scientist has ever uncovered any well-documented case of such an offspring.

22. ***Is there any evidence that a child's genetic inheritance is influenced by the fact that he is the first- or last-born in a family?***

The order of birth does not alter the probability of a child inheriting or not inheriting a particular characteristic from its parents. But we do know that first-born children tend to have higher IQs than their brothers and sisters. This fact is probably due to environmental effects because the first-born is apt to receive more parental attention than his later brothers and sisters. We also know that first- and last-born children are more apt to be physically abnormal than their brothers and sisters. Most authorities attribute this to the age of the mother—considerably older or younger than the average child-bearing age of twenty-five—rather than the order of birth itself, since the order of birth is directly related to maternal age, of course.

23. ***Is an unwanted child affected by the mother's attitude of resentment or hate during the pregnancy?***

There is no evidence that a mother's attitude of resentment or hate will have any prenatal influence on the child. But if this attitude continues after the child is born, it could make him maladjusted and neurotic. Of course, this condition would be due solely to the lack of motherly love and attention and not to any prenatal resentment.

24. ***Not long ago my husband and I attended a repertoire production of Ibsen's Ghosts. This play about the inheritance of syphilis in a family caused my husband to confess to me that in 1945, while he was in the Army in Italy, he contracted syphilis and was given a special two-week cure with penicillin. When his Wassermann remained negative for many weeks, the doctor reassured him that***

This left-handed father wonders whether his child is likely to be a southpaw, too

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Some families produce mostly boys for four generations. Others have had mostly girls

he needn't worry about passing it on to anyone if he married. But the play started him thinking about it all over again. Now we're both worried for fear our children will be affected because of his misstep eight years ago.

Children have been and are being born with venereal disease, but not because of heredity. The disease is passed on through the blood stream of the mother to the infant. If a prospective mother finds she has venereal disease, the chances are excellent that the child will not be affected if she undergoes treatment before the fourth or fifth month of pregnancy. We find many parents think that a child is born with a heart malformation because one of them formerly had venereal disease. But Dr. Helen B. Taussig of Johns Hopkins University says that in her considerable experience the frequency of congenital heart disease and other malformations is no higher in infants with syphilis than in those without.

25. ***Do some families favor boys (or girls)?***

It is a fact that large families consisting of children all of the same sex, either boys or girls, occur slightly more frequently than might be expected when we recall that the odds on having a boy or girl each time are supposed to be about even. Indeed, there are families on record which have produced predominantly boys or girls for four or five generations. We don't know why.

26. ***Three months ago our first child was born with a harelip and cleft palate. Our doctor tells us that surgery will repair the lip within a year and the cleft palate can be operated upon when the child is four. But when we think of the years he will have to endure the cleft palate, we become fearful for any other children we may have. What are the chances of our next child being born with a similar condition?***

The combination of harelip and cleft palate is one of the more frequent of the present-at-birth abnormalities. About one infant in a thousand will have it. Our best knowledge at present, derived from animal experiments, indicates that the ailment can be inherited, but also may result from accidents in the development of the fetus. We have no sure way of telling what caused the abnormality in your child, since it could have been inherited despite the fact that neither of you has the condition. But this much we have observed: in cases similar to yours, about one in every 25 children born subsequent to the afflicted child will also have the defect. The risk is about 30 times greater than that run by parents who have not had an afflicted child. But keep in mind that even one chance in 25 is good odds against your subsequent children having this condition.

27. ***I am thirty-five and have been married three years. My husband is an engineer and I was a high-school teacher. Our first child was born five months ago with Mongolism. We've always thought that this condition occurred only in subnormal families or in families where there was a history of idiocy and social irresponsibility. I've checked carefully, and there isn't even a trace of Mongolism anywhere in our families. Please tell me the chances that our next child will also have this hideous condition. And is it true, as I've been told, that it would be better for us to wait four or five years before attempting to have another child?***

Mongolism is no respecter of race, creed, class or IQ. About one in every 500 to 1,500 pregnancies produces a Mongolian idiot. Heredity, the age of the mother and the mother's child-bearing ability are probably the main factors involved. It is known that a mother who has produced a Mongoloid child runs a risk about one in 25 of bearing another. This risk is 40 times greater than in average mothers of all ages who have not produced a Mongoloid child. The risk increases markedly with the mother's age. Thus if you wait five years to have another child, the odds will be even less favorable than 25 to one. A woman aged twenty stands only one chance in a thousand of producing a Mongoloid, but at forty the chances are one to six in 100.

28. ***My daughter has been going with a nice young man. However, I've been told he has epilepsy. Before these youngsters make any marriage plans, I'd like to know their chances of producing an epileptic child.***

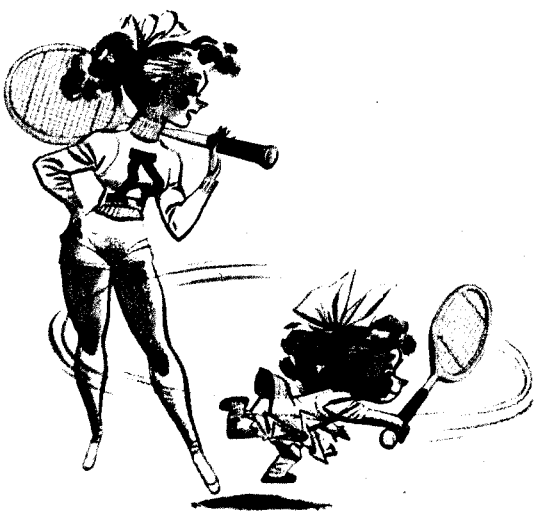
The chances of a couple producing an epileptic child when the father has a history of epilepsy are one in 30, according to Dr. William G. Lennox of Harvard Medical School. He believes that susceptibility to epileptic seizures is inherited.

29. ***Does suicide run in families?***

Dr. Franz Kallmann of the New York State Psychiatric Institute has made a long-term study of the subject. He has not uncovered any statistical evidence to back up the notion that a tendency to suicide can be inherited. There has been a considerable number of suicides in some families. But if a tendency to suicide were hereditary, one would expect to find numerous cases in which a pair of identical twins had committed suicide, since twins have the same heredity. Dr. Kallmann has not found this to be true.

30. ***Is a child likely to resemble the parent with the most pronounced physical characteristics?***

In general, where parents differ in facial characteristics, stature or the like, the children tend to be intermediate between the two parents. Sometimes, however, a pronounced physical characteristic may develop because of a single dominant gene. For example, many members of an ex-ruling family of Europe, the Hapsburgs, had a narrow, protruding lower jaw and a protruding lower lip.



Many families have become famous in the sports world. Did they inherit ability?

31. ***Is a tendency to miscarry inheritable?***

No doubt some women are more likely to miscarry than others. We know that first pregnancies are more often miscarried than later pregnancies, that older mothers are more apt to miscarry than younger mothers, and that some women who have given birth to abnormal children are more apt to have subsequent miscarriages. Miscarriage, however, may be due to many different causes, only some of which may be genetic. At present, in the absence of any scientific investigations, we have no way of knowing what percentage of miscarriages is due to heredity.

32. ***Is athletic ability inherited?***

In many sports, there have been outstanding combinations of father and son, brother and sister and so on. Families like the Sislers and Deans in baseball, the Kellys in sculling and the Staggs in football immediately come to mind. While we recognize that children are more apt to be of the same general body build as their parents for genetic reasons, the success of certain families in particular sports is unquestionably as much due to the training and guidance the members received as to any inherited ability.

33. ***My grandfather lost his lower right arm in a farm accident when he was young, and one of his sons later was born with a deformed right arm. Did the child inherit this?***

The son's deformed arm could have been due either to an accident in development or to heredity. But there is absolutely no genetic relationship between your grandfather's loss of his arm and his son's deformity.

34. ***When we got tired of waiting for a baby from a regular adoption agency, my husband and I got a so-called "black-market baby." We were told that the child resulted from an affair between a young intern and a hospital nurse. However, we have since learned by accident that the child's father was a barely literate day laborer and his mother a waitress whose education never got beyond one year of high school. My husband and I are both college graduates with better than average IQ's. Is our child's IQ going to be influenced more by his heredity than by his present home environment?***

An adopted child's intelligence is based mainly on his genetic inheritance. Studies confirming this theory have shown that foster children never resemble their foster parents in IQ as much as do the real children of those parents. Yet we know that the longer children are associated with an adopted family, the greater the resemblance between the foster child and the foster family. In fact, the late Dr. Barbara S. Burks of the Carnegie Institute found that, in a good foster environment, the IQ of an adopted child may be raised as much as 20 points.

35. ***I married a Japanese girl. If our children marry white Americans, is there any way of telling how many generations it will be before the children of those marriages look like ordinary Americans?***

Just as there is an enormous range in the facial features of Caucasians, so there is a great range in the extent to which individual Japanese show Mongolian features. The answer to this question is greatly influenced, then, by the type of Japanese girl involved. Let us assume that there is the average degree of straight, black hair, Mongolian eye fold, skin coloration and high cheekbones. The children will tend to look more like their mother than their father. In successive generations there will be a wide variety of types encountered. By the third or fourth generation, some children may show little trace of Japanese blood, whereas others may still show the assemblage of hair form and color, facial structure and other features we associate with Mongolian ancestry. ▲▲▲

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The Prize

By JEAN BOLEY

Julie is too young to understand that what she loves might not be loved by others—but not too young to suffer, not too young to cry

AT THE lawn party, Julie looked up as the two grown ladies swooped down on her. The fat one crouched, grinned suddenly at nobody, as awful ladies always did, and cried, "And is this nice little girl going to bring a doll to the contest? Oh, we do hope so!"

Julie didn't answer, but she decided at once that of course she would bring Ella. She didn't answer, because laughing-and-talking lawn-party ladies with their roaring mouths were rather like tigers or leopards in the zoo, pacing around and showing their teeth to one another. There wasn't anything to say to them, really, and there were so many of them here today, prowling slowly about in their spotty dresses, like the leopards did just before the man brought in the meat.

"Oh, is there going to be a doll contest?" Mother said. And she leaned her head toward the other lady's head, and they talked. Julie, holding Mother's hand, could feel all the finger twitchings and wigglings begin. The twitchings and wigglings began whenever Mother went to parties and talked to people. Julie wormed her hand free.

"Oh, no, I'm afraid Julie won't enter a doll, because she just doesn't have one beautiful enough. Julie, this is Mrs. Hoyt, and this is Mrs. Ebaugh. Can you say how-do-you-do?" They all bent forward to see what she would do.

She made a curtsy, tottering a little, and then she looked between their skirts, out across the road, over the beach and straight out to sea, because her feet suddenly itched awfully—they always did when she had to curtsy. She didn't think she would ever curtsy again. She stopped listening and started thinking about her own Ella; only just then the thin one of the swooping ladies, Mrs. Ebaugh, knelt down and talked properly, which was a nice surprise.

"Are you looking at the boat way out there, Julie? Do you see it—see the ribbon of smoke floating back? I wonder who's on the boat, Julie. What do you think?"

Julie considered. It was hard to choose between all the lovely things and animals and people who could be on that boat. "Maybe little boys and girls playing and sleeping," she said.

"Yes, that's it." And for a minute they didn't have to say anything. Then Mrs. Ebaugh said, "I think you must have a doll—and could you bring her next Saturday afternoon?"

Julie nodded and moved closer to Mrs. Ebaugh, so that their bodies touched, and she put out her finger and touched one of the flowers on Mrs. Ebaugh's skirt. . . .

Going home in the car, Julie said, "I could take my own Ella."

"Where, dear?" Mother kept having to catch the brown bag of groceries which slid forward on the seat every time she stopped. One ear of corn fell right out on the floor, and Julie got down under the dashboard to find it *(Continued on page 64)*

Slowly Julie drew Ella in close to her chest. The pain blew up and blew up inside her like too-full balloons which might pop

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

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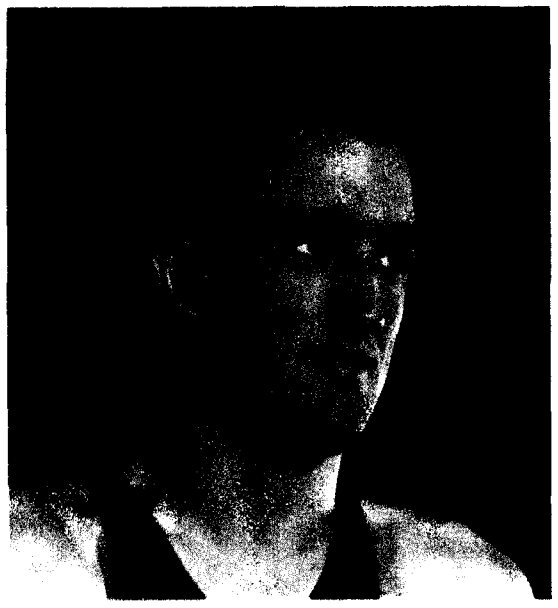
The ALL-AMERICA

Selected by the National

TOM GOLA
LaSalle



BOB HOUBREGS
Washington

JOHNNY O'BRIEN scored 25 points while leading his Seattle University teammates to a 96 to 74 victory over Gonzaga University at Seattle last January 10th. This barrage raised sharpshooter O'Brien's three-year point total to a whopping 2,169—an all-time individual three-year scoring record for college basketball. During the remainder of the season, Johnny broke his own record every time he flipped a field goal or a free throw.

Under such spectacular circumstances, it is not surprising that O'Brien was an overwhelming choice in the balloting for the 1953 All-America Basketball Team, selected by more than 300 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches. However, it must be admitted that the diminutive O'Brien (he's 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 165 pounds) does look a bit out of place in a lofty All-America line-up which also includes Walter Dukes (6 feet 11 inches) of Seton Hall, Bobby Houbregs (6 feet 7 inches) of the University of Washington, Tom Gola (6 feet 6 inches) of La-Salle and Ernie Beck (6 feet 4 inches) of Penn.

What O'Brien lacked in height, he made up for in bounce. When Johnny executed his famous jump shot (note photograph on opposite page), he leaped so high that even a much taller opponent could not block his ambidextrous tosses.

As Coach Abe Saperstein of the professional Harlem Globetrotters remarked last winter, after watching Johnny O'Brien in action, "When that little guy finally shoots, *he's 9 feet tall!*" Saperstein's tribute was prompted by O'Brien's sensational 43-point performance against the Trotters in a sanctioned exhibition game to raise funds for the U.S. Olympic squad.

But Johnny was only one half of the O'Brien story. His identical twin brother, Eddie, also performed brilliantly for Seattle. Eddie, an excellent long shot and adept playmaker, specialized in controlling the ball while Johnny jockeyed for shooting position. Physically, the twins were indistinguishable on the court, although Johnny is one half inch taller, five pounds heavier and four minutes older than Eddie. Johnny was born at 4:00 A.M., December 11, 1930, in South Amboy, New Jersey.

The twins still live in South Amboy where their father, Edward, Sr., is an assistant maritime foreman with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Johnny and Eddie give their dad all the credit for their basketball success. "On our seventh birthday," Johnny recalls, "Dad brought a toy basketball home with him. He hung a pair of flour-sack baskets on the walls of the kitchen—and we've been playing ever since. We had some great games in that kitchen."

As the twins grew up, they virtually converted the O'Brien kitchen into a gymnasium. "Johnny especially was always a great one for jumping," Edward, Sr., remembers. "Our kitchen ceiling is nine and one half feet high, but Johnny practiced until he could jump up and plant the palms of his hands *flat* against the ceiling."

O'Brien Twins Try Semi-Pro Baseball

Oddly enough, the O'Brien twins were better known in high school for their baseball ability. Johnny was a hard-hitting shortstop and Eddie was an equally hard-hitting outfielder. After graduating from St. Mary's High School, they joined the South Amboy AA team which took part in the National Semi-Pro Baseball tournament at Wichita, Kansas, in 1949. The draw pitted South Amboy against Mt. Vernon, Washington. In the first inning, Johnny walked.

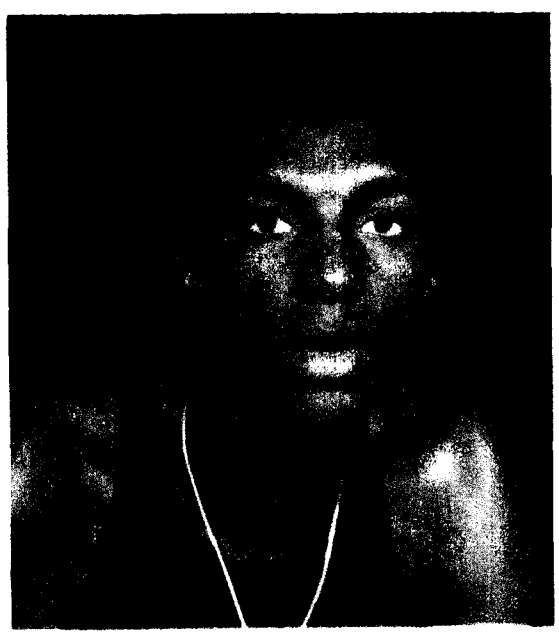
"Young fellow," spoke up the Mt. Vernon first baseman, "how would you like to go to Seattle University?"

"Where's that?" Johnny countered.

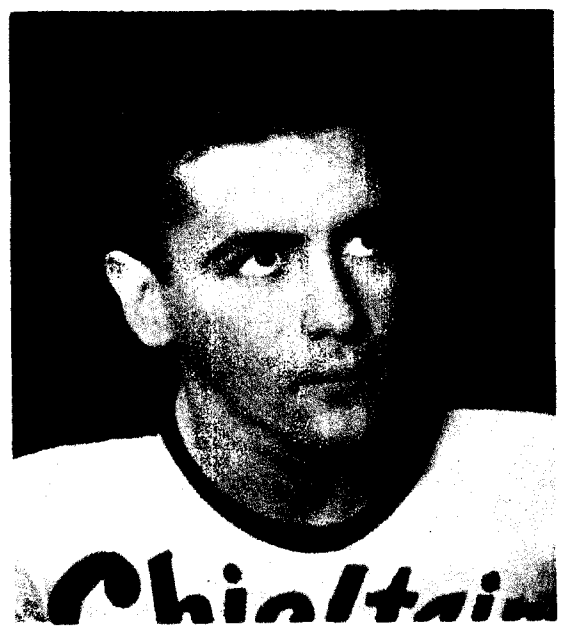
"In Seattle, Washington," said the first baseman, who happened to be Al Brightman, the head coach of baseball and basketball at Seattle University.

"Wait'll Eddie gets on," Johnny suggested. "Ask him about it."

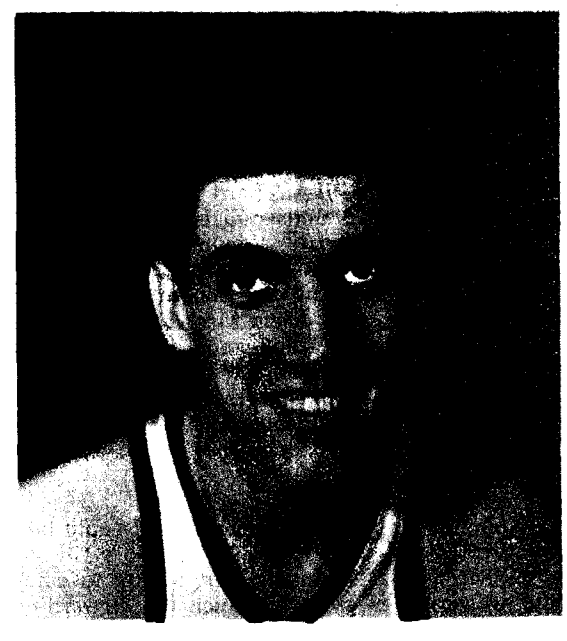
While Brightman was considering this reply, Johnny stole second base. Before the tournament ended, however, Brightman sold the twins on Seattle. "Never had any reason to regret it, either,"



WALTER DUKES
Seton Hall



JOHNNY O'BRIEN
Seattle



ERNIE BECK
Pennsylvania

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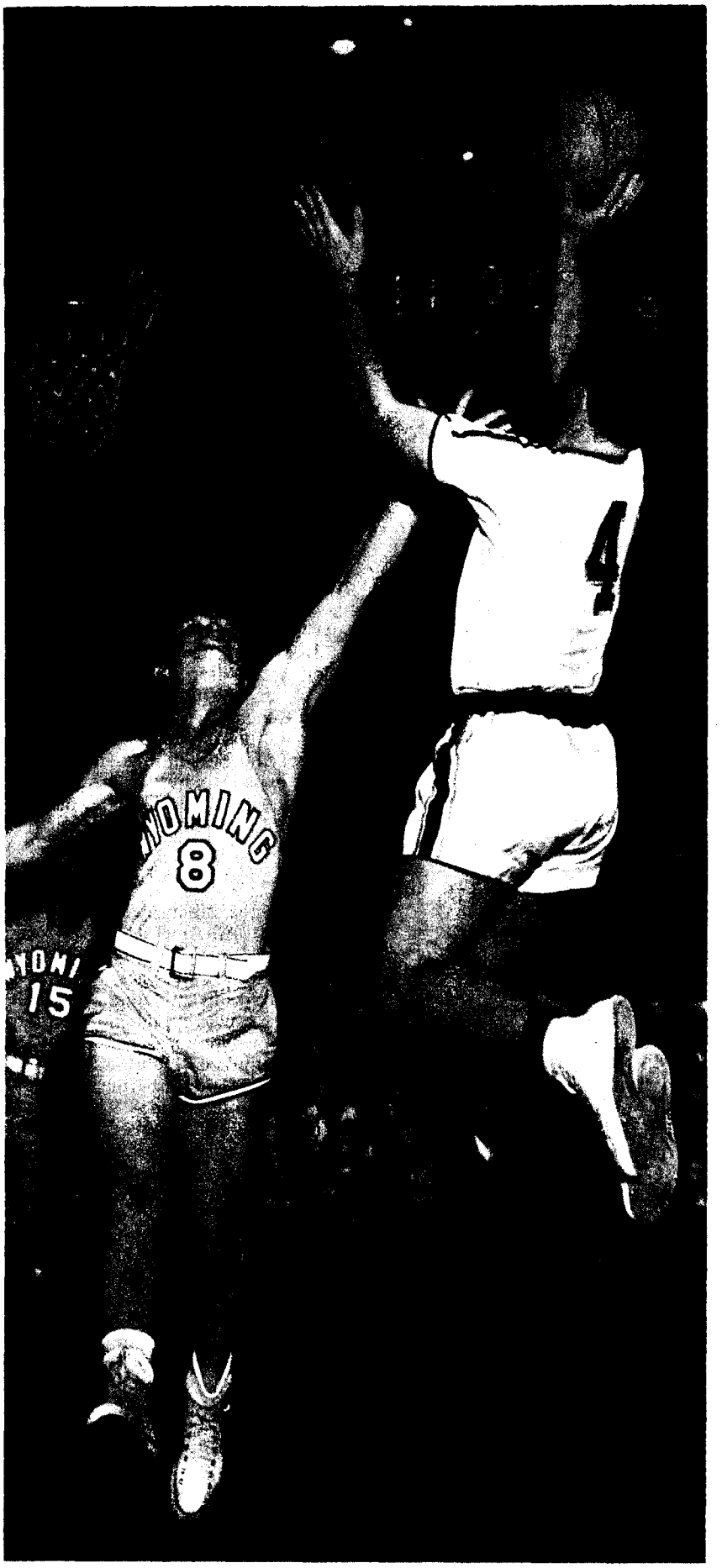
;n College Basketball

By BILL FAY

\ssociation of Basketball Coaches

THE LONG . . . Walter Dukes, 6-foot 11-inch Seton Hall center, disrupts Fordham's attack by grabbing a rebound



. . . AND THE SHORT Johnny O'Brien, 5-foot 9-inch sharpshooter from Seattle, pops a basket against Wyoming

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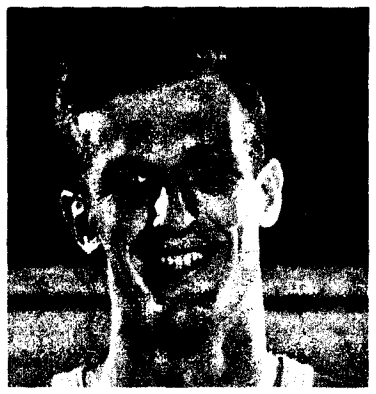
SECOND TEAM



BOB SPEIGHT
North Carolina State

DICK KNOSTMAN
Kansas State

BOB PETTIT
Louisiana State

JOE RICHEY
Brigham Young

DON SCHLUNDT
Indiana

Brightman declares. "In addition to their basketball, the kids have played some great baseball for us. Johnny batted .569 last spring and Eddie hit .398. We won 21 games and lost only three. They're definitely major-league possibilities."

Despite Johnny O'Brien's brilliance Seattle fans were equally proud of their other 1953 All-America nominee, Bobby Houbregs of the University of Washington. West Coast coaches report that Houbregs, who averaged 25 points per game, had "the best hook shot in college basketball."

Houbregs (6 feet 7 inches and 210 pounds) also had the height and weight required for under-the-basket maneuvering. He was an effective rebound man and a plaster-close defensive performer. Coach Tippy Dye of Washington invariably assigned Houbregs to cover the opposition's top offensive threat. Even so, Bobby carried out his defensive assignments so effectively that he drew an average of only two fouls per game.

Bobby is the son of John Houbregs, a star defenseman with the Seattle Seahawks hockey team from 1934 through 1940. Bobby grew up around ice rinks, but he never learned to skate. "When Bobby was three years old," his father recalls, "he suffered such a severe case of rickets that the doctors had to break both of his legs to straighten them out. Consequently, he was a wobbly walker and didn't really become interested in sports until he reached high school. Then, he got so interested in basketball he never had any time for hockey."

Houbregs' mastery of the hook shot can be traced to sheer persistence. "Every practice session," testifies Coach Dye, "Bobby throws at least 300 hooks within a radius of 30 feet of the basket. It's hard work, but it explains why Bobby was making better than 50 per cent of his field goals this season."

Not a Matter of Local Pride

The three other members of the first-team All-America cast—Walt Dukes of Seton Hall, Tom Gola of LaSalle and Ernie Beck of Penn—come from colleges within an 85-mile radius of Philadelphia. Commenting on this geographical concentration, coach Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman of the All-America selection committee, said: "These three outstanding players received heavy balloting support in all eight NCAA districts, a development which indicates that sectional pride has virtually no effect on over-all voting results. Thanks to the increasing number of tournaments and the popularity of intersectional competition, coaches all over the country have numerous opportunities to evaluate the top players."

Hobson's comment was underscored by the thumping plurality Penn's Beck rolled up among Southern coaches, who were tremendously impressed by Ernie's sparkling play in the Dixie Classic at Raleigh, North Carolina. On successive nights, Ernie tallied 25 points against Wake Forest, then dropped in 47 against Duke to break the Dixie Classic scoring record established last year by Dick Groat, Duke's 1952 All-America.

Howard Dallmar, the Penn coach, wonders how anyone else could be better than Beck. "In Ernie's sophomore and junior seasons," Dallmar points out, "he compiled a 20.6-point scoring average over 56 games, and this season he raised his average to 28 points per game. He's a great shot with either hand—dangerous from any point short of mid-court. Under the basket, he has a soft touch on tap-in shots, and he also can clutch that ball on rebounds."

Acquiring Two-Handed Skill

Beck, a native of Philadelphia, is strictly a one-sport man. Even in grade school, when other youngsters were playing football or baseball, Ernie stayed in his own back yard and practiced basketball. "When I couldn't find anybody to play with me," Ernie recalls, "I'd play against myself. That is, my left hand would play my right hand. It was good practice. By the time I got to high school, I could shoot equally well with either hand."

At West Catholic High School, Beck continued his solo practice sessions in an effort to copy the shooting style of Paul Arizin, soon to be an All-American, at nearby Villanova. Ernie finally became so proficient in executing Arizin's distinctive broad-jump shot on drive-in attempts that he set a Catholic League scoring record in his senior year.

The experience proved habit forming. Ernie's been breaking records ever since. Against Harvard last winter, he established a new Ivy League mark for a single game by scoring 45 points on 14 field goals (out of 21 attempts) and 17 free throws. He also set an Ivy League record for a single season with 284 points in '52.

Beck shares All-America honors with another native Philadelphian, Tom Gola, LaSalle's sensational sophomore. Few players have ever achieved national prominence faster than the twenty-year-old Gola, who stepped into a first-team assignment as a freshman last year and sparked LaSalle's surprising drive to the National Invitation Tournament title. After LaSalle upset Seton Hall, St. John's, Duquesne and Dayton, Gola and teammate Norm Grekin were voted the National Invitation Tournament's most valuable players.

As a freshman, Gola was LaSalle's defensive ace, best rebounder (16 per game) and a consistent scoring threat (17 points per game). Asked to describe Gola's sophomore year, coach Ken Loeffler of LaSalle remarked: "Well, he's even better than he was last season although, frankly, there wasn't much room for improvement."

Six-foot 11-inch Walter Dukes, the big man in the 1952 All-America lineup, kept Seton Hall on or near the top of the national rankings all season by controlling the ball in under-the-basket scrambles. "Dukes was the heart of our club," coach Honey Russell declared recently. "When we needed a few points, Walt always seemed to get them."

Typical of Duke's consistency was his two-night stand against previously undefeated Fordham and a dangerous Dayton quintet in mid-January. Against Fordham, Dukes scored 31 points and picked 21 rebounds off the backboards as Seton Hall rallied to a 69 to 62 triumph.

The following night, Dukes tallied 39 points as Seton Hall whipped Dayton, 82 to 74.

While at East High in Rochester, New York, Dukes played center on the basketball team, first base on the baseball team, high-jumped on the track team and also worked evenings pressing pants in his mother's tailor shop. Bob Davies, star forward of the professional Rochester Royals, who had coached at Seton Hall in 1946-'47, patronized the Dukes' establishment. Result: Dukes matriculated at Seton Hall.

Fine Second-Team Players

Although players from the Northwest and East Coast areas monopolized the 1953 first team All-America selections, there was no dearth of fine performers in other sections. Don Schlundt of Indiana was nominated by the coaches for second-team All-America recognition, along with Dick Knostman of Kansas State, Joe Richey of Brigham Young, Bobby Pettit of Louisiana State, and Bob Speight of North Carolina State.

The coaches rated Richey the top player in the Rocky Mountain area. Speight was the offensive spark of another strong North Carolina State squad. Schlundt, a polished performer in the pivot and a tremendous rebounder, made Indiana a Midwest power.

Knostman (overshadowed by sensational Clyde Lovellette of neighboring Kansas University last year)

All-America Selection Committee

HOWARD HOBSON

More than 300 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches participated in the voting for the 1953 All-America team. The poll was supervised by a board of prominent coaches from each of the eight NCAA districts. The selection committee, which also named district All-Star teams, included Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman; John Bunn, Springfield, District 1 representative; Franklin Cappon, Princeton, District 2; Clifford Wells, Tulane, District 3; Peter Newell, Michigan State, District 4; Henry Iba, Oklahoma A&M, District 5; William Henderson, Baylor, District 6; Hoyt Brawner, Denver, District 7; and Clarence Price, California, District 8.

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dominated the Big Seven tournament at Kansas City with his pinpoint shooting and smooth ball handling. A senior, Knostman spent several minutes on the bench during most games so that Kansas State's towering Jerry Jung, 6-foot 11-inch center, could gain experience. Even so, Knostman broke every Kansas State scoring record, including the three-year individual mark (721 points) previously held by ex-All-American Rick Harman.

Lanky Bob Pettit, Louisiana State's 6-foot 9-inch center, was averaging 24.3 points per game when he suffered a mid-January attack of virus pneumonia. The illness side-lined him for three weeks and hampered his bid for first-team recognition. However, Pettit has another year of college competition and Southern coaches are confident he will move up to the first team in 1954.

"Pettit," says coach Cliff Wells of Tulane, "has finger-tip control of that ball. He can murder you under the offensive backboard. Most players move their arms and elbows when they bat in rebounds, but not Pettit. He just flicks his wrist—and the ball's in the basket."

The competition for first- and second-team positions was so intense that many sectional stars barely missed All-America recognition. The Honorable Mention list includes such players as Togo Palazzi of Holy Cross; Dick Ricketts of Duquesne; Ed Conlin, Fordham; Cob Jarvis, Mississippi; Frank Selvy, Furman; Paul Ebert of Ohio State; Johnny Kerr, Illinois; Bob Mattick, Oklahoma; Gene Schwinger, Rice; George Scaling, Texas; Ron Rivers, Wyoming; Bob McKean, California, and Ken Flower of Southern Cal.

And what about Clarence (Bevo) Francis, the fabulous freshman from Rio Grande (Ohio) College? After all, Bevo averaged 50 points per game, set a national scoring record for one game by flipping 116 points against Ashland (Ky.) Junior College and also shattered Johnny O'Brien's national single-season mark of 1,062 points in the 21st game of Rio Grande's 35-game schedule. Admittedly, all these are staggering statistics, even though Rio Grande's list of opponents would not be considered formidable even by small-college standards.

Commenting on Bevo's record, chairman Hobson of the selections committee said: "Anybody who can score that many points must be a good ballplayer, but there is no way of determining how many points Bevo might have scored against major opposition of the caliber faced by Dukes, O'Brien and our other All-Americans.

"Very likely, with the publicity Bevo attracted, Rio Grande will strengthen its schedule next year. Then, when Bevo faces tougher opposition, we'll have a chance to see how good he really is."

And so, the jury is still out on Bevo. ▲▲▲

Tune in on TV

Collier's All-America basketball team is featured on television in the current edition of Telesports Digest. The half-hour program is highlighted by game-action films starring the top players of 1953. See your local paper for time and station in the following cities:

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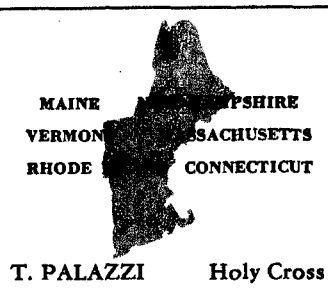
Charlotte, N.C.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Cleveland, O.	Portland, Ore.
Columbus, O.	Providence, R.I.
Detroit, Mich.	Richmond, Va.
Havana, Cuba	Salt Lake City, Utah
Johnstown, Pa.	San Antonio, Tex.
Kalamazoo, Mich.	San Diego, Cal.
Mexico City	Seattle, Wash.
New Orleans, La.	Spokane, Wash.
Norfolk, Va.	Tucson, Ariz.
Peoria, Ill.	Tulsa, Okla.

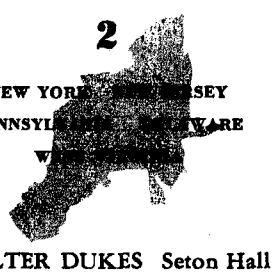
N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR TEAMS



T. PALAZZI	Holy Cross
ALAN SCHUTTS	Springfield
EARLE MARKEY	Holy Cross
W. PATTERSON	Connecticut
TED LALLIER	Colby

Honorable Mention

John Silk, Boston College; Bob Moran, Providence; Ronnie Perry, Holy Cross; Bill Baird, Rhode Island; John Norris, Maine; Frank Piacentini, Colby; John Weber, Yale; Art Quimby, Connecticut; Bill Dennis, Harvard; Fred Gieg, Dartmouth.



WALTER DUKES	Seton Hall
TOM GOLA	LaSalle
ERNIE BECK	Penn
DICK RICKETTS	Duquesne
EDW. CONLIN	Fordham

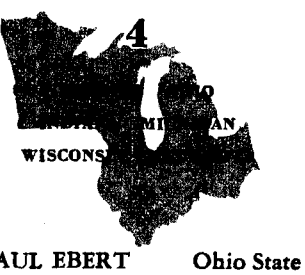
Honorable Mention

Norman Grekin, LaSalle; John Clune, Navy; Richie Regan, Seton Hall; John Molinas, Columbia; Don Lange, Navy; Boris Nachamkin, NYU; Andy McGowan, Manhattan; Jesse Arnelle, Penn State; Bill Kenville, St. Bonaventure; Vern Stokes, St. Francis (Brooklyn).

BOB PETTIT	Louisiana St.
COB JARVIS	Mississippi
F. SCHULTZ	Tulane
F. SELVY	Furman
R. SPEIGHT	N. Carolina St.

Honorable Mention

Zippy Morrocco, Georgia; Dan Finch, Vanderbilt; Rick Casares, Florida; Tom Marshall, Western Kentucky; Dickie Hemric, Wake Forest; Garrett Beshear, Murray (Ky.); Gene Shue, Maryland; Nick Revon, Mississippi Southern; Joe Holup, George Washington; Billy Hester, Centenary; Art Spoelstra, Western Ky.; Ed Wiener, Tennessee.



PAUL EBERT	Ohio State
DON SCHLUNDT	Indiana
BOB LEONARD	Indiana
C. MENCELL	Minnesota
JOHN KERR	Illinois

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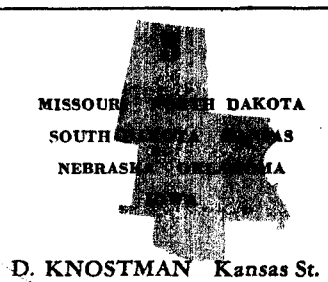
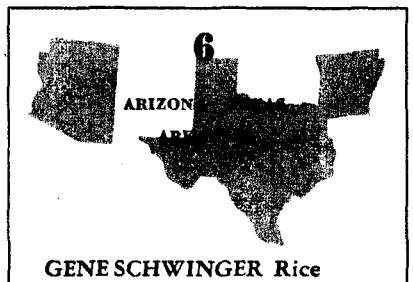


D. KNOSTMAN	Kansas St.
BOB MATTICK	Okla. A&M
DEAN KELLEY	Kansas
B. H. BORN	Kansas
A. SHORT	Ok. City U.

Honorable Mention

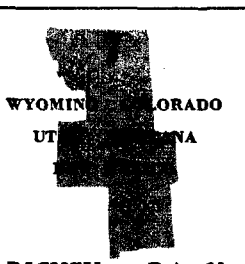
Cleo Littleton, Wichita; Dick Boushka, St. Louis; Delmar Diercks, Iowa State; Harold Rogers, Oklahoma A&M; Win Wilfong, Missouri; Bob Rousey, Kansas State; Art Bunte, Colorado; Dick Nunely, Tulsa; Tom Lillis, St. Louis; Warren Shackelford, Tulsa.



GENE SCHWINGER	Rice
GEORGE SCALING	Texas
DON LANCE	Rice
JOHN STARKEY	Baylor
GENE LAMBERT	Arkansas

Honorable Mention

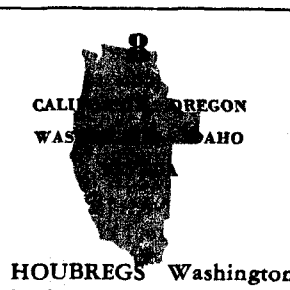
Paul Nolen, Texas Tech; Walter Kearns, Arkansas; Troy Burrus, West Texas State; LeRoy Miksch, Texas A&M; Bill Kemmeries, U. of Arizona; Hank Green, Hardin-Simmons; Henry Ohlen, Texas Christian; Murray Bailey, Baylor; Art Barnes, Southern Methodist; Virgil Johnson, Texas Tech.



JOE RICHEY	Brig. Young
RON RIVERS	Wyoming
C. DAVIS	Montana St.
BILL SHARP	Wyoming
D. TUCKER	Utah State

Honorable Mention

Harold Christenson, Brigham Young; Harold Kinard, Colorado A&M; Keith Patton, Denver; Bob Burns, Wyoming; Bill Hull, Utah State; Nick Mateljan, Brigham Young; Kent Bates, Utah; Tom Rhone, Denver; Bruce Goodrich, Utah; Toby Roybal, New Mexico.



B. HOUBREGS	Washington
J. O'BRIEN	Seattle
BOB McKEAN	California
KEN FLOWER	Southern Cal.
R. MATHENY	California

Honorable Mention

Hartly Kruger, Idaho; Joe Cipriano, Washington; Chet Noe, Oregon; Pete Mullins, Washington State; Jim Doherty, Whitmore; Andy Johnson, Portland; Ron Tomsic, Stanford; Mike McCutchen, Washington; Don Bragg, UCLA; Ken Sears, Santa Clara; Ed O'Brien, Seattle.

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...'s COLOR CAMERA

...ontreal's Glamorous ...Vomen

...ud of its ladies. They have more than beauty

THOUGH Montreal has a rich English background, many of its roots are French, and like France it is proud of its women. They have, it has been said, *l'élégance parfaite*—a mixture of beauty, elegance and an elusive feminine charm.

Sean Edwin, of Canada's New Liberty Magazine, might be called in the States a café-society columnist. He thinks the 12 ladies shown here in Montreal's Windsor Hotel best typify that elegance. But judge for yourself. Seated, left to right:

Mlle. Michelle Loranger, 19, daughter of Henri Masson Loranger, Montreal's crown prosecutor, a debutante last season.

Miss Linda Ballantyne, 20, whose family is famous in Canadian politics, is assistant to a producer in the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Mme. Lucette Loranger, 46, mother of Michelle, has three other daughters (22, 21 and 20) and a 17-year-old son.

Mme. Corinne Désy's husband has been Canada's minister to Belgium and Holland, ambassador to Italy and Brazil. She has a daughter 16 and a son 13.

Mme. Marcelle Bourassa, 36, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Yves Bourassa, is active in radio and films, using the name "Nicole Germain." She has two daughters, 11 years and five months.

Mlle. Marie (Mimi) Beaubien, 22, belongs to one of Canada's first families, but finds work as a stenographer better than "simply being social."

Standing left to right:

Miss Helen Gougeon, 28, women's editor, Canada's Weekend Picture Magazine.

Miss Willa Ogilvie, 19, is a daughter of one of Canada's great commercial families and belongs to the same clan as Scotland's Lord Ogilvie, the recently married former escort of Britain's Princess Margaret.

Mrs. Donald Storey, 31, has two girls, 4 years and 10 months. Wife of a businessman, she was the first woman elected to a city council in the Montreal area.

Miss Helen Pfeiffer, 20, daughter of Gordon Pfeiffer, well-known Canadian artist, is studying for the theater.

Miss Alleyne Ross, 21, is the granddaughter of Sir Eugene Fiset, former lieutenant governor of Quebec.

Mrs. David Dohan, 21, is the daughter of Major General Leo LaFleche, Canadian ambassador to Argentina and Uruguay.

L'élégance parfaite is, as you can see, something more than simple glamor.

MARIE GREBENC

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YOUSUF KARSH

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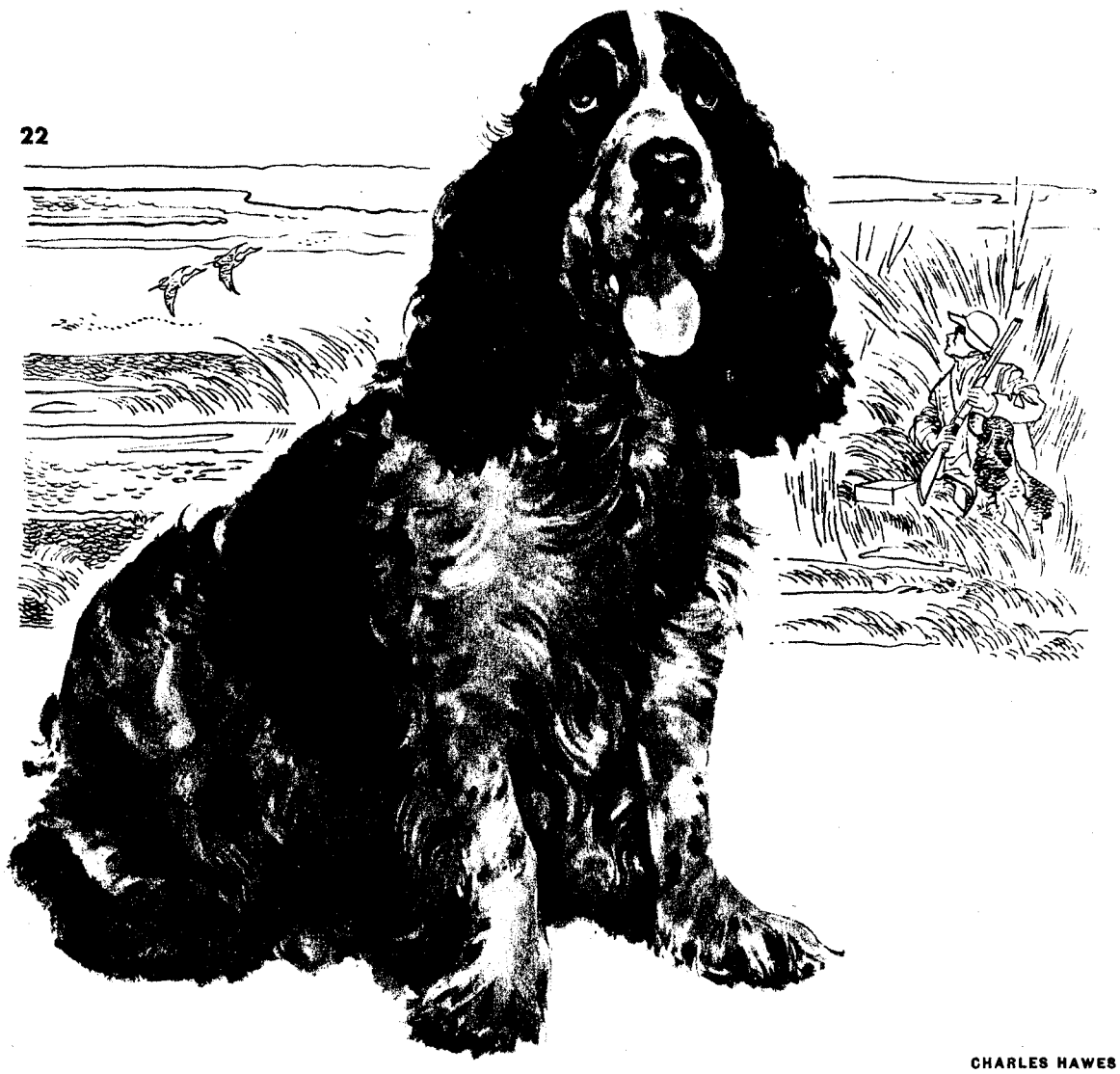

CHARLES HAWES

Finally the day came when Donnie tried to disguise her failing strength with sheer heart

Invader Donrovin

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

WE ATE in silence. An angry wind keened under the eaves outside and rattled at the windows, but we took no notice of it or of the pleasant log fire that cast flickering light across the room.

Normally, we are a laughing, noisy family, but that night we sat at the table without talking. We were only toying with our food, waiting hopelessly for a familiar scratch at the door or a sound of hunting, out in the dark night.

While we were finishing the tasteless meal, we heard Spike move across the kitchen floor. To the three of us, the pin-drop sound of his nails upon the floor was very loud. The handsome young spaniel stood in the doorway for a few seconds, head cocked in question. When no one reassured him, he turned and padded slowly back to his accustomed spot beneath the kitchen table.

Helen, my wife, got up abruptly and walked from the room. Anne, a thirteen-year-old image of her mother, sat staring at her hands. Then she glanced at me bleakly, rose and hurried out. I was left alone at the table, looking out at the motionless dog on the kitchen floor.

Until that night there had been two dogs in the house, two Welsh springers, strongheaded and sportive, with the light gleaming on their rich red-spotted backs and snowy muzzles. One of them, Donnie, the mother, had kept our house in good order for fifteen years. Now she was absent from her place of honor beside my chair.

As I sat there, frowning and remembering, I recalled the day Donnie had acquired us. I had been married exactly eleven months and twenty-nine days, and I wanted a suitable anniversary present. Helen and I had no golden hoard to draw on, so it had to be something that was in keeping with our slender budget. Since both of us liked dogs, I decided to get a good puppy.

The first time I saw her, Donnie didn't look much like her impressive name—*Invader Donrovin of Glenn Fall.* On our first meeting, Donnie was only one of seven big-footed puppies. When I approached the run, six of them scrambled toward the fence, falling all over one another. The seventh, Donnie, sat ten feet away, belly sprawled, like a distorted Buddha, and regarded me with a cocked head and an appraising eye.

After the other puppies had lost interest in me, the individualist ambled over to the wire and offered me a silken ear. Her stub of a tail wagged impatiently, and her serious gaze asked clearly: "All right, friend, when do we leave?"

We left right away. Helen received her with great delight and let the small muzzle find a comfortable place on her neck.

"She's a darling," Helen said. "And you can have her trained as a retriever . . ."

DONNIE lived up to her impressive name and breeding. She became that rarity among gun dogs, a stylish workman both in water and on the uplands. She was steady as a rock to wing and shot; she searched intelligently, and she could make a clean, tender-mouthed pickup. The dark-red of her coat was the color of burnished mahogany, and I watched that spot of red-and-white as she ranged ahead of me over many fields, through many autumns.

For a long time Donnie remained a faultless retriever. But a good gun dog ranges more than ten miles to the hunter's one, in most covers, and finally the day came when Donnie tried to disguise her failing strength with sheer heart. There were times when I had to make her drop out after a few hours, and it was then that I began to wonder how she would end.

This last autumn, Donnie had enjoyed napping more and more in her favorite spot, a sunny corner of the lawn overlooking the hills. And when I was hunting, I would work Spike in toward the house from another direction, so that the old dog would not be alerted. I couldn't bear calling her off, even though she had always taken the order well.

But this morning she had caught me sneaking out with Spike for a predawn excursion into the marsh. I paused at the kitchen door to scratch her silken ears and apologize: "The river's full of ice, Donnie. I wouldn't even let your son go in that water. I'm just taking him along in case some ducks fall in the marsh. You go back to bed."

Helen came out of the bedroom, shivering in a flannel robe. "You can't do it," she said angrily. "She hasn't been out with you for a month."

"Look," I said, "it's cold out there. Spike's in top condition, but I'm not going to let him make any water retrieves. The blind will be freezing—"

"There's an old blanket in the car. Wrap that around her; just let her watch. Can't you see what it means to her?"

I could see. Donnie was whimpering at the door, her tail wagging, so I gave in.

IT WAS almost dawn before I had the decoys rigged out. My booted feet were numb, and my hands were so stiff I could hardly feed shells into the gun. The incoming tide was running strong, and the crust on the river was breaking up. Beside me in the blind, Donnie lay under the blanket, her head protruding, and Spike was shivering against her, trying to steal some warmth.

With the first, pale light on the marshes, there came a rustle of wind, sighing through the reeds and dried grasses. As the light brightened, unseen wings whistled softly overhead. When the pair of pintails planed around the blind, setting their wings, I swung with them. The first bird dropped where I had intended, in the marsh.

I fired again. The second duck tumbled into the water on the far side of the river.

"Spike." I waved toward the first bird. "Fetch!" He left the blind with a rush and disappeared into the tall grass. As I turned, the old blanket beside me erupted, and Donnie splashed into the water. She was going for the duck in the river.

I had left the boat twenty yards from the blind, and I covered the distance on the run. I could see Donnie's head bobbing among the ice chunks. The fast tide was sweeping her upriver, but the duck was in her mouth. After a few minutes of lung-bursting work with the oars, I reached out and grabbed the old dog by the neck.

I landed on the opposite shore, carried her up the grassy bank and tried to wrap her in my jacket. Turning her over, knowing that she was beginning to stiffen, I jerked the duck from her mouth and threw it away. But that was wrong; it was not the way Invader Donrovin of Glenn Fall had been trained. She was dying, but if I didn't know any better, she did. She crawled toward the duck, a few terrible struggling steps, and died.

My boots and gun are still out on the marsh, and the boat is somewhere on the river. I'll get around to them later. It was hard work digging a grave in the frozen ground at the corner of the lawn. Anne got sedges from the marsh, to make the bed soft. It was her own idea.

While I was down in the cellar, burning Donnie's name on a slab of oak, my daughter came down to watch me. "Couldn't we put something else on it, something just for her?" she asked.

I nodded. Heat from the glowing iron stung my eyes, and my shoulder seemed to flinch from all the shots I had ever fired over Donnie. The words were not hard to find.

As I penciled the phrase Most Constant of All Friends, I thought I heard the faraway, raucous call of ducks across the stormy forest and the frozen field. I burned the epitaph in deep, under the proud registered name and the familiar name. The words would last as long as we were there to read them, and remember. ▲▲▲

***Collier's* SHORT SHORT**

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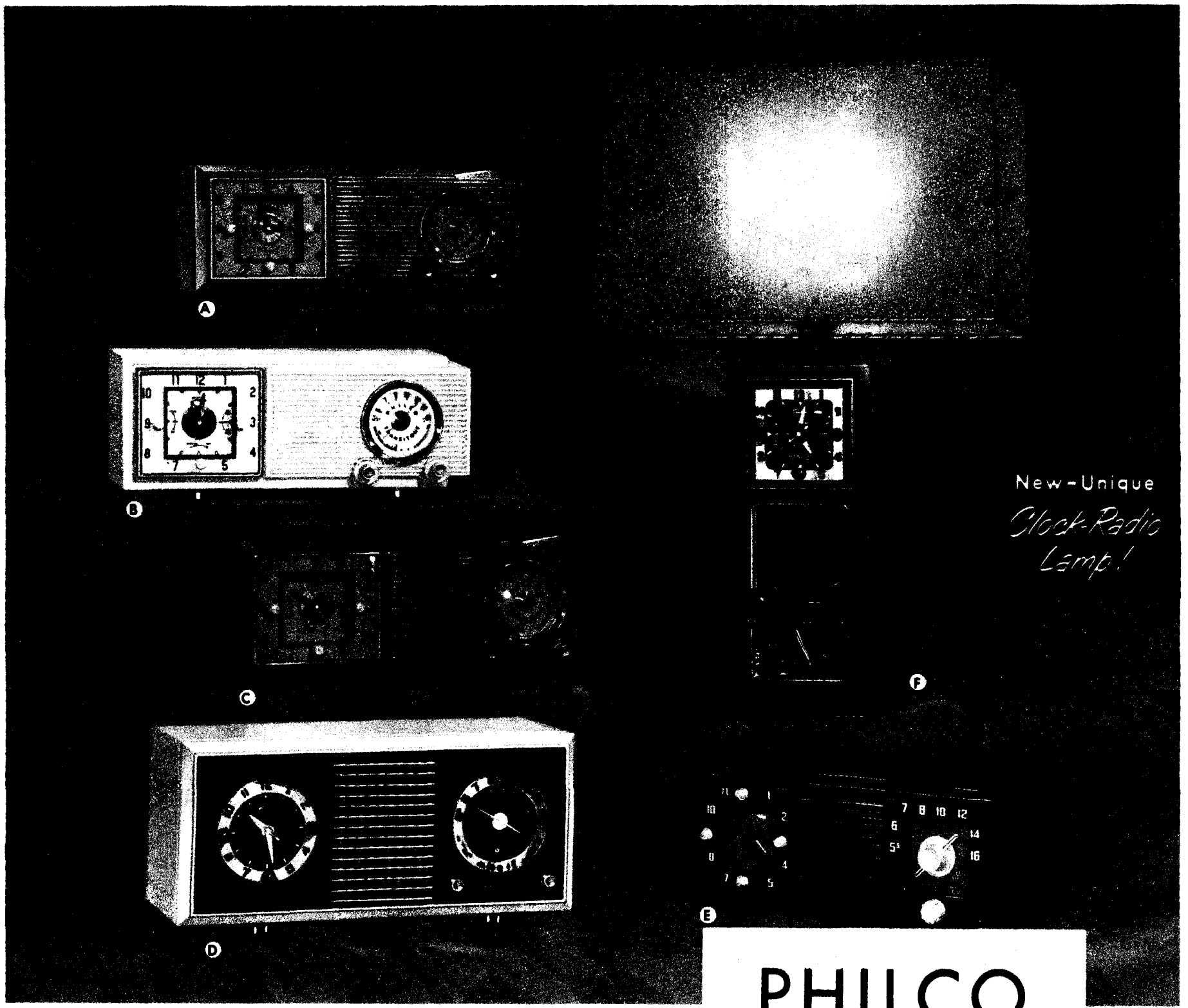

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WORD for WORD

It had been one of those days. The dinner guests brought an extra woman; the last minute the maid couldn't come. Then Joe turned up hours late, and things went from bad to worse

By WILLIAM HOLDER

IN THE morning they drove to the train in silence, and when Joe got out of the car he made no attempt to kiss her. "See you tonight," he said, and walked away. Marge slid over behind the wheel and backed the sedan out of the station parking space viciously, her mind still busy with the previous evening. She remembered every bit of it, word for word, scene for scene.

It had really started when Mrs. Noonan had called to say that she didn't feel well and wouldn't be in that afternoon, which meant that Marge unexpectedly had to do the marketing, the cleaning and the cooking alone—and with the Blakes and Carsons coming to dinner. She'd had to cancel a three-o'clock appointment at the hairdresser's which she'd really needed; then the butcher had been late in sending the roast. She had dropped everything to rush to the five-fifty-seven for Joe, and he hadn't been on it. Back at the house, she managed to get everything under control, but her hair was still in curlers when the Carsons arrived. Jenny had smiled and said, "Marge, how cute! Just like a girl space cadet." She had never been very fond of Jenny, really.

And when the Blakes came they brought with them a stranger named Marian Todd, an old friend of Helen's who had dropped by late in the afternoon. Helen said, "I called about six but you weren't in, Marge, but I knew you wouldn't mind." She laughed. "Marian eats hardly anything at all."

Marge looked at the girl and thought: *Just men.* Marian was a sultry brunette with languorous eyes, a gorgeous figure and a full mouth. She wore a dress that was beautifully cut an inch too low. "I hope you're not too angry," she said in a husky voice, "but Helen insisted." Then she sank into a deep chair and crossed long, lovely legs. Tom Carson's eyes bulged.

It was almost eight, and the roast was drying, by the time Joe finally arrived. She could tell by the subdued astonishment in his eyes that he had completely forgotten about the Carsons and the Blakes. He played it well enough, explaining that he had been delayed at the office. When he kissed her, Marge could detect on his breath the Martinis she'd been too busy to have herself. He'd certainly been in a great hurry to get home.

It turned out to be one of those nights. Halfway through dinner the lights had gone out, and it had taken Joe, never one of the world's great mechanics, half an hour in the cellar to replace a faulty fuse. And when she had gone down to try to help him, he'd snapped, "What the hell do you think I am, a magician? Keep your shirt on, I'll find the damned thing."

And of course there hadn't been a candle in the house. And the dinner had been ruined. No one minded very much, since Joe's late arrival had lengthened the cocktail hour, but Marge thought bitterly of the wasted pains she had taken.

Marian Todd, it was soon evident, approved highly of Joe. After thirty seconds Marge admitted bitterly they were something to see

Marian Todd, it was soon evident, approved highly of Joe. Her eyes left him only occasionally, and she laughed throatily at every limp witticism he uttered. Marge could understand the girl's preoccupation with Joe, without being enthusiastic about it, for Tom Carson was short and pear-shaped, and Ed Blake handsome enough but a complete bore. Joe, damn him, still looked like the good halfback he had once been.

There were drinks after dinner, of course, and Jenny Carson found the stack of new records for the player. Politely enough Joe asked Marian Todd to dance, and after thirty seconds Marge bitterly admitted that they were something to see. The girl was built to order for the music and danced like a professional, as did Marge's own beloved husband.

Joe came to her next, a fixed smile on his face, and she accepted the challenge and suffered defeat. She simply wasn't as good a dancer, and the day had taken too much out of her. "Tired?" Joe asked, and there was impatience in his voice.

"Of quite a few things," she told him.

They didn't dance together again. Marge stayed with Ed Blake, who didn't care much for dancing, and weathered his clichés for the rest of the evening. Joe was evidently enjoying himself, mainly with Marian Todd. The big ox was behaving as if he hadn't seen a woman in six months.

WHEN the evening finally ended, it developed that the Blakes' car was in the shop and they had come in a cab. Since the Carsons lived several miles in the opposite direction, of course Joe said he'd drive the Blakes home. Marian Todd, it seemed, lived in Oakville, three miles beyond them. They all left in high spirits, and Marge went in and savagely attacked the dishes, one eye on the clock. After half an hour she gave the clock her complete attention.

Joe finally came home, just as she was trying to decide between Reno and Las Vegas. He'd taken an hour and a half to make a twenty-minute trip, and there was a smear of lipstick on the side of his mouth. Marge was sitting up in bed, a book in her lap. She said, "Well, have a pleasant trip?"

"Wonderful." He was putting clothes in his closet.

"What," she asked, her throat tight, "is Marian Todd's place like?"

"Huh?" he said, turning to her, and the lipstick was like a neon light. "I don't know. I just dropped her off in front of her house."

"You're getting a little old for that, aren't you? I mean, parking for an hour in front of a girl's house? Look at your face."

He glanced in the mirror, wiped the stain away with a tissue. "Helen Blake was feeling silly," he said. "She insisted on paying me with a kiss for the taxi ride."

"And Miss Todd's ride was quite a bit longer, so the fare, I imagine—"

"Look, Miss Suspicion of the Year," Joe said. "I took them all home and had a flat on the way back from Oakville. The lousy jack broke, and I had to walk a mile to Moran's and have them come back

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

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with me to change the tire. Let's not make one of your silly productions of this, hey? And you should talk. You spent most of the evening, as usual, glued to the side of the gorgeous Mr. Blake." Then he added, "What are you trying to do, improve your vocabulary?"

She looked at the book in her hand and was astounded to find that it was a dictionary. She smiled at him coldly. "I was just hunting up synonyms for lout and philanderer," she told him. She sat up higher in the bed. "Joe Roberts, if you think for one moment that—"

His eyes had been filled with anger as he'd said, "Look, stupid. You going to keep this up forever? I've had a rugged day, and I'm sure not going to listen to you yackety-yack for the rest of the night. You want to talk, you talk to yourself." And he had picked up a blanket and gone to the sofa in the living room.

Oh, it had been a wonderful evening, all right. She whipped the car into the driveway and was delighted at the sound of the bumper ripping the side of the garage door.

ON THE train, Joe said good morning to Harry Payne and Sid Marks, then settled into a seat with his paper, but it held no interest for him. He stared out the window and wondered just what had gone wrong last night. He recalled every bit of it perfectly.

It had started in the afternoon, when old Thompson had called him into the office about the Slade account. Joe had spent weeks on it, and it had seemed to him that he'd done a pretty good job. But the Slade people insisted on a change, and Thompson was in a big lather. The change was a minor one, someone's vagrant whim, but it necessitated an entirely new layout, and it had to be done immediately. Thompson had given him a very bad time.

He made the change, working furiously. Absorbed in the task, he was surprised when he finished to find that he'd missed his usual train. He called Marge, but there was no answer. Right then, she had probably been waiting for him at the station.

He got to the terminal just in time to see the gates close on the six-thirty-three, then walked straight to the men's bar to wash the bitterness from his soul. Sometimes things piled up. The Slade account had always been a bother, which was no great wonder considering that featherhead in charge of it. But Thompson had no right to take it out on him. After all—

Two Martinis made him feel a little better, and he got on the seven-o'clock in a calmer mood, basking in the thought of how pleasant it would be to spend a quiet evening at home with Marge. She'd understand about missing the train; then there was a good show on television tonight. He relaxed.

It stunned him when he opened the front door and found the Blakes and Carsons there; then he remembered that Marge had told him they were coming, and he felt like an idiot. So, tired and disappointed as he had been, he had gathered together his forces and assumed the role of mine host.

He had been supergracious to everyone, trying to make up to Marge for his lateness. He'd even been nice to that phony *femme fatale* the Blakes had dragged along. She must have thought she'd been asked to a masquerade; she looked and acted like a Balkan spy on the Orient Express.

It had certainly not been his fault that the lights had gone out, but he'd been ashamed that he'd forgotten once again just where the fuse box was hidden in the cellar. Marge hadn't been much help, either, coming down just to bawl him out. He'd kept a check on himself, though. He remembered the exact phrases he'd used to soothe her. "Don't worry, darling," he had said. "I'll have everything shipshape in a moment."

When Jenny Carson had started the record player, that had been the crusher. He was dead on his feet after a brutal day, and all he wanted to do was talk to Marge and tell her about the foul-up at the office. But no, he had to dance. And only once with Marge. "Tired, baby?" he had asked solicitously, and she had said something enigmatic. After that she'd spent the rest of the evening beside that handsome moron, Eddie Blake. From there on, it was mainly the latter-day Theda Bara, who clung to him when they danced but looked uncomfortable when he left her sitting mournfully in a corner.

And then it had been great, just great, to discover that the Blakes didn't have their car. There was nothing he could do but drive them home, then continue on with that Todd cretin, who unbelievably boasted of one of the finest collections of glass fish in the country. She'd wanted him to see her darlings, but he'd excused himself because of the late hour and had driven thankfully away only to have the left rear go flat on him a mile from nowhere.

And Marge had certainly been in a fine mood when he'd got home. He'd been really beat by then, but he kept a tight rein on things. He remembered that part of the evening word for word. The moment he had walked into the bedroom, Marge had sat up, pointed at him dramatically, and screamed, "Look at the lipstick on your ugly face! Where have you been for the last four hours, you—you *wolf!*"

He'd explained carefully about how Helen had jokingly kissed him, but Marge had shouted, "That's a lie, Joe! You were with that Todd woman in her apartment, drinking and drinking, and—"

"Darling," he'd said, "you know you're being silly. I had a flat on the way home, the jack broke, and it took me some time to walk to Moran's and have them come back with me and change the tire. And I'd like to apologize for being late this evening, hon. It was one of those things that couldn't be helped. I—"

"You're a lout!" Marge had screamed. "A rake and a liar!"

He had held up his hand placatingly and smiled. "Darling, the neighbors."

Her voice had been shrill. "Joe Roberts, you beast, I'm going to Reno in the morning! I'm going to call Mother and—"

He had known, then, that for the moment any understanding between them was impossible. He'd said gently, and he could remember the exact words, "Darling, you're distraught. I'm sure you've had a hard day, and I know it was mainly my fault. I'm truly sorry. Now, you go right to sleep, and so that you won't be disturbed, I'll use the sofa for tonight. Sleep tight, baby." And he had taken a blanket and gone in to that damned sofa.

Joe shrugged and opened his paper. Sometimes you couldn't figure them at all. Well, maybe she'd feel better tonight. He'd telephone from the office and have Artello send some flowers to the house. That might do the trick.

HE GOT off the five-fifty-seven feeling fine. The car was in its customary place. He walked toward it with a light stride, then remembered. Well, if she was still in that mood, he'd have to spend the evening talking her out of it. He opened the door. "Hello, baby," he said, and got in behind the wheel.

Marge was in the middle of the seat. He hesitated, wondering whether or not he should take a chance, then bent to kiss her. The result was amazing. Her arms went around his neck, and she murmured, "Joe!" In a little while he managed to gasp, "Baby! With all these people around, we—"

She disengaged her arms and smiled shyly at him. "I'm so glad to see you!" she said. "Have a good day?"

He took a deep breath, then grinned at her. "I wanted to tell you about that. I was late last night because I had to make a big change in a layout. The account was tickled to death, and old Thompson called me in and harumphed for a while before telling me there'd be a five-hundred-dollar bonus in my next check. Nice?"

He was quite sure she hadn't heard him. "Yes, that's nice," she said in a dreamy voice. He looked at her, and she seemed to be in a slight daze. "Joe," she said, "the flowers. It was sweet. I never dreamed that you'd remember."

He tried frantically to remember the occasion, couldn't, smiled modestly and said, "Well—"

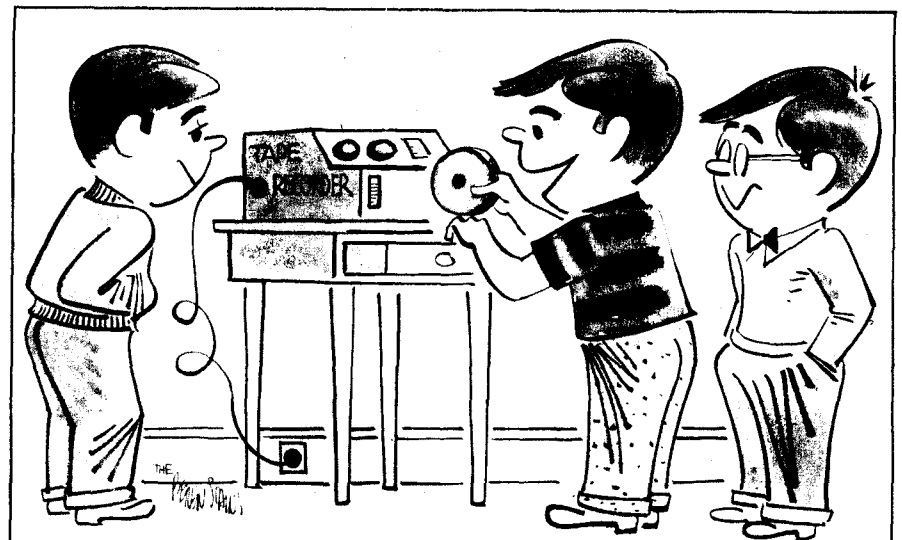
"The anniversary of the day we met! It was at that party the Powells gave, and . . ." Her voice trailed on, and he breathed easily again.

Her arm was linked with his, now, and as they drove down Cedar she said, "And I stopped at Moran's for gas today, and George told me all about the trouble you had last night. You poor lamb, you."

He knew enough to kill his smile. "About last night, Marge," he said. "I'm sorry. I was a little tired and worried, and—"

"Joe," Marge said, and her voice was soft, "let's forget all about last night."

"That," Joe said, "is certainly my intention." He looked at his image in the rearview mirror and raised his eyebrows. Sometimes you *really* couldn't figure them. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

"Here's a real collector's item. It's one I got of the old man trying to tell me the facts of life"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

COLLIER'S

"I think I can fill this thing out myself. I've been looking at it for only fifteen minutes and already I've found where the signature goes"

SCOTT BROWN

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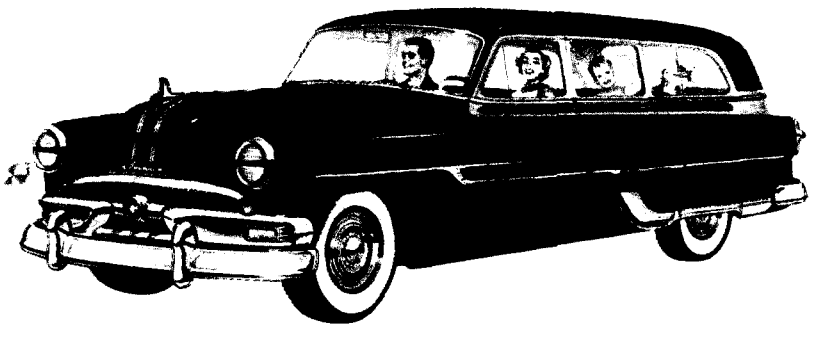

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When Can the ROKs Take

It all depends on how fast we train and arm more South Korean divisions to man the front lines. What are we doing to speed up the takeover? And just how good a fighter is the new ROK soldier?

Seoul, Korea

A HIGH-RANKING South Korean general recently visited a hotly contested sector of the Korean front and sat in on a briefing by the division chief of staff, a full colonel in the Republic of Korea army.

"The Chinese are attacking our regiment here in division strength," the colonel said, pointing to a map. "We must pull back before we are overrun."

The general said nothing, but a freshly lighted cigarette fell from his lips to the floor. As the colonel stooped to pick it up, the general drew his .45 and, without passion or compassion, shot him through the back of the head. "Stay! Fight!" the general grunted, and stalked out.

This story, while almost certainly untrue, is being told from Pusan on the Korean south coast to Kumhwa on the front line to illustrate the two main characteristics of the new ROK army—a fierce resolve to live down past defeats, and the savage discipline used to instill the new fighting spirit.

This new ROK army is 12 divisions strong and has at least two more divisions in the making. President Eisenhower has urged our commanders in Korea to expand it still further in the hope that the ROKs eventually can take over the whole Korean battle line.

How far have the ROKs come since the black days of 1950, when one North Korean tank could panic a whole division?

To find out, I spent five weeks with the heroic ROK 2d Division during its bloody battle for the Kumhwa ridges on the central front. What I saw was in sharp contrast to the depressing scene in late 1950 at Uijongbu junction above Seoul. Then I had watched remnants of the broken ROK 6th Division, their weapons gone, retreating silently over the snow on frozen feet bound in strips of cotton cloth.

This time I saw tough little green-clad infantrymen on the slopes of Sniper Ridge and Triangle Hill charge recklessly—sometimes too recklessly—through Communist artillery fire.

I saw a South Korean fire-direction center, all ROK save for a handful of Americans, co-ordinate the fire of nearly 15 battalions of artillery—a total of some 250 guns, the greatest sustained artillery concentration since the surrender of Germany.

I saw a ROK signal sergeant who couldn't speak a word of English rip out a telephone switchboard and replace it with a larger model in this same center—a madhouse in the midst of battle—without dropping a line or losing a single call.

I saw a front-line ROK ordnance lieutenant so Americanized that when a slow-moving U.S. ammunition officer at corps level reported by telephone he was having trouble getting shells, the South Korean snapped: "Hubba-hubba, Mac! We're fighting a war up here!"

Meet the ROK Army's Chief of Staff

The ROK army today is young and cocky, and in many ways as modern as a 90-millimeter gun. Its thirty-two-year-old chief of staff, Lieutenant General Paik Sun Yup, is a ruthless fighter and brilliant military organizer whose American opposite number is fifty-six-year-old General J. Lawton Collins. When the North Koreans invaded South Korea on June 25, 1950, Paik was only an obscure regimental commander. In World War II he was a captain in the Japanese-trained Manchurian army. With generals so young, the ROK buck privates often look like schoolboys playing hooky—and sometimes they are.

But the ROKs are still an old-style army in part. Graft and gallantry, poverty and politics, still go hand in hand. Ultramodern weapons from America are often used to support medieval banzai charges ordered only to "save face." Under pressure, ROK commanders sometimes discard their newly learned Western tactics of fire and movement and launch suicidal mass attacks which little South Korea simply can't afford.

The ROK pay scale is ridiculously low, even by Korean standards. Privates get only the equivalent of 50 cents a month, and major generals the equivalent of $11 a month. As a result, nearly everyone trades on the black markets—"slicky-slickies"—when he gets the chance.

ROK divisions near the seacoast also operate fishing fleets to add to their low-calorie diet of rice. Divisions inland cultivate gardens for vitamins and cash. Fishing and farming are honest jobs, although neither raises the tone of a fighting army, but "slicky-slicky" stains thousands of otherwise fine officers.

Politically, there has been some improvement since General Paik took over as chief of staff. He is brilliantly intelligent and ruthlessly nonpolitical, and so far the government has not interfered with his conduct of military affairs. But two of his predecessors—Lieutenant Generals Lee Chong Chan and Chung Il Kwon—were "exiled" temporarily to the United States Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, when they fell out of favor with tough old President Syngman Rhee.

Still another failing of the ROKs is their reluctance to take care of their new American weapons. "When it comes to shooting, I'll stack my boys up against any outfit in Korea," one half-proud, half-exasperated American tank adviser said. "But try to get the bloodthirsty little devils to pull maintenance."

But despite these shortcomings, the ROK army has already taken over the fighting in Korea to a greater extent than most Americans realize. Today the South Koreans man fully two thirds of the 155-mile front, and man it well. The ROKs keep

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Major Harry W. Hoffman, of Philadelphia, Pa., weapons adviser, supervises rifle practice at a ROK infantry school. U.S. Army has assigned 1,900 Americans to aid Korean forces

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Lt. Gen. Paik Sun Yup is only 32, but he's top officer in the ROK army—chief of staff

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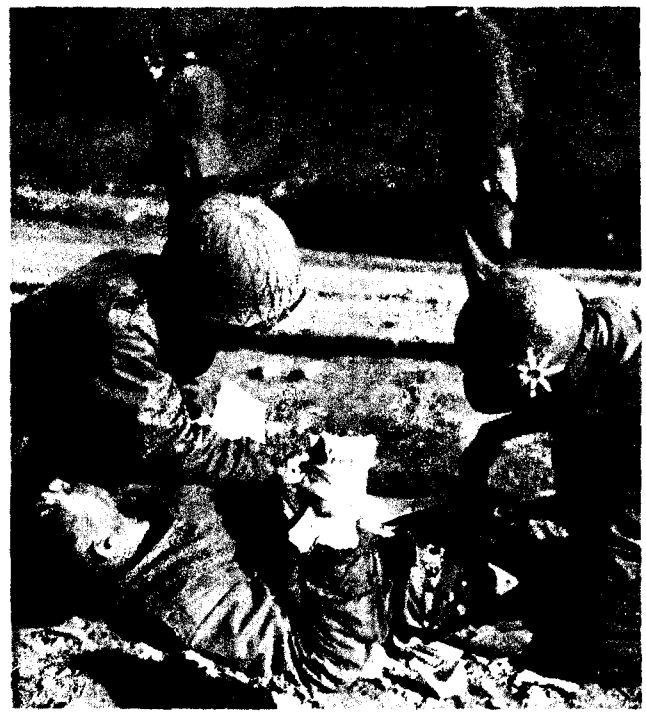
n Korea?

By JOHN RANDOLPH

U.S. troops work side by side with ROKs at front. Here a GI from a co-operating artillery unit operates field radio at Korean command post

Cpl. Kim Sun Kil, 19, awaits signal to run message in ROK attack on Triangle Hill

Lt. Gen. Chung Il Kwon, one of ROK's top commanders, watches Sniper Ridge battle



One Korean medic treats a wounded soldier; another notes details of the injury

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

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Tough ROK training methods leave American advisers gasping. "Why, you couldn't

10 veteran combat divisions on the line itself, or in immediate reserve, compared with only eight United Nations divisions.

As a matter of fact, there has never been a time in the Korean war when the outnumbered United Nations forces could have carried the full load alone. Even when their fighting power was almost nil, raw South Korean levies, just by being there, plugged gaps in the line. By the time the Soviet-trained North Koreans, and later the Chinese Communists, had cut through the ROKs, the little force of American and British regulars could usually wheel to meet the new threat.

The South Korean infantry paid a terrible price in the early days of the war, but neither the ROK government nor the ROK army ever flinched at the sacrifice. And out of these early defeats and disasters has emerged a new breed of ROK soldier—a man who not only knows how to fight, but has iron in his soul and hatred in his heart. In his mind he hears screams from burning villages and sees refugees stumbling in the snow. He wonders where his wife, his babies and his sister are . . . how his father and mother died. It is men like these, ruthless and bitter, sergeant to general, who are running the new ROK divisions.

Soldiers Made in Three Days

The ROK divisions are still smaller than ours—13,000 men instead of 19,000—but ROK training centers are turning out between 500 and 1,000 new soldiers a day—each man with a basic training of 16 full weeks. "It used to be just three days," says Major General Song You Chan with a wry smile.

Song, commander of the crack ROK Capitol Division for the last two years, is only thirty-four, a powerful, stocky, former Japanese army sergeant. His division drove farther north than any other Allied division—up the east coast to within 50 miles of the Soviet frontier—in November, 1950, before Chinese Communist forces appeared at the front in strength for the first time and hurled the United Nations forces back south of the 38th parallel. It distinguished itself further in the late summer battle for Capitol Hill.

Nearly half the other ROK line divisions also have proved themselves. The 1st, trained by Chief of Staff General Paik himself, until recently was the only ROK division entrusted with a battle frontage equal to that of an American division. Driven off Big and Little *Nori* hills by a furious Chinese assault on the western front last December, the 1st counterattacked and recaptured them in 72 hours of flaming battle. The 9th ROK made a name for itself by smashing the vicious Chinese attack last October on White Horse Mountain—the first real victory of the Koreans over the Chinese in centuries. The two-month-old 12th ROK passed its battle baptism January 12th by repulsing an attack by two North Korean battalions northeast of the Punch Bowl on the eastern front.

Perhaps the most conspicuous showing of all was made last October and November by the ROK 2d, which bore the brunt of the savage 40-day battle for the Kumhwa ridges on the central front. It was the bloodiest single engagement since Communist China entered the war in November, 1950, and for pure concentrated fury had no parallel since the Pacific beachhead battles of World War II.

The ROK 2d was thrown off Triangle Hill, just northeast of Kumhwa, during the battle, but clung tenaciously to adjacent Sniper Ridge despite repeated Chinese counterattacks. Communist casualties in the 40-day fight for the ridges were estimated at 15,000. ROK losses, also high, are still a military secret. But from first to last, the ROKs used only one division—the 2d. The Reds used three.

General James A. Van Fleet, who has just retired as commander of the Eighth Army, says the South Korean army made amazing progress during the last 18 months of his command. "Many of its individual fighting men and many smaller ROK units excel the standard of American and other United Nations troops," he says. General Mark W. Clark, supreme United Nations commander, agrees. "The ROK soldiers' courage, aggressiveness and willingness to carry the battle to a vicious enemy regardless of difficulties . . . are unsurpassed," he asserts.

General Paik is understandably proud of his fighting men. When he visited the ROK 2d at the height of the Kumhwa battle, he watched the action and then turned to the American officers and correspondents present. "Gentlemen," he said, "the ROK army has proved it can fight. Now it needs more training!"

To provide the training, army schools dot all South Korea from a few hundred yards behind the front to Cheju Island, in the Yellow Sea some 50 miles off the south coast.

The Korean draftee, a beardless, bewildered youngster, is frequently from some isolated rice paddy, occasionally from a thatched-roof village unchanged since the Middle Ages, and only rarely from a real town with a vestige of modern life. His first taste of the army—sometimes his first brush with the twentieth century—comes at one of the two big replacement training centers at Nonsan or Cheju.

He is not pampered. His instructors are tough ROK army sergeants and lieutenants from the battle line, and their methods often leave milder-mannered American advisers gasping. "You couldn't work Americans like that—they wouldn't stand for it," says Lieutenant Colonel Hugh P. Osborne, of San Antonio, Texas, who left an engineering job with International Business Machines to serve as an artillery adviser with the ROKs.

Harsh Training for Recruits

For ten hours a day, seven days a week, the full 16 weeks of basic training, the ROK recruit learns the skills of a modern soldier. He learns how to keep clean, how to march, how to shoot, how to play his part in the squad, and how to attack a hill under real and sometimes lethal fire. He sings stirring ROK army songs as he drills at a run. And, voicing determination to reunite North and South Korea, he stamps and shouts, "Unification!" as he snaps to "present arms."

"It really is basic training," says Lieutenant Colonel Rupert Raschke, of Omaha, Nebraska, another artilleryman who worked with Colonel Osborne in the Kumhwa battle. "Sometimes when we get lads from the back hills, we have to teach them how to turn a screw and drive a nail—all they've ever seen before are wooden pegs and rice-straw rope."

Beyond the basic training camps stretches a whole pyramid of schools—for noncoms, officer candidates and command and general-staff officers. There is even a four-year Korean West Point at Chin hae. Proven field officers get a chance to study at the American Army's own service schools in the United States. The best of all go to the U.S. Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth.

Great strides have been made, but the training program is still not perfect. "Sometimes it just doesn't get across," says Major Charles A. Prosser, of State College, Pennsylvania, a ROK staff adviser. "The biggest single difficulty is hammering home the need for group action and team spirit."

Uneven training, the result of uneven understanding, shows up on the battle line. The battle of the Kumhwa ridges graphically demonstrated both the gallantry and the shortcomings of the new ROK army. For example, take the hard-fighting ROK 31st Regiment and its high-strung commander, Colonel Kim Yong Sum, a thirty-two-year-old alumnus of the Japanese army.

The 31st Regiment took over the defense of Triangle Hill after American troops had captured it, but a week later the ROKs were thrown off the height by an overwhelming Chinese night counterattack. The ROKs were no pushovers—the three defending companies refused to withdraw until they had lost two thirds of their men—but Kim was roused to a white-hot fury by what he considered a disgrace.

For three days the angry commander threw violent counterattacks of his own against the hill, but each in turn was blown to pieces by heavy, amazingly accurate Chinese artillery fire. Finally, his regiment exhausted and bleeding, Kim was ordered to fall back into reserve so that the 30th Regiment from the ROK 9th Division—the heroes of White Horse—could take over the assault.

The withdrawal order was more than Kim's pride could stand. At dawn the next morning—without consultation, without artillery and air support, without even enough infantry—he hurled a final desperate assault against Triangle's steep slopes.

At headquarters, General Chung Il Kwon, then commander of the 2d Division, and his American advisers were horrified, enraged—and helpless. With Kim's ROKs already on the slopes, all they could do was scream for emergency artillery cover and pray for the best. By midafternoon the agony was over, and the bloody remnants of the 31st were stumbling back down the hill.

Kim Escapes with Reprimand

In the U.S. Army, Kim would have been broken, perhaps court-martialed, for such behavior. But in the ROK army, hard-fighting colonels are too valuable to be broken for excess zeal, and Kim escaped with a tongue-lashing from Chung.

Next morning as the 30th Regiment attacked a day late, Kim's curiosity overcame his pride. Aloof and silent, he stalked up to his old observation bunker, where the new colonel was directing the battle. Kim saw me standing in the bunker. We knew each other; I had visited him several times in this same observation post. He realized that I must know everything—his failure and his military crime.

Kim turned toward me, bowed stiffly and formally from the waist, Japanese style, and said with almost boyish simplicity, "I'm sorry." He was not apologizing for his appalling violation of orders. He didn't care two hoots about that. He was apologizing to me as an American because his regiment was not at that moment sitting on top of Triangle Hill.

Harness a wild spirit like that, and you have an army to reckon with. But not all ROK shortcomings are equally gallant.

Time after time in the seesaw fighting, subordinate ROK commanders and staff officers would fail to report losses of one position or another. They hoped

COLLIER'S

"Just look at these bills! Food, rent, heat, light, gas. We've *got* to stop this wild spending!"

HARRY MACE

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work Americans like that," one U.S. observer says. "They wouldn't stand for it"

to take them back in short order and so avoid an embarrassing loss of face. But these lapses kept the UN air and artillery from blasting the Chinese off the positions before they could dig in. When the infantry had to do the job, it was that much bloodier.

There were staff officers who refused to co-operate because the other man "would take the credit." And there were artillery commanders who lied about their ammunition supply in order to hoard shells.

Callous Neglect of Wounded

There was one striking example of ROK callousness at the height of the fighting. It was discovered by an American adviser when he drove past a Korean labor battalion and saw 200 to 300 badly wounded men lying on the bare ground near the unit's headquarters. The American, Major Francis Novack, of Watertown, New York, discovered the wounded men had been there for three days although immediate help was available for the asking. The ROK battalion commander just hadn't bothered to telephone for doctors, ambulances or helicopters.

"Why?" he asked when he was relieved of his command and rebuked. "We have lots of men."

But Korea, a country of fewer than 30,000,000 persons surrounded by Red China's 450,000,000, Red Russia's 200,000,000 and Japan's 84,000,000, doesn't have "lots of men."

These oppressive figures were no doubt preying on General Van Fleet's mind when he made his bold decision in the spring of 1951 to re-create the ROK army in the American image. Up to then the ROKs had been only foot-slogging infantry, organized in light divisions of only 7,000 men and 18 artillery pieces each.

The divisions had almost no transport, engineering or signal equipment. It was an army in which the quartermaster—as I saw several times—was the man driving the cow.

Despite the tremendous odds against him, Van Fleet set out to convert the ill-equipped, poorly trained ROKs into the most technically proficient type of modern army that the twentieth century could produce. And further, to build it in a country that could not hope to supply it alone for one day—that even now cannot give its men the diet they need to fight.

He nearly doubled the strength of a ROK division and increased the overall size of the army from about 250,000 to 400,000. And under a new expansion plan endorsed by Eisenhower, the army will be ultimately boosted to nearly 1,000,000 men.

Today a ROK division has almost exactly the same front-line rifle strength as an American division—10,000 men—but has fewer support troops. It is bigger and packs more punch than the old Imperial Japanese Army divisions.

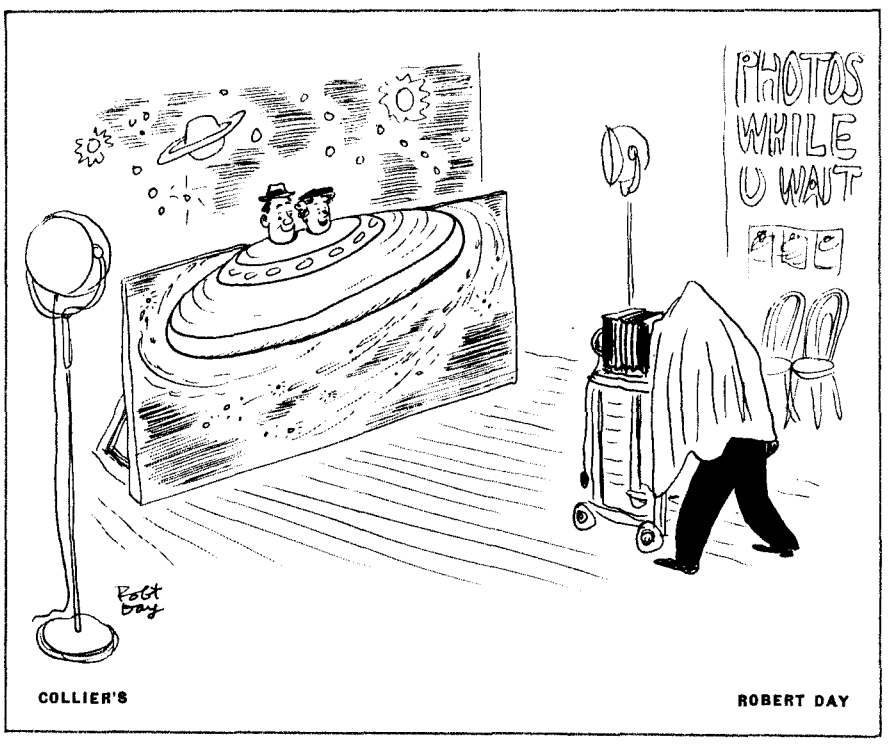
Although in battle they still must depend largely on American guns, tanks, trucks and other services for support, ROK divisions will get full divisional artillery of their own early this year. This means that each ROK division will soon have 72 field guns—instead of the present 18—and a highly complex fire-direction center to control them.

The ROKs already have heavy tank companies of their own, and later may get their own heavy tank battalions. One of the worst ROK shortages—trucks—is also slated for correction in the near future.

The all-around expansion of the ROK army calls for similar improvements in all the support branches—engineers, ordnance, signal corps and medical corps.

The United States is now pouring about $700,000,000 a year into the ROK army—and contributing the services of nearly 2,000 officers and men of the Korean Military Advisory Group, better known as KMAG (pronounced kay-mag).

This little band of Americans, numbering only 600 officers and about 1,300 enlisted men, ranges from Major General Cornelius E. Ryan at ROK army headquarters in Taegu down to colonels with divisions, majors with regiments, and captains and even sergeants with the smaller ROK technical sections.



COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

Most of the Americans, like the majority of the Eighth Army's fighting officers, are long-time reservists. Only a few are West Pointers or even non-academy regulars. They are generally young but professionally experienced officers with an influence on the war far beyond their rank. They have no power of command and can act only as elder brothers—advising, acting as liaison officers between the two armies, and occasionally pulling an influential string or two in both directions.

A Loudmouth's Face Gets Red

Tact is a KMAG must. Kay-maggers tell of one loudmouthed, hypercritical regimental adviser who wanted everyone to know he was coming. He told his driver to have his title painted in Korean characters below the windshield on his jeep. From then on he got "present arms" all right—and big smiles. Several weeks later a missionary who could read Korean translated the sign for him. In very earthy Korean indeed, the driver had painted the characters for the north end of a horse going south.

Most of these kay-maggers are fanatically loyal to their outfits. They may berate them unmercifully in private, but they defend them fiercely against any outside criticism.

Major John J. McManus, of Rochester, New York, a cigar-chewing Irishman who was adviser to the ROK 2d Division's 17th Regiment, was raking his outfit over the coals one day in a private KMAG coffee-and-bull session. "They can't do this, they don't do that, they won't do such-and-such!" McManus ranted.

To needle him, a brother adviser "agreed" that the 17th wasn't much good at that.

"Whaddyuh mean, they aren't any good?" McManus bellowed without even changing breath. "They're the only good regiment in the division!"

As for the KMAG GIs, they are extraordinary. Many a KMAG corporal or sergeant does a job complex enough to tax a colonel in an American division. During the Kumhwa battle, Corporal Edward J. Russell, of Chicago, almost single-handedly made the daily arrangements for bringing up hundreds of new ROK replacements, summoned emergency medical help, and worked a steady shift from 8:00 A.M. to 3:00 A.M.

In the same tent with him, Operations Sergeant Joe K. Bell of Heisington, Kansas, had to be ordered to sleep by his boss, the operations adviser, Major Edward J. Russell, of Honolulu. Bell was so much on top of things that he could—and did—suggest extremely effective artillery concentrations against the Reds. Without noncoms like these, the handful of KMAG officers could not function.

ROK officers admire their American advisers—if they don't always heed them—and they still detest Japan. But they are spiritually closer to the old Japanese training doctrine—that human will can triumph over any material obstacle. As fallible as this theory may be, it has a tremendous appeal to leaders of a new army short on resources and desperately in need of morale and tradition.

One bold Japanese correspondent, John Fujii, who grew up in the United States but spent World War II with the Japanese army and navy, discussed this matter with General Chung on a recent visit to the 9th Division front.

"Excellency," Fujii said, speaking Japanese and using the form of address for a Japanese general, "I see many things here like the Imperial Army."

"You would," replied Chung just as bluntly—and in Japanese. "We don't want the Japanese in Korea but we want the Japanese spirit."

For spirit, Chung used the Japanese word *seishin*. It was *seishin* which lay behind the code of the samurai (Japanese warriors) and the kamikazes (Japanese suicide pilots of World War II).

It is Korean *seishin* when a ROK general draws his .45 and shoots an unworthy staff officer. It is *seishin* when Colonel Kim throws his 31st Infantry against Triangle Hill in one suicidal charge after another. It is *seishin* when a ROK commander tells a driver who has wrecked his jeep to walk through a ROK mine field—closing the account when the man either blows up or returns unscathed.

It is *seishin* again when a ROK sergeant smashes his cane over a recruit's shoulders for missing the bull's-eye. It is *seishin* when a company commander kills an AWOL soldier on the spot. And it is *seishin* when a Korean colonel tears the steel helmet from a sleeping sentry and swings it mercilessly again and again until the man is a bloody pulp, crawling on his hands and knees.

As an American Sees *Seishin*

American officers working with the ROKs know this spirit well. And they know that indomitable Korean will—some call it plain mule-headed stubbornness—can sometimes outrun the limit of physical resources. Major Ross E. Leety, of Miami, Florida, one of the outstanding infantry advisers in the Kumhwa battle, had this thought in mind when he broke off suddenly in the middle of a technical criticism of ROK tactics.

"But give them credit," he resumed. "If we pulled out of here tomorrow they'd simply extend their line and fight on as long as they could." Leety paused again, remembering the disaster south of Inje where he was nearly killed in 1951, and slowly shook his head.

"It could not be for too long . . . alone," he said.

When can the ROKs take over the whole battle line with reasonable hope of success?

Front-line KMAG officers, who know better than anyone else how far the ROKs have come and how far they have to go, are chary of overoptimism. They say: raise the ROK army to 20 divisions, give it another year of hard training, continue full UN logistical, aerial and naval support—and the answer is a cautious "Yes."

Just before he retired as commander of the Eighth Army, General Van Fleet said he also believed the South Korean army could be built up sufficiently within 12 months to man the whole front. But he added an important proviso—only if the United Nations is content to fight on the present battle line. The ROKs still would need help to mount a major offensive.

But one solid fact rises above all the doubts and the difficulties. The South Koreans have seen Communism first-hand. They hate it. They know they must kill it. And they won't spare themselves trying. ▲▲▲

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The agent stopped like he had run into a stone wall and fell forward on the floor. I scrambled onto my hands and knees and got my toes under me

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HUSBAND and WIFE

Hebb was mean, cowardly and generally no good—and Elvie loved him. None of us could figure out why; two men had to die before we learned

By JACK SCHAEFER

I'VE been deputy sheriff ever since we've had a sheriff at Cubb's Crossing, and that's close to thirty years. We haven't had many sheriffs because we don't go in much for change out here, not in our politics. Get a good man and keep him is our way. We kept Sheriff Godbee till he died and Sheriff Lantz till he retired, and I expect we'll keep Sheriff Virts till he does one or the other. And all of them have kept me because I handle the fussy little cases and the office routine without bothering them and I never have minded tending the jail. That's my specialty, tending the jail; I'm proud of the nice comfortable jail I've fixed up.

Nearly thirty years it's been, and in all that time I've had only one woman in my jail and only two jail-breaks. You may not believe me but that one woman staged both those breaks.

Elvie Burdette was her name. Well, no, I can't swear to that. Elvie was for Elvira and probably was her right name. But none of us ever knew whether she really was married to Hebb Burdette. They just came to the Crossing together and lived together, and in those days, when the Territory was new, nobody bothered much about anybody else's past. We spoke of her as Mrs. Burdette till we got to speaking of her as Elvie, and that was good enough for us.

She was a big, pleasant-looking woman when they first came. She had a lot of yellow hair and maybe did something to it to make it that bright yellow. When she was out where people could see her, she always wore the same dress. I expect it was the only dress she had: a red one with spangles around the bottom and marks up top that looked like places where spangles had been cut off. She filled that dress in a way that was satisfying to see, and she could handle men, as some of the boys learned when they tried a bit of experimenting.

Hebb was different. He was little and mean-faced to look at. He couldn't and wouldn't do anything worth while, and you wouldn't think any woman with meat on her bones would know he even existed. But he certainly was boss in his own house. He could snap his fingers and make Elvie jump to do what he said. He was cantankerous and rough with her out in public too, and he let her do everything for both of them as if she owed that to him and couldn't ever do enough or do it right.

They took a claim, a poor one other people had passed by but close in to town, probably so he could walk in easy for liquor and a card game whenever she found money for him. My guess is he figured that taking up that claim was a chance to make something without working. Under the homestead law if you filed on a quarter section and lived on it three years and made some pretense of improving it, you'd get clear title. He had to live somewhere, so he figured he might as well live on a piece of land that would be his for just living on it. Elvie would see that they had food and he had pocket money.

She did. She did it in the damnedest ways. She baked bread and a kind of coffeecake with nuts or berries or whatever she could find for filling, and trundled the stuff into the Crossing on a pushcart-like contraption. It was good, and she soon had two regular customers, the stage-post, where you could get meals, and Rickey's saloon with its free-lunch counter. She trundled that pushcart around and picked up washing from some of our bachelors and scrubbed it out cleaner than they ever could. And she talked Clem Rickey into letting her have the job of giving his place its weekly scrubbing on Sunday mornings after the usual Saturday-night fracas.

She had to get up mighty early Sunday mornings for that because she wanted to finish in time to get to church. Why she did that I've never been able to figure. We had only one church, and it wasn't really a church except for the cemetery beside it; it was our schoolhouse we used for church services, and the minister was one of the homesteaders who felt he had a call—which couldn't have been very strong, because he was as dull a preacher as they come. Hardly anybody went except the womenfolk and the few husbands that could be argued or dragged into it. But Elvie was there every Sunday. The only time she missed till the real trouble started was when Hebb had pneumonia. She couldn't have enjoyed church, not with that preacher. The other women sniffed and looked away when Elvie came in, and they wouldn't sit on the same bench with her. But still she would be there, alone, with a quarter she'd hidden from Hebb ready for the collection, wearing her red dress, faded from so many washings but as neat as she could make it.

And Hebb? Well, the thought of Hebb inside church would have given most of us a heartier kick than a shot of Rickey's strongest. Hebb would be sleeping on their bed, where she would put him when she took him home from the saloon a few hours before she started her Sunday-morning scrubbing. He was one of the regulars at Rickey's, always there on Saturday night because Elvie collected on Saturday mornings and he'd have money that night. He'd sit in on a card game, lose, and sometimes be nasty about it. During the early part of the evening he would drink by the clock, one an hour. He was a small man with a small stomach and couldn't take much. Along about midnight he would lose count and start forgetting the clock. After that it would be a question of just when he'd begin to wag his head in that peculiar way, then stand up, turn completely around once or twice and collapse on the floor. That was Elvie's signal. She would have been outside, waiting, and she would come in, help him to his feet and support him out the door and home.

"Funny woman, Elvie," Clem Rickey said one night, after she had taken him away. "Won't let anyone really do a thing for her. Heard her humming once when she was scrubbing, and I had an idea. She's a good-looking woman still. I offered her a job working here. A nice offer. None of the extras like the other girls. Just singing a little and helping keep you boys amused. She jumped down my throat like I'd insulted her. So I asked if she wanted me to put a limit on Hebb or keep him out of here. She got even madder. She told me to let him do whatever he wants." . . .

I expect I got to know Elvie about as well as anyone did. Hebb spent a lot of time in my jail, and she used to bring him warm meals in a big kettle with a top to hold in the heat. That was after they had moved into a shack in town. They had proved up on the claim and sold it right away, giving Hebb some real money to spend. He bought her a nice churchgoing dress and a hat. I have to give him credit for that. He togged himself in some fancy clothes and began to have big ideas about himself as a gambling man. He cut into bigger games at the saloon and tried to look tough and stone-faced when the big bets were running. As long as his roll lasted he put up a fair bluff. When it was gone and he was back where he'd been before, with only the money Elvie could get for him, he began to go to pieces. His meanness wasn't saved just for her. He was mean to everyone, nasty and quarrelsome. If he'd been a bigger man he might have been a real troublemaker, but being small and afraid to use a gun, he was just a nuisance. Sheriff Godbee was still alive then, and when he'd feel he had to pull Hebb in for disturbing the peace, Judge Culler would only give Hebb a couple of days' cooling-off at a time. Fines wouldn't do any good. Elvie would have to pay them. Maybe a couple of days in my jail wouldn't do any good either, but at least it would make things quieter around town for a while.

AS I SAY, I got to know Elvie pretty well. She wasn't a talker, and when she did talk, it was about the weather and little happenings about town. She wouldn't say a word about herself, and she wouldn't let me or anybody say a word about Hebb to her. Him being the kind of man he was, you couldn't talk about him without blaming, and she wasn't going to let anybody blame him about anything.

"Elvie," I said, one time she came in with her covered kettle, "you aren't getting any younger." She wasn't. She was aging fast. Her yellow hair was beginning to show streaks, she was skimpier than she used to be, her hands were red and rough from so much scrubbing, and she was getting to be sort of shapeless in her new dress. "Elvie," I said, "you ought to cut loose from Hebb while there's time. Find yourself a real man that'll treat you better."

She looked at me like I was speaking some language she couldn't understand. Then she began to laugh in a peculiar way, and she looked at me like I was the one that was no good. "A real man?" she said. "Better'n Hebb?" She kept on laughing in that way that wasn't nice to hear and went over by the inner door and waited for me to unlock it. And may I be cussed out proper if she didn't stop on her way back out to smile at me and be pleasant and thank me for letting her take the food in.

I simply couldn't figure her out at all. Sometimes I'd open the inner door a crack and peer through at Hebb behind the bars, playing solitaire with the cards and listening to the old gramophone I kept there for whoever might be locked up. I knew he'd be hoping I'd come in so he would have somebody to argue with and talk mean to, and I couldn't see what it was about him that Elvie saw. He was such an insignificant little piece of meanness and laziness. Then he pulled the trick that

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proved we all had underestimated him, in one way at least. . . .

There was a mining camp, placer mining, up in the hills about twenty miles from the Crossing. Not a big strike, just a fair return for the men who worked the silt banks of a dry stream bed there. A syndicate had been formed to pool their takings, and once a month this syndicate shipped the dust out by the stage that stopped at the Crossing. I checked the papers each time, and the usual pay load ran around ten to eleven thousand. It was in care of our office until it reached the next town about sixty miles away, and Sheriff Godbee himself used to ride guard on the stage. He wasn't taking any extra chances, because the commission we were paid helped cover our office expenses.

This time the syndicate agent with his own guards had brought the tin box in, and I'd weighed the dust and marked it down in the book—ten thousand four hundred and sixty-three dollars, I remember it was. I had locked the box and handed it to Sheriff Godbee, who had stowed it in the boot and was ready to climb up with the driver, when Hebb Burdette came hurrying along. They didn't think about it then of course, but he had picked this time because there weren't any passengers.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'm going along."

Sheriff Godbee was surprised. "Never knew you to go anyplace," he said, short and irritated the way he always was with Hebb, "except to Rickey's."

"I've got business to tend to up the line," Hebb said. "Thinking of making a move. I'm sick of this town."

"It's sick of you," Sheriff Godbee said. "If you're going, pay your fare and hurry it." So Hebb paid the driver and climbed inside. They started off, and that was that.

THEY rolled along at a good clip till they changed horses at Burr's ranch and were some miles beyond on the flat, sandy stretch. Then they remembered Hebb because he began pounding on the inside of the coach roof. Sheriff Godbee leaned out over the side and shouted at him, but Hebb kept shouting back, "Stop! I'm sick, I tell you! Sick!"

Sheriff Godbee was mad. He had a rule that they should never stop the coach between stations no matter who hailed from along the road, but this was different. There was nobody in sight for miles around, the flat land gave good vision, and it was only Hebb inside the coach, yelling. The sheriff told the driver to stop; Hebb opened the door and almost fell out. He looked sick all right, but they didn't know it was because he had had a time nerving himself to do what he was doing. He looked like he might keel over any minute, and they jumped down to see what they could do for him. They were two mighty surprised men when he pulled a gun out of his belt under his coat and held it on them.

"Don't make me shoot," he kept saying, "I don't want to, so don't make me." And they were a lot more scared than surprised when they saw how his hand twitched with the gun and how staring his eyes were and how he trembled all over with a kind of desperate excitement. "Turn around," Hebb said, and when they did, he took their guns out of the holsters. "Start walking," he said, and they did, expecting maybe to feel bullets smack into their backs any time. Then they heard noises behind them, and when they turned, Hebb was scrambling up on the driver's seat, grabbing the reins, and whipping the horses into a run. The men stood staring after the coach as it pulled away fast, and Sheriff Godbee was cursing himself for not keeping the shotgun in his hand when he jumped down. . . .

Well, they hiked back to Burr's ranch and got guns and horses there and started out right away with a couple of Burr's men to side them. They found where Hebb had swung the coach off the main trace, cut into the hills and stopped it on a slope. There he had pegged the wheels with stones, taken the box out of the boot, unhitched the horses and kicked away the stones so the coach would go careening down the slope to smash out of sight in a thick woods. They could tell by the tracks that he had sent one horse off with a slap, climbed on the other, and headed away through the rockiest stretch he could find to try to hide his trail. They could follow it though because he wasn't much good at that, and when they'd lose it they'd spread out and search around in a circle until one of them would spot the trail again and fire a shot. Then they would gather and start on. They came to the place where the horse stumbled and Hebb fell off, probably because he didn't have a saddle to hold onto, and the horse got away from him. It was all plain in the tracks. There was even a dent in the ground, where a corner of the box hit. After that it wasn't so easy to follow him because he was a little man, and even with the weight of the box, he didn't make clear tracks except over the soft spots.

Night was sneaking in on them, so Sheriff Godbee called a halt, took his bearings and led the way to one of Burr's nearby line camps, planning to start again with first light in the morning. It was roundup time, so no one was staying there, but they found food and some blankets. The cabin was small; the ceiling was made low by the bark-slab floor of a little storage loft. The chimney was a poor job, the fireplace smoked and the men were thinking they would have to throw water on the fire or sleep outside, when they heard a sudden burst of sneezing and coughing up above in the loft.

Sheriff Godbee pulled out his gun. "Come down out of there," he said, "before I start blasting at you through the roof."

"Don't shoot," this voice said between coughs; "please don't shoot." And when Hebb came scrambling down through the hole in the ceiling, the four of them couldn't help laughing at the ridiculous, scared littleness of him.

SO HEBB was back in my jail, but this time he wasn't there to cool off for a couple of days. He was waiting trial, which would be when Judge Culler returned from swinging around the circuit he served every few months. There was a lot of interest in the trial because everyone knew it might be a humdinger, with so many charges against Hebb that no one could tell just who would get him and on what charge. Sheriff Godbee was after him for robbery with a dangerous weapon and mad about it because that was the first time anybody ever put him on the wrong end of a gun while his own was buckled to his belt. The stage company was after Hebb for stealing and smashing their coach and mad about it because the coach had been a new one they had paid to have delivered all the way from the East a week or two before. And the syndicate was after Hebb for their box and the dust in it. The cabin had been searched and his back trail followed, but no trace of the box had been found. All he would say was that he had hidden it so nobody else would ever get it. That's about all he would say about anything, except to curse when anybody tried to question him.

So Hebb was in my jail. Not in the cooling-off quarters with the barred door and barred window and gramophone, but in the waiting-for-trial quarters with bars all around. He slept a lot and prowled in a circle a lot and mumbled to himself and pounded the floor some. I had to make new rules about visitors because people kept wanting to come in and look at him, trying to see what they hadn't seen before. That made him get angry and start shouting at them.

And every evening Elvie brought him a warm meal in her covered kettle.

She was suddenly older. Her hair was more streaked, and she was wearing the old red dress again with the tarnished spangles around the bottom. She went right on working because she was saving her money for a lawyer; and when she thought she had enough for a showing, she went to Rudy Ferebee, the only lawyer we had, who was really a storekeeper but a lawyer, too. Rudy told her he didn't want any money; he would be glad to do what he could, but that wouldn't be much except maybe to hold down the sentence. He told her it was an open-and-shut case and no doubt about it. He told her Hebb would be lucky to get by with ten years and only if he tipped where he hid the box. She didn't have much faith in lawyers, so after that she asked me what I thought. What could I do but tell her the same?

"Ten years?" she said. "Lock up Hebb ten years just for doing that?" She couldn't seem to realize he had stepped way over the line at last. "Not Hebb," she said, "nobody'd do that to Hebb." She couldn't seem to see him for the miserable little thing he was. I could. But I couldn't see her for what she really was, or she never would have put it over me the way she did.

SHE was late bringing her kettle on the evening I mean. She didn't come till Sheriff Godbee was out to supper so I was alone in my front office with his adjoining office empty. I should have noticed that, just as I should have noticed she set the kettle down for a moment when I had unlocked the inner door and gone with her to unlock the barred door to Hebb's quarters. A man tending a jail has to notice the small details out of the ordinary. But you know how it is. You get used to a woman bringing special food to a man who isn't convicted yet and still has some privileges, and you're sorry for her like everyone else is and want to make it easy for her. She's just Elvie that you've known quite a time, and you've done this so often you don't pay much attention to what she's doing. That's the way it was with me. My back was to her while I was unlocking the barred door. I heard a small rattle and turned to see her lifting the gun out of the kettle by its barrel and raising it high; I only had time to try to fend it off with an arm before the butt crashed down on my head, and the walls whirled around me, and everything went black.

When I knew what was happening again, I was sitting on the floor, slumped against the side wall of that inner room where the waiting-for-trial cell was, and I had company. Sheriff Godbee was sitting beside me, not slumped but straight-backed against the wall looking mad. The syndicate agent was sitting beside him the same way and looking madder. They weren't moving or trying to get up, and I saw why. Elvie was standing against the front wall by the door with the gun in her hand. She looked younger: her head was high, and her eyes were blazing bright, and you could tell she was right willing to shoot. I turned my

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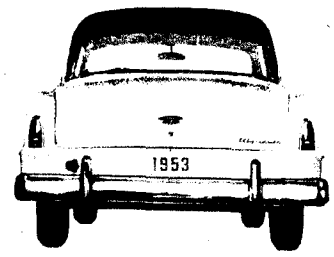

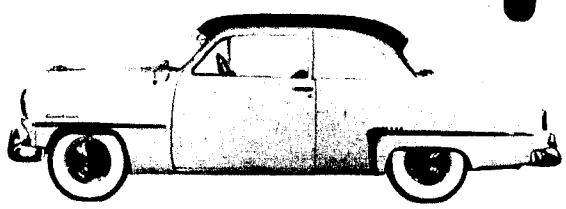

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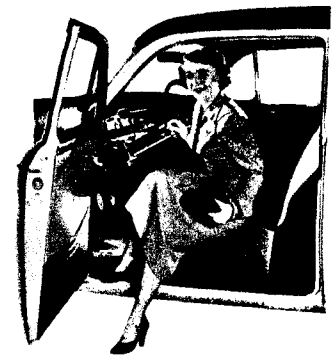

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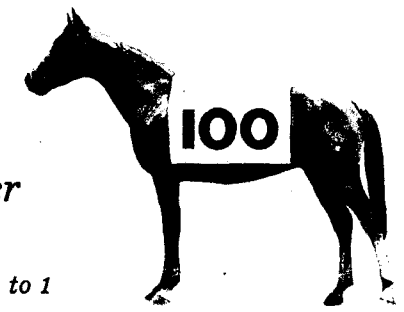

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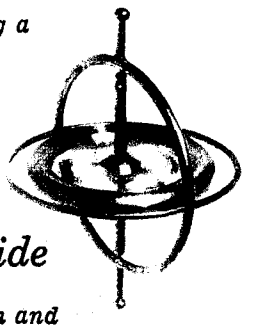

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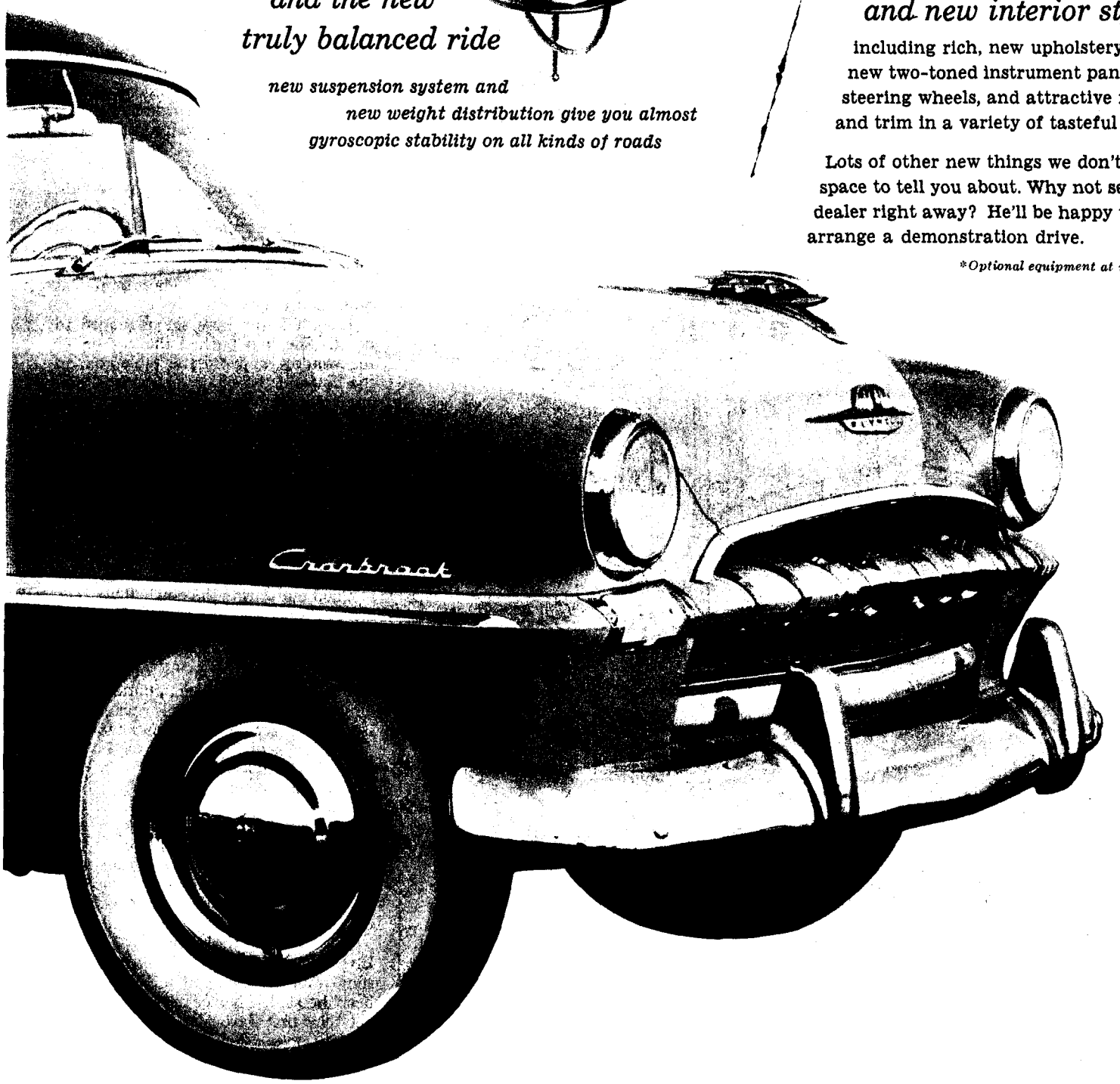

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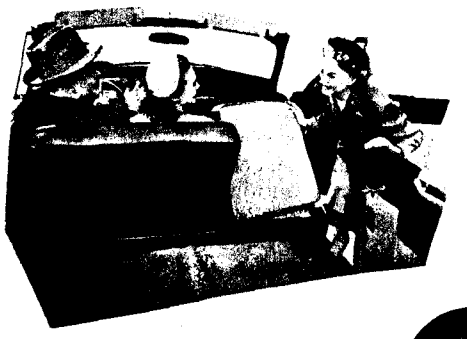

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head to see the whole room. Hebb was gone, and I guessed my gun had gone with him. It wasn't anywhere in sight. Sheriff Godbee's and the agent's were on the floor by the edge of Elvie's spangled skirt.

She had figured it all out. She had pulled me over to the wall where I couldn't be seen through the door by anyone in the front room. She had waited inside by the door, and when Sheriff Godbee came in to see where I was, she had stuck the gun in his ribs, taken his, and made him sit down by me. She had done the same to the syndicate agent. She would do the same to anyone else who might come along. She wasn't going to let anyone find out Hebb was gone and spread the news and start after him. I expect she was ready to keep us there all night.

We must have appeared foolish, sitting there. I felt foolish till I worked up my own share of mad, because that was the first time anyone had gone out of my jail with me showing them the way out.

The syndicate agent smacked one hand on the floor. "Our dust gone," he said; "the man, too." He looked at me. "Fine work," he said. "Wonderful. Letting her pull this."

"Shut up," Sheriff Godbee said. "She got me, didn't she? You too."

ELVIE stood there watching us with her eyes bright and the gun in her hand. "Say," the agent said, "do you really think she'd shoot?"

"Yes," Sheriff Godbee said.

The agent looked at me again.

"Sure thing," I said.

"Bats," the agent said. "I don't think so. She's just a woman."

"No," Sheriff Godbee said, "that's not just a woman. That's Elvie."

The agent grunted and started to push himself up. Elvie stuck out her chin and leveled the gun at him. "Sit down, mister," she said.

"Hell, lady," he said, still pushing himself up, "can't a man even straighten his legs? Got kinks in 'em." He stood right up by the wall and stretched each leg out separate, pretending not to be paying attention to her at all, while she watched him with eyes big and stary. He put one hand against the wall like he wanted to steady himself; suddenly he shoved himself out from the wall and plunged at her. She squealed high and shrill, and the gun roared in her hand. He stopped like he had run into a stone wall and fell forward to the floor.

I couldn't have things like that going on in my jail. I knew it the instant he started to stand up, and I was ready. I scrambled onto my hands and knees, got my toes under me, and dove straight at Elvie. My head hit her in the middle, and she bounced against the wall as the gun clattered on the floor. She fell hard on top of me, the breath knocked out of her.

Sheriff Godbee was scrambling on the floor too. He gathered up her gun and his and the agent's. He got to his feet and watched me crawl out from under Elvie. "Help her up," he said. When I did with a tight hold on her arm, he came over and put one of the guns in my holster, his own in his own holster and the other one in his belt. "Put her behind your bars," he said. "Do something with what's left of our friend here. I've got to go get that fool Hebb again." . . .

So now Elvie was in my jail. I didn't feel mean at first about locking her in, because my head still hurt and I had a dead man to worry over. People who had heard the shot came running, and I had to tell them what had happened. I sent someone for Rudy Ferebee, who acted as an undertaker too, and he took the agent's body away, promising to send word to the mining camp and to see that the body was hauled there if folks wanted. I chased them all away at last, checked again to be sure Elvie was safe behind my bars and nursed my head with cold water. Then I tried to get some sleep on my office couch.

I couldn't sleep much, and along about first light in the morning I went back to see Elvie again. She was right where she had been. She hadn't tried either of the two bunks. She was sitting on the one chair, proud and kind of scornful of me and almost young-looking in that red dress, her eyes daring me to say anything to her. "I'll fix some breakfast pretty soon," I said and went out front, where I sat on the steps of the building and watched the light beginning to climb the sky. After a while I saw the horses coming along the road into town.

Sheriff Godbee was on the first one. One of those behind him was carrying double. Another one had a body slung over the saddle like a bag of grain. They stopped by the building. Sheriff Godbee swung down. He was stiff and tired. "Yes," he said, "it's Hebb. He wasn't any damn' good even as an outlaw. Running's all he could do. Left a trail a boy could follow. I swore in a few deputies and picked up more on the way. Chased him up into the hills again. He holed in some rocks, and we had him surrounded. I tried to make him see that and come out peaceful, but all he'd do was run. He came out running and did some shooting. One of us plugged him—I don't rightly know who. Too many bullets flying there for a space. But it's no matter. Everybody was sworn right, and it was all legal and proper." Sheriff Godbee sighed. "Too damn' many killings in one night for my liking," he added. "I'm tired. You take over and let me get some rest."

So I had to tap the till to pay the men the ten cents an hour they got in cases like that as a sort of official sign of appreciation to them for helping out when there was need. And I had to get hold of Rudy Ferebee again to take care of Hebb's body. And I had to be the one to tell Elvie.

SHE didn't say a word when I told her. She sat on the chair, and her pride was gone along with the brightness in her eyes. She was a shapeless, aging woman in a funny, faded red dress. I fixed breakfast, and she ate some of it because I told her to; but she didn't know what she was eating or even that she was eating at all. She was the same all morning and at lunchtime. It wasn't till late afternoon, when I came back from helping bury Hebb, that she spoke to me.

"Where did you put him?" she said.

"We fixed a nice grave," I told her. "We fixed it out on the slope by the river near your old place."

"Out there?" she said. "That's no decent place for Hebb. Why didn't you put him in the church cemetery?"

"Well, now, Elvie," I said, "you know only regular church members are buried there." I couldn't tell her the church people had refused to have Hebb in their cemetery. I couldn't tell her about the remarks I'd been hearing that we were starting our own boot hill planting ground on that slope by the river. "It's a nice place, Elvie," I said. "Real nice. Maybe I'll be able to get a writ from the judge to take you out to see it."

She wasn't listening. She was starting to cry. She didn't cry hard or sob out loud or anything like that. She just cried quiet and steady and like she was alone with no one to see or hear her. That's how she put it over on me the second time. Only in a sense she didn't really. She could have but she didn't, not really.

My trouble was seeing her cry. That was the last touch that made me soft. I'd look in at her through the doorway, and it wouldn't seem right for a woman to be behind my bars. You oughtn't to shut a woman up behind bars in a place that was built just for men because nobody ever bothered to think a woman might be kept there, and where anyone—even if only the one who tends the jail—can gawk at her any time.

Sheriff Godbee was in his office making out his reports about Elvie and about Hebb when I went in and told him what I wanted to do. "It's your jail," he said. "Got enough to stew about myself here." So I took a look at the storage room that we planned to keep files and records in when we had enough. It was fair-sized and had a stout door and only one window for ventilation, small and high up out of reach even if you stood on a chair. I moved out the old saddles and pieces of harness we had stuck in there and moved in a cot, a chair, a box for a table, a washbasin and a few other things. I found a padlock for the hasp on the door.

I went back and unlocked the barred door of the waiting-for-trial quarters and took Elvie around to that storage room. She came without any fuss. I left her there, snapped the padlock shut and pulled on it several times to make sure it was fastened tight. I went to my office, flopped on the couch and was asleep before I could even think to unbutton my leather vest. I needed that sleep. I needed it specially because there was a shock waiting me early the next morning.

I WOKE early and made my rounds. When I came to the storage room, I unfastened the padlock and knocked on the door. I couldn't hear a sound inside. I opened the door a little and peered in. Elvie was gone. The room was quiet and empty.

I don't know how she managed to do it. She had pushed the cot under the window and put the table-box on the cot and the chair on the box and pried the window out of its frame. That pile of things must have given unsteady footing, and the window opening must have been a tight squeeze and there was a ten-foot drop outside and the only way she could have gone through must have been head first. But she did it. She was gone.

I went to Sheriff Godbee's office, opened the side window there and reached out to ring the cowbell we kept hanging on the outside wall. He lived in the next house, and I used the bell to call him when there was any important reason he should be in his office. In a few minutes he came in, muttering to himself and pulling on his jacket. He stopped muttering when I spoke to him. "Sheriff," I said, "I think maybe I'd better resign. Elvie's gone."

"You let her go?"

"No," I said. "She wiggled out that little window."

He sat down in his swivel chair and stared at me. "That woman beats me," he said. "But then she always has."

"All right," I said. "You want my badge?"

"Don't be a fool," he said. "That Elvie'd beat anyone." He stared at me some more. "Damned if I'll go after her," he said. "Never chased a woman yet. Not that way." He sat in his chair, staring at me. I don't know what we would have done if the door hadn't

BUTCH

COLLIER'S **"If you're in such a hurry to get home, why'n't ya give me a hand wit' th' sky?"** LARRY REYNOLDS

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opened and two people come in; the one in front was Clem Rickey and the one behind him was Elvie.

They were tired and dirty, and Elvie was some sight with her streaked hair all tangled and her old dress torn because of her squirming through that window. She had a stubborn look on her face and wouldn't say a word. It was Clem Rickey who spoke to us.

"Godbee," he said, "I want one thing understood. I didn't bring her here. She wanted to come back. Routed me out middle of the night and told what she had to do. I helped her, and I'd do it again. I'd have found her a horse and money and cheered her off, but she wouldn't go. She did what she wanted, then she insisted on coming back here."

You can see what I mean when I say that she didn't really put it over me that time, though she could have. She could have gone off and given us a chase, if we'd had stomachs enough to go after her. But instead she just went out for a while and came back.

"What the devil have you two been doing?" Sheriff Godbee said.

"That?" Clem Rickey said. "Why, we been digging Hebb up and planting him in the church cemetery."

WELL, that's what I started out to tell you, about the only woman I ever had in my jail and the two breaks she staged. I expect I'd better go on and tell about the trial that finished it up.

Judge Culler got back to the Crossing the afternoon of that same day. He was a plump, good-natured man with a thorough knowledge of law and enough respect for it to make him the kind of judge we liked. He'd been hearing some tall rumors along the way, so he came direct to Sheriff Godbee's office. When he had it all straight about the last days' doings, he sat quiet and bit on his knuckles.

"Godbee," he said, "we've got to be rough on Elvie. She's killed a man, and hanging's the usual recipe for that. She killed him to help a jail-break too. But one thing we can do. You go call on our town councilmen, all three of them. Tell them they're to approve a new law I'm making as of right now. Tell them they'll approve, or I'll quit this job, and they'll have to whistle all around the creek for a new judge. From this moment forward it's going to be a felony to move a dead body that's been lowered into the ground and earth heaped upon it. That'll keep Hebb where she wants him."

He bit on his knuckles some more. He sent me to bring Rudy Ferebee to the office. "Ferebee," he said, "if Elvie pleads guilty I'll have to pass judgment on her. I refuse that responsibility. We've got to make this a jury trial. Can you guarantee me she'll plead not guilty?"

Ferebee scratched his chin and looked at me. I handed him my keys, and he went back to the jail part of the building and returned after a while. "Judge," he said, "Elvie says thank you for the new law and Hebb told her the dustbox is in the chimney of that line cabin. She says she doesn't care what we do with her now."

"Good," Judge Culler said. "I'm satisfied. You make it not guilty, and we'll get this over with. My court will convene at ten o'clock tomorrow morning." . . .

We had the biggest crowd in our little courthouse we'd ever had. People were staking out seat claims early as nine o'clock. The only trouble we had was naming a jury. Women weren't allowed to serve, and the men didn't want to. They thought of the damnedest excuses until Judge Culler had to be firm and draft most of the dozen. I think maybe it was because they felt mean about it and enjoyed the eyebrow-tilting of some of the women present that they picked Clem Rickey to be their foreman. And while this was going on, Elvie sat in the chair where I had put her and stared at the floor. She had fixed her hair and fussed with her old dress and made herself neat as she could.

As a trial I expect it was pretty dull, most of it anyway. Everybody there knew Elvie and had known Hebb, and by now they knew about all the pertinent facts. It was simply a matter of getting these down in the official record. Sheriff Godbee was in a peculiar spot. He had to act as prosecutor and be the chief witness too. He put himself on the stand and told what had happened, simple and straightforward. He put me on the stand and had me tell it again my way. Then he rested his case. Ferebee cross-examined us both, but the best he could do with the facts was emphasize that the syndicate agent was jumping at Elvie when she shot him. He called Elvie to the stand. I had to take her by the arm and lead her there, and he couldn't do anything with her. She wouldn't help herself. He was ready to quit when Clem Rickey stood up.

"Judge," Rickey said, "we here on this jury can ask questions, can't we?"

"Certainly," Judge Culler said.

Rickey leaned forward a little and looked straight at Elvie. "Well, now, Elvie," he said, "we want to know something. Why didn't you see what kind of a low-crawling snake Hebb was when he stole that coach and was going to skip off and leave you?"

Elvie jerked up on the witness chair. "That's a lie," she said. "If he'd got away safe, he'd have sent for me. I just know he would."

A couple of the other jurors were pulling at Rickey. He turned and looked back at Elvie. "All right," he said, "maybe I put that wrong. We want to know why you did it. Why you put up with that—with Hebb all these years?"

She looked at Rickey, her eyes blazing bright. "I'll tell you why," she said. "You men. All of you. You think I don't know what you're like? You think I don't know how you sneak around on back streets and in strange houses? You think I don't know what goes on upstairs in your saloons? You're all soiled. But he wasn't. He was different." She stood up straight in her old red dress with a few spangles left around the bottom. "He never looked at another woman. He was mine."

THEY acquitted her. They acquitted her with a verdict that Judge Culler had to unscramble for the official record because the way they put it was like this: the deceased was killed in self-defense and ought to have had better sense than to jump a woman with a gun, so why couldn't it just be set down that he died by the accidental discharge of a weapon? They meant to be kind to her, and maybe they were. But I've never been sure. I saw her when she left town on the stage later that day. Someone told me something about her having some relatives back East a ways. She was wearing the red dress, carrying a small bundle that must have held her other dress, the churchgoing one Hebb had bought her. She looked to me like a person who might go on living but whose life was over. ▲▲▲

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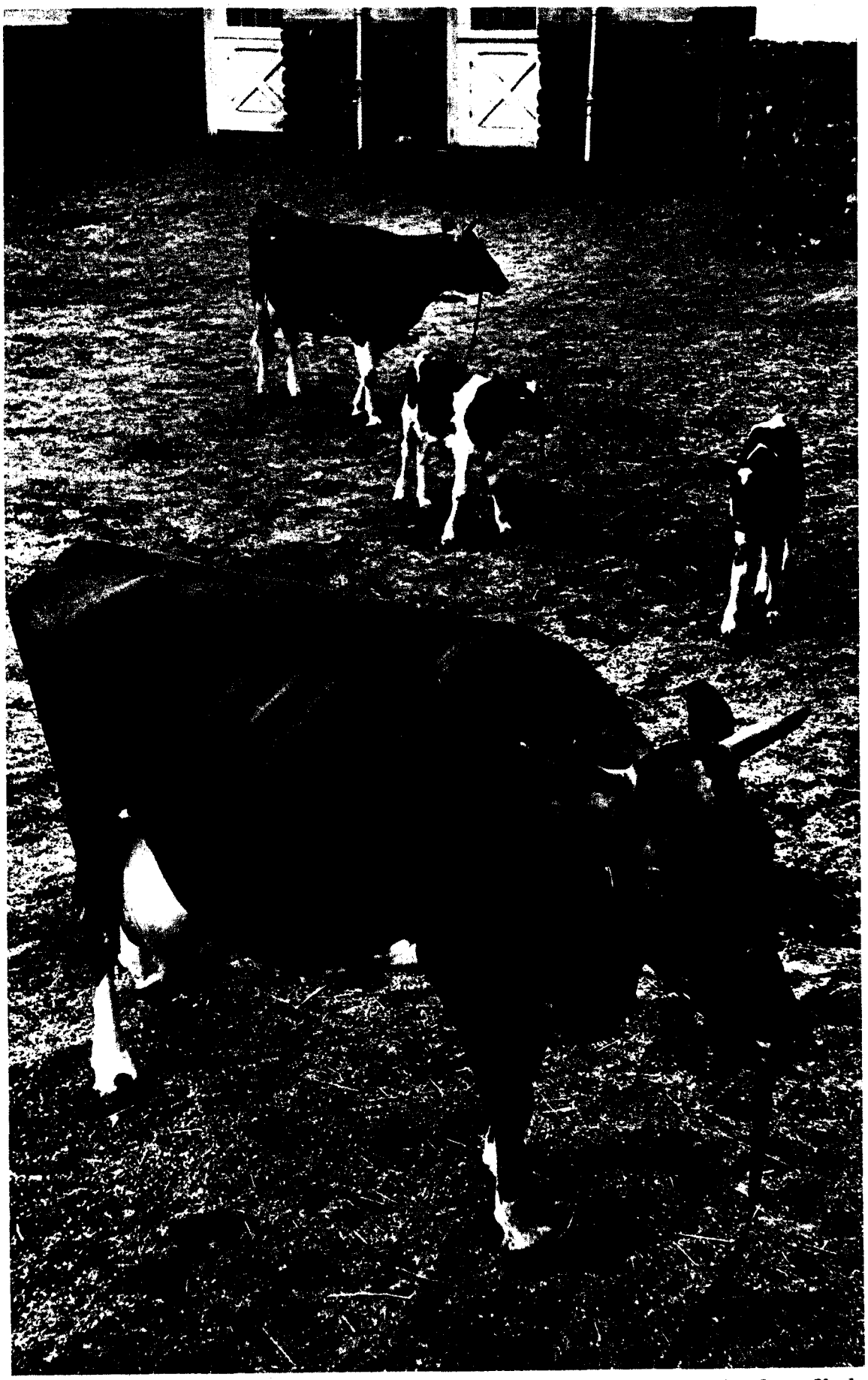
The Life and Good Times of

Fairlawn Actor's Indigo is a dream: born well, breeds well and gives prodigiously of milk.



Part of an ever-expanding family circle idles behind Indigo (l. to r.): a daughter, Nyala Honor's Bluebird; a grandson, Nyala King's Actor; and his mother, Nyala Honor's Bluebell

AT 4:13 P.M. Fairlawn Actor's Indigo rose to her feet in the box stall. "She knows about when she'll be milked," said Horace Lanute, the herdsman, who was nearby. She stood quietly. She swung her head deliberately from side to side, her neck curling with a snakelike movement. She came forward to the stall's iron-pipe bars and began scratching her square, rounded nose on them. Feed had already been put in her manger—at floor level in one corner—but she couldn't reach it because the neck stanchion leading to it was closed. She put her nose through the stanchion bars and tried picking up some grain with her long pink tongue. About all she did was knock it aside, and after a while she stopped and went back to waiting.

A barnman came by and opened the stanchion. She tossed her head and went after the feed, calm and businesslike, just eating.

At 4:25, Horace returned with a pail, set it down with a slight rattle, entered the stall, spread the bedding a little and began wiping Indigo's udder with a cloth that had been soaked in antiseptic. "The cloth serves two purposes," he said. "For cleanliness and to stimulate her." He sat down on a stool beside her with the pail between his feet, and for a moment you could hear the rhythmic jangle of milk hitting the bottom, before it was covered.

In five minutes the pail was full and he set it down to get another. The full pail was of worn, shiny, silverish metal, half covered over the top, and in the opening stood creamy foam as dense as beaten egg white. The foam went down an inch or two and beneath it the milk was warm. It smelled sweet.

Horace partly filled a second pail and took both to the milk room for weighing. When he set them down, two gold-and-white cats, the color of Guernseys, began nuzzling at them, but they got no milk then. "Mr. Bedford has no time for cats of any other color," Horace told me.

Horace Lanute, Nyala Farm herdsman, visits pet cats in the milk room with still-warm milk

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a Guernsey Cow

By CHRISTOPHER RAND

Part of her story is just plain talent. The rest is in a know-how herdsman like Horace Lanute

The afternoon's milk weighed 27.9 pounds, which with Indigo's morning production made a total of 63.9—a high figure for two-time milking. Last year Indigo had made a superb record in that field, and on her peak day of 1952 then she had given only 64½. Early this year, she gave 75.2 pounds in a single day. I asked Horace if she would make another record this year. "She just might," he said.

I walked back to her stall. She was getting no congratulations and seeking none. She was eating.

Cattle Club Pays Her High Tribute

You can't say Indigo is the best Guernsey in the U.S., but you can't say she isn't. She was stylishly bred at Fairlawn Farms in Port Chester, New York, birthplace of many a high-priced calf. She has not been shown, but three times she has been classed Excellent by the American Guernsey Cattle Club —the highest tribute it pays to a cow's build and looks. She is now nine, and since she was two she has been with Nyala Farm at Greens Farms, near Bridgeport, Connecticut. The farm is owned by Frederick T. Bedford, a New York businessman.

At Nyala she has twice made a class-leading record for production—landed, that is, among the top 10 cows in American Guernsey history who have been tested for a particular age and number of milkings. Few others have won twice. Indigo hasn't proved out yet on the quality of her descendants—the main test of a cow, perhaps, where breeders are concerned. The descendants aren't numerous enough yet, and may not be until she is dead; until then her place can't be fully established. So far, however, so good.

She is a big cow, very quiet. "She's a good temperament cow," Horace said one afternoon as we stood by her stall. "Not temperamental at all. Never gets excited. You get some will kick your ears off, but we never had any like that around here." I asked if treatment didn't have something to do with that, and he agreed it did.

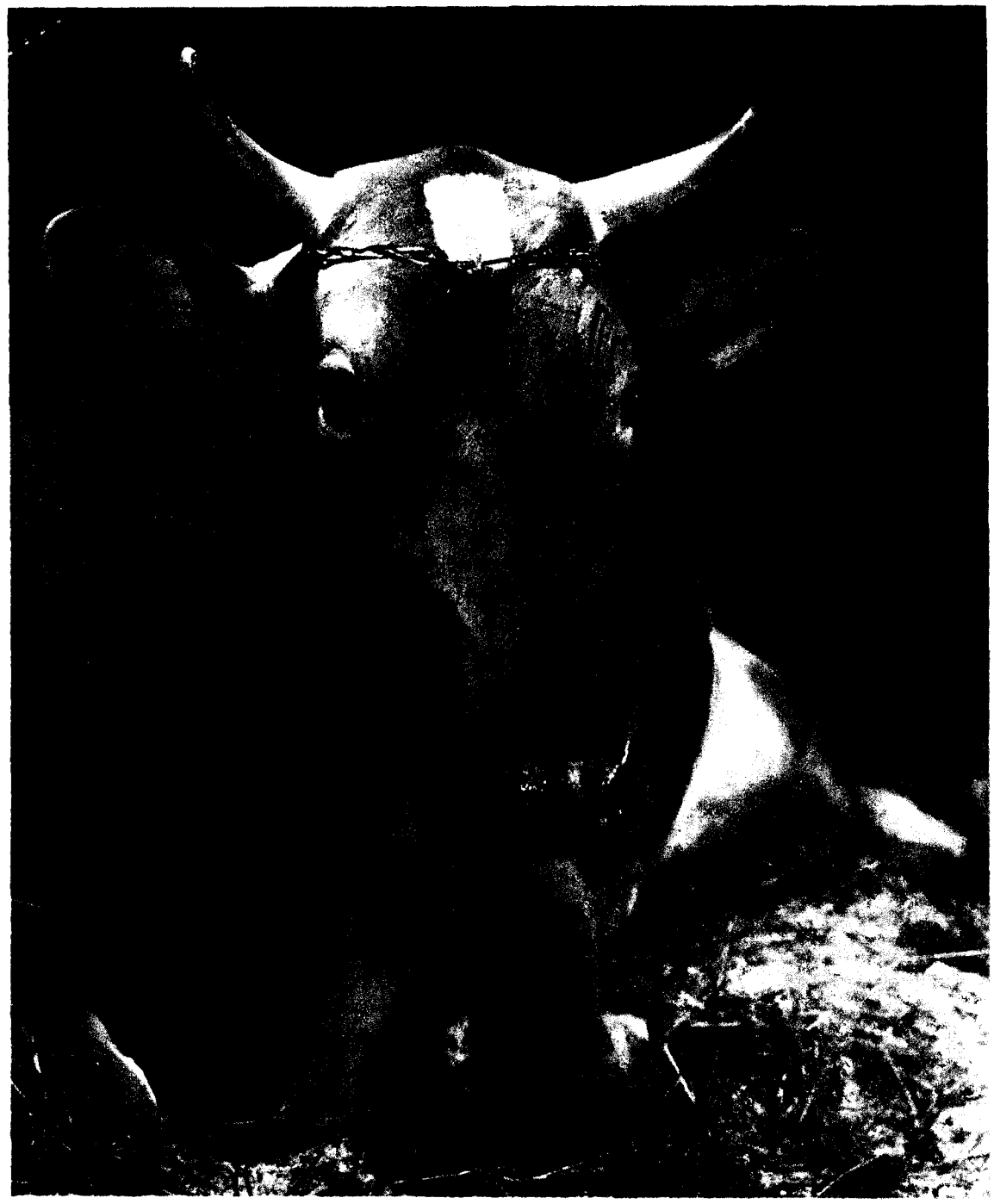
Indigo looked at us calmly and noncommittally. I noticed that her left horn was cocked a little more forward than her right. Her ears were woolly, hairy, fringed, soft and movable. "She milked 36 pounds this morning," Horace said. "She's coming right along. She's one of that kind. A cow that keeps coming along like that is what farmers and breeders are looking for. No question that if a man had 25 or 30 like her he'd have a good herd, but that doesn't happen all the time."

He got a tape measure and put it round her girth just behind her front legs. "She weighs 1,377 pounds in milking condition," he said. "She's big. She's just about as thin as she might get unless she was sick, you see." He said the average weight of a Guernsey cow was 1,100 pounds. I asked how he had figured Indigo's weight and he showed me the tape measure; it gave inches on one side, pounds on the other; on the reverse of Indigo's "heart girth"—79 inches—it read 1,377.

"A large cow," Horace said, "can assimilate more food and roughage to keep its body in shape. In my experience I've seen a lot of good little cows, but they could never stand up to the big strong cows."

Indigo looked strong indeed, rugged. Her tail was long, and the tassel of silky white hairs at the end brushed her bedding. Her sole adornment was a light chain round her horns, with an oval metal tag saying 20. Horace told me this was her herd number; every cow in the barn had one. Usually the same number was tattooed inside an ear, he added; but Indigo still had her old number there from Fairlawn—he had never changed it. He said a calf's herd number was sent to the Guernsey Cattle Club in its first month of life, along with a silhouette on which its white spots were marked. Later a new silhouette was made—because the spots often spread as a calf grew. As for naming cows, breeders are permitted wide leeway by the Guernsey Cattle Club. But no name can be longer than 30 units—letters, spaces and punctuation. The name Fairlawn Actor's Indigo is 23 units long.

I asked him about the treatment of cows. "They are creatures of habit," he said. "Regularity keeps 'em coming, and if you change their times of milking and feeding, you throw them off. You shouldn't milk a cow only once a day, for instance."



Fairlawn Actor's Indigo: mother to two sets of twins and four singles, twice the winner of a prize for production of milk and, at the age of nine, still going strong on both counts

He took me to another wing of the barn, where some cows were kept in stanchions. (In Indigo's wing they all had box stalls.) He showed me a row of them there, side by side in their stocks, facing out over a trough on an aisle. Most of them were being milked three times a day on test, he said, and it was almost time for their feeding. Soon a man got ready to push a feed cart down the aisle. The three-time milkers began turning their heads toward the cart. They stretched out their necks and noses and their ears flopped forward till they looked all attention, each the classic picture of a cow in bloom. But near them Horace pointed out four two-timers that weren't due for action at the moment. They took no notice of the cart, but stood munching hay, ears back, disinterested. "They

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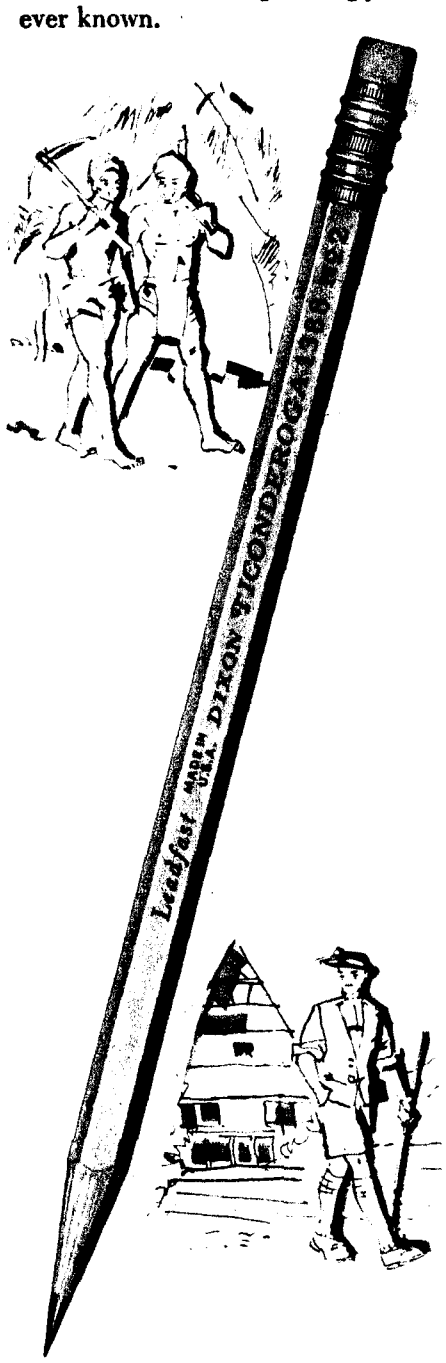

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Bad temperament can ruin a cow; Indigo's is sweet as her milk

know it's not their time," he said. "They're just like clockwork.

"Observation is important too with a bunch of cattle," he went on. "Especially in the morning, when you've been away from them during the night. One look at them can pretty well tell if anything is the matter." We went back to Indigo's stall. She was lying down. She cocked her ears forward as we came near. "If she were sick her ears would be hanging," Horace said, "just drooping. Usually when an animal's alert and everything, it's in good health. If it's not, it won't eat. It's drowsy. Dull in the eye. Won't chew its cud. Dry nose is another thing. And when it gets up it's not interested in anything. It doesn't stretch."

He said weather was important to a cow's health and production, and there was always the chance she would pick up a bad weed in the pasture, or some hardware in the yard.

"One thing that always bothers me when a cow is going good," he said, "is the question, can she keep it up. The idea is not to throw her off. Because if she goes off feed, that's a handicap. If she gets too much food, she can't assimilate it."

He said some cows were temperamental, and went off their feed or their milking if you moved them to a new stall. "We had one cow that was temperamental. I moved her stall and her milk dropped. It took her at least a month to get over it. She would do badly whenever a stranger came around too, like the tester. Just tighten up, and not give." He said cows sometimes got homesick if they went to another farm. "But Indigo is never like that," he said.

Why Fly Control Is Important

In summer, he told me, the barn and cattle were sprayed for fly control. "Because flies cut production about as much as anything, especially if you get some greenheads flying around."

"They keep the cows switching their tails?" I asked.

"Yes, and swinging their heads. The idea is to make a cow as comfortable as you can in the summer—then she saves her energy for milk."

In the winter, Horace said, volume dropped off if cows stayed in the barn more than a few days at a time. "They do better when they get a little exercise, and I give them some every day that's fit. But if it gets icy, I don't let them out. It's too risky."

It was warm and quiet in the barn as we talked. Golden sawdust lay in the aisles, and it glowed under the lights in late afternoon. There was a sound of munching. Calves blatted "Mah!" "Muh!" "Uhma-a-ah!" The barn, the hay, the feed, the cows smelled sweet. The cows seemed to accept their lot. Some lay down, perhaps with nose on hind foot like an embryo. Some stood chewing hay; it might hang a yard from their mouths in tangled wispiness. They did a lot of waiting. They waited, ate, and were milked.

Horace told me he had been born 44 years ago in French Creek, Pennsylvania, in a region of fine covered bridges. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather had owned a dairy farm there, and he had worked on it as a boy. At twenty-one, he had tried a job in a steel mill for a while, but had been laid off and had decided there was no security there. He had returned to dairying and had been in it ever since, in Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, mainly working with good Guernsey herds. He had come to Nyala more than 10 years ago. "I've worked a bit with Holsteins and Milking Shorthorns, but I've always felt glad to be back with Guernseys."

Expert Advice About Bulls

Horace remarked that he never turned his back on a bull—"I have been knocked down twice by them, and I'm not getting it again if I can help it." He thought there was no animal so dangerous; no bull was a good bull; they were always ready to turn. (Bulls are always used for breeding at Nyala; Indigo has never been bred by artificial insemination.) He told me other bits of cattle lore—how a herd will band together if a strange animal gets into the pasture; how a cow will seek the remotest spot she can find to calve in. He destroyed one myth of my childhood—that thunderstorms turn milk sour inside a cow—but endorsed another—that cows are milked in pasture by black snakes. He said his grandfather had seen it done; one of his grandfather's cows had always been milked out on returning to the barn till the snake was killed.

I spent parts of three or four days at Nyala, much of it listening to Horace, and I came away with a feeling he must be good at his job, intuitive, a born cowman. This impression checks with what I have heard since from Guernsey people, and it fits in with the Nyala performance. Nyala cows are making a high proportion of good records. One Guernsey man tells me Horace is a real gem because he is steady as well as intuitive. Some of the best herdsmen are given to the bottle and other quirks of the artistic temper. There is a story of a high-class Guernsey that fell ill at a fairgrounds the day before she was to be shown. A bottle of whisky was prescribed, to be doled out by her herdsman, a talented man who was sleeping in the barn near her. When the day of showing dawned, the whisky was gone, the herdsman drunk and the cow dead.

Horace is too even for that sort of thing, I am told. As to his knowledge, I believe he gets it mainly from experience and observation, though he also follows the research done at the state colleges. He recommended a dairy textbook to me while I was there, and when I left he pressed two magazine articles on me—one on the menace of bulls and one on cows' ductless glands and their relation to milk production and breeding. I found the latter very heavy going.

One man, Horace told me, can milk 10 cows three times a day or 15 cows twice. "I tried fourteen once on three-time milking," he said, "and my hands got so they had no feeling. I would pick up a dish and drop it." He said hand-milkers produce more volume than do machines (Nyala uses both), especially after a cow's first few months. He said Indigo was a good milker, her teats neither too big nor too small.

"Heifers that start out with big teats," he said, "often get milk-bottle teats when they're her age—bigger at the bottom than at the top. They're devils to milk. But she's fine."

Study of a Recumbent Pose

Indigo was lying on her right side. The smooth hump of her shoulder was higher than her hips, so the line of her back was slanting. Her shoulders were pretty much straight up and down, her hips spread out more horizontally. First there was her right hind leg beneath her, then her huge udder, then her left hind leg above and outside this, extending rather far forward. Her front legs were doubled under her. Her head hung lower than her shoulders and at that instant it was motionless so far as the eye could tell, though she was breathing in short breaths, almost pants.

"I think she inherits her size and everything from her dam's sire's dam, Coronation Levity," Horace said. "Levity had a nice record too." He thought Indigo looked like her maternal grandsire—deep down through the middle

"Look at it this way: Through absolutely no fault of your own you made a movie that's an artistic triumph. Now don't try to figure what went wrong. Write it off as experience—and better luck next time"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

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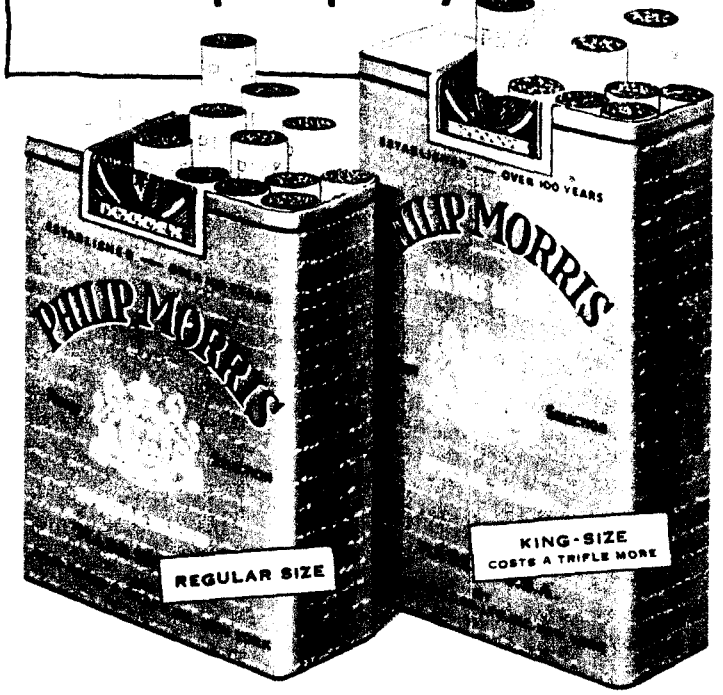

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Indigo's top-level performance depends much on her feeding.

and with a strong back line. Much too, he said, could be traced through her sire, Fairlawn Peerless Actor. *His* sire, Green Meadow Peerless, had been one of the good influential bulls of the breed —the top American Guernsey bull for a while. Had sired many high-producing daughters.

Indigo lay quiet as Horace discussed her ancestry. Sometimes she moved an ear forward. Sometimes she stretched her neck out. She really stretched it, till neck and lower jaw were extended in a straight line, perhaps an inch above her bedding. Then she swung her head and neck in an arc a few times, to and fro slowly, then stopped.

The Mother of Fairlawn Farm

"Her granddam—paternal—Actor's dam—was Bright Lad's Actress," Horace went on. "She was known as the mother of Fairlawn Farm. You go down there today, and everything on the place traces right back to her. She was a fine-looking cow. Classified Excellent even at thirteen. Had a high milking record too."

Indigo was chewing her cud. Her lower jaw moved sideways. She chewed with her mouth open—rather she opened it each time on the right-to-left beat. She didn't hurry, just kept on. Always, since I had been there, I had found her on her right side this way, and I asked Horace if she ever lay on the left. "Oh, yes," he said, "she lies on either side. But now one of her feet is sore, and this may cause her to favor the one side."

Indigo got up. She knelt on her front legs. She got her hind legs up one by one. She put a front leg far forward. Then she slipped the other up. It was a big undertaking, almost as if an oil refinery had changed positions. When it was over she stretched luxuriously, humping her back, sticking out her tail.

Indigo, Horace said, had come to Nyala as a fresh two-year-old—one that had just calved, that is. (The calf had been left at Fairlawn, and he had lost track of it.) The next year she had had twins, one of them a bull who had already sired a junior champion of the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Not long afterward, she had made her first class-leading record. She had been milked under test three times a day for 365 days, 200 of which she had to be carrying a calf. (This test is one of the three set up by the Guernsey Club. The others are 305 days, milking twice daily, with a calf; and 365 days, three times daily, without.) In her test, Indigo had given 19,426 pounds of milk and 946 pounds of butterfat. Butterfat is what Guernsey men focus on, and her score had been the fourth highest a Guernsey had ever made at that age in that milking routine. (The record in this class was made in 1952 by Ideal's L. D.'s Cloe, with 10,019 pounds.) It had turned out, also, that Indigo had achieved the score while carrying twins, which was harder because there was more strain on her food apparatus.

Horace pointed to her "milk veins" —the veins running along her belly to her udder. They looked big and well developed, and she had big veins on the udder itself too, which I suppose meant lots of energy going to that department.

She just stood there, with one ear back and one forward. Fairlawn Peerless Ermine, a neighbor and relative of Indigo's—a fancy cow, too, though somewhat older—was inclined to lean against the bars of her stall, I noticed, with an ear sticking out over them. I never saw Indigo do this. As a rule she stood in the clear, though at times she lowered her head and locked her horns on the bars, appearing to doze.

After she had had the twins, Horace went on, he hadn't tested her for a year, but had let her take it easy. (Cows normally calve once yearly, though this is too fast when they are on a 365-day test. Then the breeder plans a gap of 14 or 15 months. Out of each birth comes a calf and the next year's milk.)

Indigo licked her hind leg. When she switched her tail a little, the end curled up in a U shape.

The calf born after the year's rest had been a heifer, named Bluebell. She was still at Nyala, had just started on test as a two-year-old, and was doing well. That year one quarter of Indigo's udder had been out of action, a common failing of cows, and she hadn't been tested—a formality that involves careful milking, the keeping of records, and the submission to monthly checks by a Guernsey Club tester. The bad quarter had been cured with penicillin, injected by Dr. Howard C. Raven, of Fairfield, Connecticut, Nyala's veterinarian. Dr. Raven looked at Indigo three or four times a year, Horace said—when she had fever, sore foot or bad appetite. She was healthy on the whole. Indigo had next dropped a bull calf, and following that, had made her second class-leading record: 305 days, carrying a calf, milking twice daily, 17,362 pounds of milk, 825 of butterfat. Only five other "mature" cows—five years and over—had done so well on that regime in American Guernsey history.

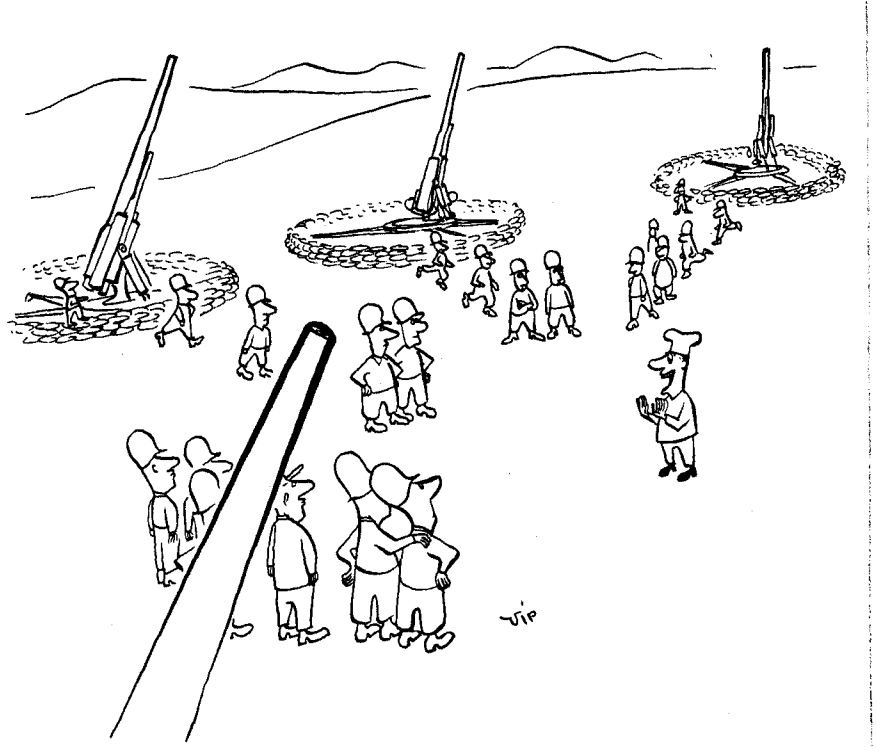
Indigo's claim to fame, I gathered from Horace, was having made these class-leading records twice. Most cows who make high records are so pressured into it, by feeding and other means, that they do it only once in a lifetime. But Indigo kept on batting it out. After her second record—and a month or two ago—she had had a heifer calf, named Bluebird, which was likewise still at Nyala. Then she had settled down again to milking well. Horace said she might make a third record. She could be expected to keep giving milk, in diminishing quantities, until she was about fifteen, when she would no longer conceive. Then she would go to the butcher.

Indigo's manger had been opened while Horace talked, and she had begun eating. She shook her head to nuzzle the feed around. After some time she withdrew from the manger and put her nose in a water bowl on the stall's side. She thereby depressed a lever, and new water came in with long hissing, sucking noises. When she had drunk deep she lifted her nose out—nose and mouth dripping in strings with water and saliva—and returned to the manger. The eating job was almost done. She was cleaning up round the manger's rim.

A Good Appetite for Roughage

"She's a manufacturer of raw materials," Horace said. "She's getting fed the same grain and by the same system, as always. She's chiefly a good roughage-eating cow, which makes for economical production of milk." (Roughage is hay or silo corn, distinct from concentrates—grain fortified with minerals.) She ate 30 pounds of hay a day, he said, or nearly half a bale; she was fed it four times daily when on test, and she always cleaned it up.

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Now if all you fellows will promise to be quiet for a little while, I'll bake you a cake"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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"Cows will take some hay right after they're done eating their concentrates," said Horace. "In the pasture season Indigo's feed is practically cut in half. She is on a rotated pasture, if you know what I mean. The cows are turned onto it for a while, then taken off and put in another one; then it is mowed and usually fertilized, and after it is tender and green again they are turned back on."

Figuring on a Cow's Capacity

I mused on the changes that farming has undergone. Twenty years ago, perhaps, there wasn't a rotated pasture in all Connecticut. "When she is on pasture she won't eat as much concentrates as in the barn in winter," Horace said. "The colleges have always figured a cow would eat a hundred and fifty pounds of grass in a day on pasture."

I asked what principle he used in feeding, and he said none he could put in words. "The eye of the feeder fatteth the cattle," he said. "If you feed the year round, with all the changes of season and pasture, you can't follow a set rule." Indigo got some added roughage, he said, in beet and citrus pulp, by-products of sugar and fruit juices. The innovation of baled hay made for better feeding, he added. There is a difference between the year's first and second cuttings of clover, or alfalfa—one is coarser, one finer.

In the old days, according to Horace, the second cutting was put in the loft on top of the first, and they had to be taken out in that order. Now, with bales, you could store hay so as to reach it any way you choose. "That's the advantage of baling," he said. "You can get a variation in the food, and it tends to keep them eating."

"The trick in feeding is to make them eat?" I asked.

"Well, encourage them," he said. Indigo was fed 18 pounds of concentrates a day, he told me—6, 6 and 6 in 3 feedings; and when making her three-time record she had given back 72 pounds of milk a day at her peak, though tapering off later. The basic ingredient of his concentrate feed, Horace said, was oats. "One of the best dairy foods there is. Crimped oats. Bad oats won't crimp." (Crimping, he explained, is cracking by rollers.)

A few years ago Horace had advised his feed company to make its feed coarser. They had been inviting hints from their customers. "I told them it was too fine," he said. "You need coarser grain for palatability. Fine grain is pasty and heavy. It cakes up. The stomach juices can't get in and around them."

The grain had in fact been coarsened then—whether or not on Horace's advice he couldn't say. I picked some of it up. Coarse was the word for it—coarse like tweed or a stone wall. The squashed oats and other particles were tawny—taffy colored—in the main. The smell and taste were complex but had molasses in them. Horace gave me a tag from one of the bags and it listed these ingredients: fancy crimped oats, steamed rolled barley, soybean-oil meal, linseed-oil meal, corn-oil meal, corn distillers' dried grains, corn gluten feed, dehydrated alfalfa meal, wheat bran, hominy feed, ground oats, feeding cane molasses, irradiated yeast, dicalcium phosphate, calcium carbonate, cobalt carbonate, potassium iodide and salt. "Guaranteed analysis," it said; "protein 14 per cent, fat 3.5 per cent, fiber not over 9 per cent, carbohydrates 62 per cent."

Horace thought eating was basic in a cow's life. "When they're full, they're satisfied and contented and they lie down," he said. "In summertime," he went on, "they do most of their feeding at night. In the daytime they will play with a little food and then lie down and chew. In summer their milk production drops because of the heat."

At times I wandered from Indigo's stall to those of her descendants. Bluebell was smaller than she and had much more white on her. Her left horn was crumpled. "In temperament she's practically the same as her mother," Horace said. "Easygoing, not excitable." He pointed to some of her mother's traits in her, including what is called a high, wide, rear-udder attachment—valued by dairymen as unlikely to break down with the weight that it must bear through life.

Bluebell had had her first calf only a month or two before and had started on the three-time test—was doing well so far, according to Horace. Bluebird, Indigo's other child on the premises, was Bluebell's full sister and about the same age as her son. Little furry calves, they lived in smaller pens at an end of the barn, and I would see them there, licking their legs and sides, exploring things. They sucked anything that came nearby and was the right height: the knee of your trousers, the corner of your jacket. They lay down like cows and chewed their cud. A calf at Nyala, Horace told me, was weaned when it was three days old. It was fed whole milk, usually from its mother's own production, for three weeks, then switched to powdered skimmed milk.

The bull calf was perhaps the climax of Indigo's cow family, and he was a good example of line breeding, a type of incest fashionable in well-bred cow circles. Line breeding is a try at reproducing—reviving—some historic bull or cow with a calf descended from it in more ways than one. Bluebell's calf—as yet he had no name—was line-bred to Green Meadow Peerless, whom Horace had called one of the great bulls of the breed.

Peerless was his great-grandfather, his great-great-grandfather, and twice his great-great-great-grandfather. His only grandparent not descended from Peerless was his paternal grandsire, Fairlawn H. Eastern King, but even this ancestor was Peerless' cousin; they shared the same grandfather, Green Meadow Coronation King. If the calf took after Peerless it would be no surprise.

Breeders, I learned, distinguish between line breeding and inbreeding, a term that they apply only to matches between parent and child or brother and sister. Both are different from outbreeding, the mating of unrelated animals. Outbreeding is looked down on because the results aren't predictable—the genes get scrambled, it seems, and almost anything can happen. Wise line breeding keeps the herd—or the cow families—true to type. Inbreeding accentuates good traits, but accentuates bad ones too, and therefore must be watched.

The bull calf stood in his pen and no one could say whether he would be great like Peerless or amount to nothing. The proof of a Guernsey is in the milking, and a bull is known by his daughters. So it takes him even longer to arrive than a cow.

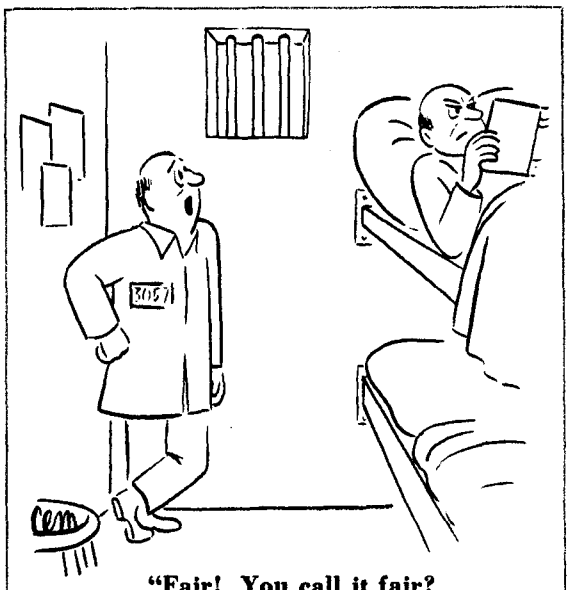
Breeding, Horace observed, is a lifetime's work. A man can create one good herd before he dies and that is about all. He needs luck too. "You get a bad bull in there and your herd goes down like *that*," Horace Lanute said, making a sharp stroke with his hand. But Nyala Farm, I gathered, had had fair luck so far.

A Farewell Call on Indigo

My last visit to Nyala began before dawn. Indigo was standing up already then, at 5:30 A.M., munching. It had turned cold in the night, and the weather blustered outside the dark windows. Men with Yankee accents appeared and began doing chores. Calves blatted. A man with a wheelbarrow dropped manure through a trap door into a spreader below—a device, he pointed out, that gave the flies less cause to hang around the cows. Ralph Perkins, the test milker, approached Bluebell with pail and stool. The three-timers were milked first in the morning, last at night. I murmured a sweet nothing about Bluebell—perhaps how nice she looked.

"Yes," Horace said, "and she's quiet, too, for a heifer." I asked Horace for a pint of warm fresh milk right from the cows. He said he would fix it, though he preferred it cool himself. Other cowmen have said this too, but I found the warmth delicious that cold morning.

Indigo stood there and was noncommittal. So much was bound up in her. Would she make another record? Would Bluebell turn out well? Bluebird? The little bull? No one knew. Or if Indigo knew, she didn't say. ▲▲▲



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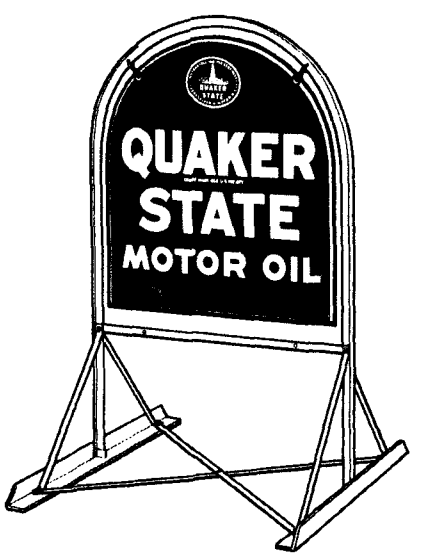

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At that moment Part'n Deen leaped from the carriage and sped across the space between the road and the field

The Dream of Part'n Deen

By CHRISTINE WESTON

They were much alike—the hunter and his quarry. And as the opponents in any contest depend on each other, each having no purpose without the other, so these two shared a strange and bitter bond

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

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PART'N DEEN the bandit awakened with his dream still sticking to his mind as certain particles stick to a man's fingers—as gold might stick, or blood or earth—and the first thought that occurred to him was that he'd had this dream before, in other places besides this room—a room with a narrow window in one wall and a door opening into the courtyard of his host, the Khan.

He tried to hold onto his dream, for he felt that he must somehow discover its meaning; and when finally the memory of it eluded him, he asked himself what manner of dream it might have been: good or bad, premonition of evil or augury of fortune? All that lingered was a sense of colors running into one another and remembered sensations of speed and stillness, of departure and stay. There had been a hint of coolness and the great heat of the midday sun. He had felt the delicate texture of leaves and had seen branches opening before him, like welcoming arms. Dreaming, he'd said to himself: "I am dreaming," and on awakening: "I have dreamed this dream before."

Open-eyed, he tried to place the dream in time. Had he dreamed it a week ago, a month, a year? He felt that if he could recall the exact period in which it had occurred before, its purpose as a segment in the wild puzzle of his life might emerge.

Dawn beat against his door, accompanied by sounds from the rest of the house. There was an outburst of coughing and spitting, and the groans of people hoisting themselves out of slumber like buffaloes out of their wallow. Part'n Deen thought with a smile: Lucky for them they are not such as I, for it is not always wise to sleep so sound.

He rose and went to the door. The sun had not yet risen but the air was tremulous with its approach, and he could hear the peacocks calling in the lentil fields beyond the village walls. The courtyard was gray with the smoke of last night's fires and scented with dew from the jacaranda tree. Part'n Deen thought of the jacaranda flowers in spring—flowers as blue as Marsden's eyes—and he wondered whether the policeman was awake at this moment and standing at the door of his great house at Agra, contemplating his garden and the red-turbaned constables who stood on guard at the gates. Had Marsden dreamed, last night, the triumphant dreams of his kind?

ALTHOUGH he had never seen Marsden, Part'n Deen knew a great deal about him. He'd been told precisely what he looked like, his peculiarities of speaking and walking, his taste in dress, his preference in food. Part'n Deen had, last year, tried to poison him, but Marsden, too, had a seventh sense: he'd suspected the deadly nightshade in his tea and had gone directly to the man bribed to put it there and had flogged him with his own hands, then let him go. It was just what I would have done in his place, Part'n Deen reflected, breathing the cool air and hearing, in the walled pen nearby, the restless stirring of the Khan's buffalo herd. It is what I would have done. Except for the color of our eyes, and perhaps also for certain differences in our characters, we are much alike, that man and I.

He turned back to his room and picked up his brass water jar and went to the well in a corner of the courtyard. There he filled the jar, and then he made his way through the gate to the plain beyond. Squatting under a thorn tree, he performed his functions, aware that round him others were doing likewise—men, women and children, silent and decorous, shawls wrapped round their heads, feet moving to the clink of anklets. Once in a while there came the sleepy whimper of a child.

Part'n Deen rose and wrapped his own shawl over his shoulders. He stood for a moment and gazed across the plain, watching the day start across it in a great sweep of light. From the village there came a prolonged lowing of cattle, as pens were thrown open and the herds streamed out to pasture. The bandit's gaze moved carefully across the awakening landscape, but this morning was as peaceful as any other, and all that stirred had a friendly look: the cattle from the village and a bullock cart creaking northward from Agra.

If Marsden and his troop should come, it would be from the south, down the hard, white road between the lentil fields and the plain. But Marsden was probably eating his English breakfast at Agra, with his young wife seated before him as freshly pink as one of her own roses.

Returning to the village, Part'n Deen took a different path in order to avoid the dust stirred by the cattle, and as the Khan's tiled roof and painted gateway appeared, he experienced a pleasant sense of ownership in this house, and in the roofs, the mud walls, the cattle pens, lanes and alleys of the village itself; for by sparing these, by taking them, so to speak, under his wing, had he not in a sense re-created them, setting them dominant on the arid plain, prosperous above the charred and deserted ruins of all those villages which he had not spared?

He reflected on them, also, with the pride of proprietorship. They lay—what was left of them—north, south, east and west of this village of Koj. What had come out of those others in the way of loot had been scrupulously distributed, so that not even the Khan had had reason to regret his hospitality to Part'n Deen and his band.

Skirting a field of lentils which stood as high as his shoulder, the bandit spied the pointed tip of an antelope's horn as it moved through the green, and he knew at once that the does must be traveling in the opposite direction, as decoys to distract attention from their lord. Clever creatures! Men could learn from them, as he had learned, and he smiled as he recalled the great raid on the village of Manud, last year. Marsden and his policemen,

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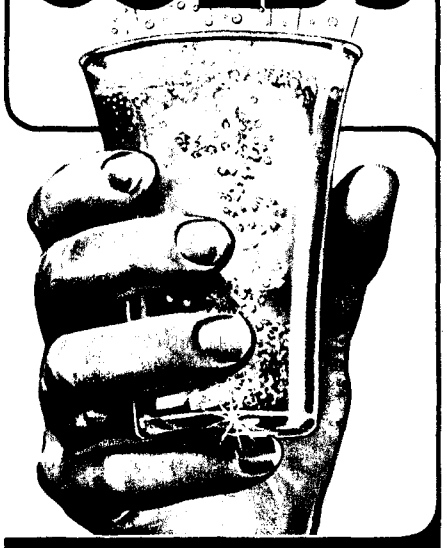

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informed of the *dacoity*—the armed robbery—in progress at Manud, had staged a counterraid, only to find themselves engulfed in a sea of screaming women driven forth by the bandits, and the village itself, stripped down to its last earring, turned into a fortress of flames between pursuer and pursued.

This morning, the fields smelled fresh and alive, and suddenly Part'n Deen felt his dream coming back to him. But now, as before, it slipped away, seeming to touch him only in passing, melting into the green fastness before eye or mind could grasp its detail.

THE village was awake, its dung fires scenting the air as he passed into the Khan's courtyard, where his host waited to greet him. A handsome and powerfully built man of great intelligence and considerable wealth, the Khan had for years managed to preserve the intricate balance of his loyalties toward the bandit on one hand and the police on the other, and, between them, the village of Koj had enjoyed a peace and prosperity long since lost to the remainder of the district.

Host and guest saluted each other, and the Khan inquired of Part'n Deen how he had slept. "Well," Part'n Deen replied. "That is, as well as I ever sleep."

"No bad dreams?" the Khan asked, smiling.

"Dreams, yes, but whether good or bad I cannot judge."

The Khan laid a hand on his shoulder. "Food is ready. Come, my son will attend us."

Part'n Deen followed his host into a large, cool room reserved for the men of the house. A space on the floor had been swept and cleaned, and they seated themselves cross-legged before it, while the Khan's son placed a bolster behind each, for greater comfort, then carried in the food on brass platters, and brought tumblers filled with hot, sweetened tea.

The Khan said, "I dislike imparting bad news before a meal, but our young friend Nazim has arrived, and he tells me that your lieutenants, Hamid and Syed, were taken by Marsden night before last, at Agra, while they were at prayer."

Part'n Deen, lifting a tumbler of tea to his beard, held it without drinking. "At Agra, while at prayer?" he asked.

"Oh, Marsden waited until they were finished, then had them handcuffed and carried to the jail."

"But I told them not to go to Agra! This is what they get for their stupidity."

"It was because of the women," the Khan explained, shaking his head. "They had been absent from home a long time. To want to return was natural enough."

"It was natural, like most forms of human imbecility," Part'n Deen replied with an angry flash of his teeth, and added, "so Marsden has caught them—caught Hamid and Syed."

"That is not the worst, my friend. He's caught your wife."

Part'n Deen was silent, and the Khan laid a sympathetic hand on his knee. "It was a trap, baited with a rumor that you had surrendered," the Khan explained. "Marsden offered amnesty to such as would give themselves up voluntarily, and she did so."

"So he lied!" Part'n Deen exclaimed angrily. "For the first time in my knowledge of him, the great Marsden lied, and to a woman!"

"He did precisely what you would have done in his place. You have often said that your methods, and his, have much in common."

After a pause, the bandit asked abruptly, "This Nazim. Where is he?"

"Resting. He traveled all night from Agra on foot."

"How does it happen that he is here? I know as a fact that all police leave has been canceled."

The Khan laughed. "Nazim is a clever lad. He chewed castor-oil seeds until he became ill, so Marsden was forced to give him leave of absence."

"I feel uneasy about him."

"He will recover."

"I was not concerned with his health. How did he know that I was with you?"

"Hamid told him."

"Hamid himself didn't know. I told no one I was coming here."

The Khan frowned. "Hamid must have learned about it. You misjudge Nazim. Has he ever failed us in the year that he has been our friend?"

"How can we be sure that he has not?" Part'n Deen asked.

"Brother," said the Khan, "bad news has soured you." He turned to his son. "Fetch Nazim to us."

When the young man had gone, the Khan looked reproachfully at his guest. "I have known Nazim since he was a child," he said. "It was I who first saw his possibilities and schemed to get him this post in the constabulary, under Marsden. I felt sure that the time would eventually come when he would prove useful to us."

"Marsden might have had the same idea," said Part'n Deen; then, contrite, he added, "you must forgive me. The news has, indeed, not been auspicious."

"Well, at any rate, they have not got *you*," the Khan reminded him, with a laugh. "Nor is there much chance that they will. Rest here one more night, and tomorrow we shall go together to my brother's house, to Sind, in the west. Once there you will be able to start afresh and build up a new company. So far as your wife is concerned, the world knows she is innocent. When all hope of your capture has gone, they will be bound to set her free, and she can then rejoin you."

The Khan's son reappeared, followed by a young man wearing the khaki cotton uniform and red turban of the provincial police. Seeing Part'n Deen, he made a deep salaam, then stood at attention.

The Khan gave him a friendly nod. "Be at ease, my boy," he said. "We are not the captain of police!"

The young man smiled, then squatted on his heels before them.

"It is ten miles from Agra." Part'n Deen gave him a hard look. "How did you manage it, ill as you were?"

"Ill! My stomach was neighing like a horse all the way. Luckily, a farmer let me ride part of the distance in his cart, or I never would have got here alive."

"Was it necessary to make yourself so sick?"

"To convince Marsden, yes."

"He trusts you, then?"

"Oh, implicitly."

"How did you know that I was here?"

"Hamid told me. I was in his guard when we took him to jail."

"And did he tell you how he happened to learn of my whereabouts?"

"No. We had but a moment for conversation. He wanted you to be told of his arrest, and to send you warning."

PART'N DEEN stared at the young man, trying to force him to meet his eyes, for he suspected the falsity of a too-frank gaze, but Nazim kept his eyes deferentially lowered.

"Where is Marsden now?" Part'n Deen demanded suddenly.

"There was a story that you had been seen in Lucknow, and he has gone there in search of you."

"You expect me to believe all this?"

"On my head, it is the truth."

"You mean to tell me that the police haven't tortured everything out of Hamid and Syed?"

"There was no chance, for both swal-

"That's my wife, my seven-year-old son, my nine-year-old daughter, my cabin in the mountains—and Marilyn Monroe"

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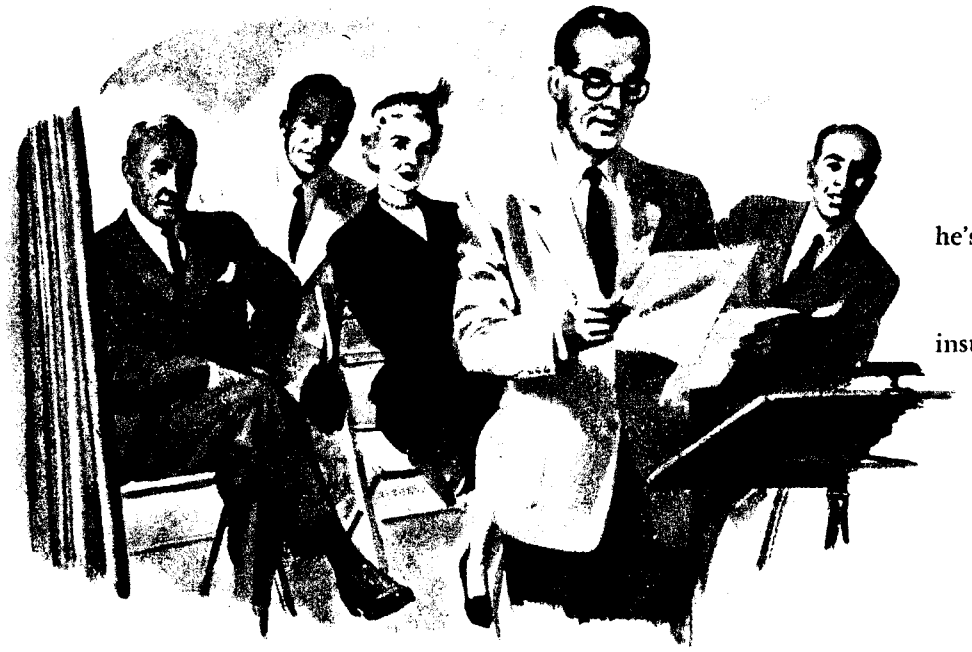
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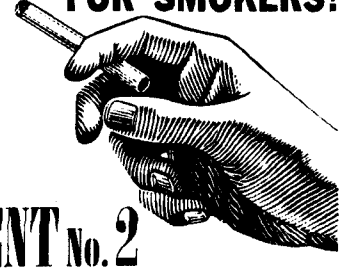

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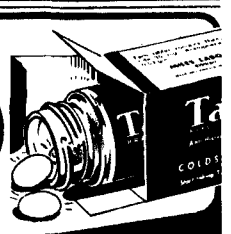

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lowed opium immediately after capture, and both were unconscious when I left."

Part'n Deen continued to look at him with hard, relentless eyes. "What is to prevent your going back to Marsden and telling him that you have seen me here?"

The boy shrugged. "It would be easy enough to prevent me," he said. "I am in your hands."

The Khan interposed fussily. "What talk is this, between friends?"

PART'N DEEN was silent, his brain turned suddenly bleak with an unfamiliar thought: He was alone! Of that band, almost two hundred, his comrades for fifteen years, not one remained alive and free. Marsden had got them all. There was, of course, the Khan, but the Khan had never mingled his blood and sweat with theirs. He was a loyal friend, but hardly an indispensable one; his house had been a sanctuary, not the scene of adventure and triumph. And as this strange sense of isolation grew on Part'n Deen, he found himself gazing into Nazim's eyes, and shame touched him gently, like a reminding hand. Here, he thought, is one scarcely known to me, one who, at risk of his life, has dragged himself ten miles through the dust to bring me word and warning.

Never before, reflected the bandit, have I felt the need for trust as I do at this moment, nor have I ever before considered the dependence of the strong upon the weak! Once more he felt this dream like some hovering wraith, and he wondered whether perhaps he could have dreamed of youth, and of the passion and high adventure of youth.

"Forgive me," he said to Nazim, "my seeming harshness. Return to Agra, tell them you learned that I had indeed gone to Lucknow, and if you should see *her,* tell her from me that it may be a year before we meet, but no longer, if I can help it."

"I will tell her," said Nazim. He rose and saluted them, and as the curtains of the doorway fell behind him, the Khan turned to Part'n Deen. "I take pride in that boy," he said complacently. "It amuses me to think that Marsden probably does likewise."

Part'n Deen said nothing. He was thinking: I must have been about Nazim's age that winter when, with Hamid and a dozen others, I cleaned out the silver market at Agra and they posted the first reward for my head. . . .

The day passed in a long swoon of heat, and Part'n Deen, sitting on his doorstep overlooking the courtyard, watched the hoopoes arch their crest feathers as they strutted in the shade of the jacaranda tree. Veiled women of the Khan's household glided past him on their way to the well, and as he courteously averted his gaze, he felt theirs taking him in. Did they, he wondered, know who he was—Part'n Deen, the famous bandit, with a price on his head; or did they, like the rest of the village, accept him as they accepted everything, unquestioningly, since he was the friend and guest of their master, the Khan?

The Khan came to sit beside him, and they talked of the past and its triumphs, and of the future and its uncertainties. It had been decided that they—Part'n Deen and the Khan—should leave next day for the province of Sind. They would drive in the Khan's carriage to the nearest railway station and take a train from there. Part'n Deen was to disguise himself as a woman, wearing a burka, the sacklike garment worn by Moslem ladies when they travel, which covers the entire body, leaving only two small holes for the eyes. As one of the Khan's ladies, he would pass unchallenged by anyone who might prove inquisitive.

It was a trick that had been played before by others, and the police were thoroughly familiar with it, but the Khan was a landowner of great prestige and known to be a friend of Marsden's; as such, his movements and those of his family were not likely to be questioned. Once Part'n Deen was in Sind, the chances of recognition and betrayal would be slight, and he would be free to plot and plan for the future. True, the ring had closed remorselessly around his wife and his friends. Many of them were lost to him, for the time being, at any rate; some perhaps forever, for the law would have no mercy on the killers among them, as it would have none on their leader, were he to fall into Marsden's hands.

Well, Part'n Deen had foiled Marsden as, before that, he had foiled others. Of the many Englishmen who had at one time and another bent their wits and their energies to tracking him down, Part'n Deen had actually met only one face to face. He had never seen Marsden, but he felt that he knew him best of all.

"A man of middle height," the Khan had said, describing the policeman, "slight of build, like yourself, and of a peculiar grace. You would know him anywhere by his manner of walking, and by his eyes, which are of an unusual shade of blue."

"And young," Part'n Deen mused. "Younger than I by almost twenty years."

"But of formidable ambition," the Khan added, admiringly. "His superiors consider him arrogant. It is well known that he has bested them in many fields—in the hunting of game, for instance. He is a passionate hunter and a famous shot, known to have killed a running antelope at five hundred yards, when others missed. It is common knowledge that some of his colleagues would not be sorry to see him fail in this pursuit of you."

"Nevertheless," Part'n Deen said, "the government would be bound to reward him for my capture, would it not?"

"The government does not give money rewards to officers in its service," the Khan said.

"A medal? But surely I am worth a medal!"

"Nor medals."

"Ah, promotion, then?"

"Promotion, certainly, and possibly a gift of plate, suitably inscribed. A silver salver and a cup big enough to boil a man's head."

EVENING came at last, and Part'n Deen went to the gate to watch the cattle returning across the plain. It was the hour which villagers call the Hour of Cow Dust, and he sniffed it with pleasure, thinking: Tomorrow by this time we shall be on our way, and I shall not see Koj again for months, perhaps for years.

His gaze lingered on the courtyard with its great tree and the green shadow cast by the wellhead; then he turned once more to watch the Khan's buffaloes moving into the walled pen which adjoined the courtyard where he stood. Dust settled slowly over the landscape below the ascending smoke of evening fires, and the sun, wilting like one of Marsden's roses, fell behind the edge of the plain and disappeared. . . .

He slept that night more soundly than he had for many months, waking once before dawn to hear the sound of bullock carts creaking along the highway in the distance, and he pictured the

"Well, I suppose it isn't much to them. They're jet pilots up here for some relaxation"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

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COLLIER'S **"It's some congressman investigating waste. He requisitioned that plane to fly him around"** CHARLES PEARSON

familiar cavalcade with its load of grain and hides, the drivers asleep in their blankets, secure in the homing instinct of their beasts. When he woke again he found the Khan's son, Ahmed, standing beside his bed.

"Ahmed! What is it?" he said.

"Marsden is here."

"Marsden?"

Part'n Deen sprang out of bed and dressed, winding his turban swiftly round his head. He was as wide awake as though he had never slept, every aroused sense telling him how altered was the world from the one to which he had bidden good night. Reaching under the bed, he pulled out his long-barreled rifle and made sure it was loaded.

"They came at dawn," Ahmed whispered, "hidden in bullock carts. And they have surrounded the village. Every exit, every road is barred. But they have not yet entered our house, and my father sent me to warn you. He has detained Marsden outside the gate. Listen; you can hear them."

Part'n Deen went to the window and opened it cautiously. The sound of voices raised in argument reached him faintly from the darkness round the corner, but below him a narrow drain which separated his room from the wall of the cattle pen lay empty and inviting.

He turned quickly to the boy. "Listen to me," he said. "Listen carefully and do what I tell you. There is a chance, a bare chance, no more. Now listen . . ."

IN THE smoky light of flares and oil lanterns, with here and there the glitter of brassbound staves and the sharper gleam of steel, Marsden's constables searched every house and hut, every granary and godown, every lane and alley and loft. They trained their lights into the branches of trees and down into the cylindrical blackness of wells, until the village had been combed as clean as a baby's head, and in their pens the cattle, smelling strangers, snorted in a growing rage of disquiet.

As a sallow dawn lightened the sky, chairs were brought into the courtyard, and here Marsden sat with the Khan and the Khan's two sons. Beyond the gate, the villagers had been marshaled in rows; men, women and children squatted on their heels and waited with the invincible patience of their kind—all but the family of the Khan, which, with the exception of his sons, remained within the curtained fastness of the house. The door of the room where the bandit had slept stood innocently open, its string bedstead visible in the gloom.

Nazim, in a fresh uniform and bright new turban, had stationed himself behind Marsden's chair. After a single venomous glance, the Khan ignored him and turned to Marsden. "Sahib, never have you been so mistaken. Part'n Deen is not here, nor has he been here."

His night's beard was soft round Marsden's mouth and chin, but his eyes were sharply blue. "I'm sorry, Khan Sahib, but it looks as if I will have to search the zenana."

"Search the women's quarters? Over my sons' bodies, and mine!"

"Let us dispense with the melodrama," Marsden begged him. "I suggest that your ladies come out wearing their burkas and pass before me in single file, so that I may see their hands in passing."

"No, sahib."

"Very well, their bare feet, then."

"No."

"But I say yes!" Marsden's words had the bite of a whiplash, and Nazim smiled.

Pale with anger, the Khan lowered his eyes. He said slowly, "I would never have expected this outrage from you, sahib."

"Nor I such treachery from you."

"So you take this whippersnapper's word against mine, and call it treachery?" the Khan said.

"Come, Khan Sahib. Your ladies have nothing to fear. I shall confine my gaze to their feet, I promise you."

"You are, then, a connoisseur of feminine feet, sahib?"

"You would be wiser to spare your wit," Marsden retorted.

The Khan rose and, followed by his sons, went into the house.

Marsden lighted a cigarette. He said to Nazim, "My own feeling is that he got away last night."

"But I swear that when I saw him, talked with him, there was no suspicion. He was going to spend the night here. Why should he have flown?"

"He has the instinct for escape. And we've even looked in the wells. There is no place left except the Khan's beard!"

"And the zenana."

"I can't afford to leave a stone unturned, yet I doubt that Part'n Deen would condescend to that old trick."

THE Khan reappeared, followed by a weird file of what resembled perambulating bundles. As the frightened procession moved past Marsden, he fastened his gaze on its feet—small and brown and unmistakably the feet of women. Seen thus, amputated from their owners by the dragging hems of their hideous garments, the feet possessed extraordinary significance and charm. Marsden felt that he was seeing human feet for the first time, and as they shuffled self-consciously past his chair, he wondered what might be passing through the shrouded heads above them—vengeance, indignation, shame? Or could it be—in the visibly young, and delicately tended—could it be, perhaps, some gleam of excitement and curiosity, a throb of gratitude for this break in the interminable boredom of their lives?

When the last of the Khan's ladies had passed before Marsden and had gone to join her companions in a multicolored huddle beside the door, Nazim and a dozen constables entered the house to complete their search. Half an hour later they reappeared empty-handed, and the Khan bestowed a sardonic smile impartially on the entire group.

Marsden felt, then, the sudden fatigue which for the past two years had seemed to march step by step with every failure. Fatigue crawled in his marrow, sickening him. He left the courtyard and found himself confronting the rows of squatting villagers. Dumbly, they looked at him or humbly looked away. These, he reminded himself bitterly, were the innocent ones, without whom society could no more exist than it could subsist without the cattle that bawled disconsolately, neglected, in the pens at his back. The sound reproached him, as the humble, uplifted faces of the villagers reproached him.

"Go and let your beasts out to pasture," he told them brusquely. "The children can attend to them, as usual. You others return to your houses and remain there until further orders."

They dispersed in silence, and as the pens were opened and the cattle came streaming forth, Marsden stood with Nazim at his side, watching the beasts move onto the plain, stirring the dust into clouds behind them. He sighed. "Well, I know that the circle is closed so tight that there cannot be another hiding place in the whole district. Nazim, my boy, it has taken two years, special government powers, reinforce-

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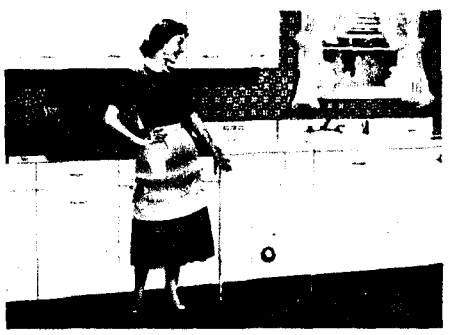

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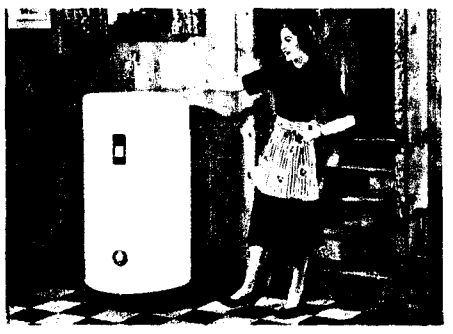

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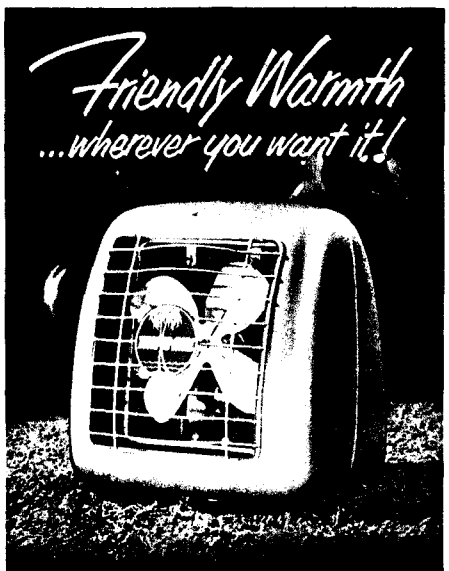

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ments from three provinces, and God knows how much money in rewards and bribes . . . We've got his gang, even his wife. I could have sworn that this time we had *him.*"

Nazim stared disconsolately at the ground.

"Perhaps," Marsden mused aloud, "perhaps if I had come yesterday, instead of sending you . . . But then he would surely have got wind of it and vanished like quicksilver. I would have had to apologize to the Khan." He frowned. "I shall probably end by apologizing to the old blackguard anyway. Oh, Nazim!"

"Sahib, on my head!"

"Yes, yes, I believe you."

AROUND them the village stood deserted except for a dog scratching itself in the dust under a tree. Marsden had a glimpse of his constables dispersed between the lentil fields and the plain, and of others, turbaned like poppies, standing at ease at a corner of the village street. The cattle had fanned out, each herd with its diminutive protector, and the white land moved under the gathering heat and seemed to drift upward toward the sun.

Marsden felt the silence and thought of other villages that he had come on after Part'n Deen had done with them, and he wondered: Had I followed his method—as indeed, I sometimes have! —would we be quits at this moment? Suppose now I were to toss my lighted cigarette into that poor farmer's thatch, might I perhaps smoke out the elusive devil after all?

Meeting Nazim's eyes, he saw his question mirrored in them and shook his head. Much as they resembled each other, he and Part'n Deen, Marsden knew that he could not bring the silence of desolation on the village of Koj.

The silence of Koj . . . It was broken behind him in a sudden desperate bellowing from the cattle pen of the Khan, the complaints of pampered beasts at a loss to account for their neglect. All the cattle in the village had been driven out to pasture, but the Khan's remained, and as the immemorial sound worked into his consciousness, Marsden experienced a peculiar throb of excitement in the pit of his stomach. He turned slowly to Nazim. "The Khan's cattle are still penned, yet his servants heard me give permission to release them."

"Shall I go tell them again?" Nazim asked indifferently.

"Did you search the pens—all of them?" Marsden asked.

"All. That is, as well as we could. The Khan's son warned us to be careful of his pen, because a cow had just calved there and was apt to be vicious."

"The Khan's son warned you?"

Nazim stared at him with growing intentness. "There was no one in that pen, sahib, so far as we could see for the beasts milling about in it."

Marsden said in a normal voice, "There is only one other exit, and that is through the drain at the rear. Is that guarded?"

"I think so."

"Go and make sure. I am going to let the cattle out from this side."

"Let me stay with you."

"He might leave through the drain. Do as I tell you."

"But you will be alone—and if he should be armed?"

"Do as I tell you."

Nazim walked reluctantly away, and Marsden, reaching in his pocket, felt the revolver that rested against his thigh. He lighted another cigarette and walked slowly to the cattle pen, the walls of which stood higher than a man's head. Lifting the crossbar from its slot, he pulled the gate open, and the Khan's buffaloes came lumbering out, bellowing indignantly, and made off across the plain with their calves frisking after them.

There was a moment's pause, then Marsden stepped back and slipped his hand into his pocket as a slight, turbaned figure walked out of the empty pen carrying an old-fashioned English rifle held horizontally before it. Approaching Marsden, the man stooped and laid the weapon at the policeman's feet in the traditional gesture of submission. He would have prostrated himself, but Marsden restrained him. For a moment the two men confronted each other in silence. A long, intent glance passed between them, then Marsden said slowly, "That was clever of you, Part'n Deen. If the cattle had remained silent, I might have overlooked the Khan's buffalo pen and so lost another round to you."

Part'n Deen smiled. "The choice was a narrow one, sahib."

"For people like you and me, it is always narrow. But you might, as a parting gesture, have taken a shot at me as I opened the gate."

"To be shot in turn by your men?"

"True. In that case we would not have met, and after all this time it would have been a pity, don't you think?"

Both laughed, and at the sound the silence was broken, doors were opened, and the villagers came out to verify with their eyes what their ears refused to believe.

THE carriage that was to have taken the Khan and his visitor to the station was commandeered later that afternoon to carry Marsden and his prisoner back along the road to Agra. The Khan, his sons and certain others suspected of complicity in harboring the notorious bandit were to follow by cart, with an armed escort of Marsden's police.

Marsden and Part'n Deen rode on the rear seat of the carriage which was drawn by the Khan's horses, with Nazim on the box at the driver's side. Marsden had, out of some quixotic whim, refused to handcuff his captive, and they sat together like old friends, smoking Marsden's cigarettes and reviewing the events of the past two years.

"One thing that I do not understand," Part'n Deen said, "is why you should have suspected the Khan. After all, he is a person of some distinction and has never given you cause for suspicion."

"It has seemed to me for some time," Marsden replied, "that the Khan's village was enjoying a rather marked freedom from your distinguished attentions."

"Ah, but it also had the honor of *your* protection, sahib, had it not?"

"So had certain others—Manud, for example—and they did not fare so well," Marsden reminded his prisoner.

PART'N DEEN was silent for a moment. His eyes, bright and alert above his black beard, gazed almost caressingly at the countryside through which they were passing.

"That talk," he said presently, "the talk of your going to Lucknow—it was a ruse, was it not?"

"To make you believe I was on the wrong scent, yes."

There was another pause; then Part'n Deen inquired, with some embarrassment, "The woman—my wife. She is well?"

"She is well and in good hands."

"She is innocent, sahib."

"Yes," Marsden said gently. "I will do my best for her."

Glancing at young Nazim's back, the bandit said abruptly, "He should go far, that boy of yours. An accomplished liar and cheat."

Marsden laughed. "I admit I was surprised that you should have trusted him."

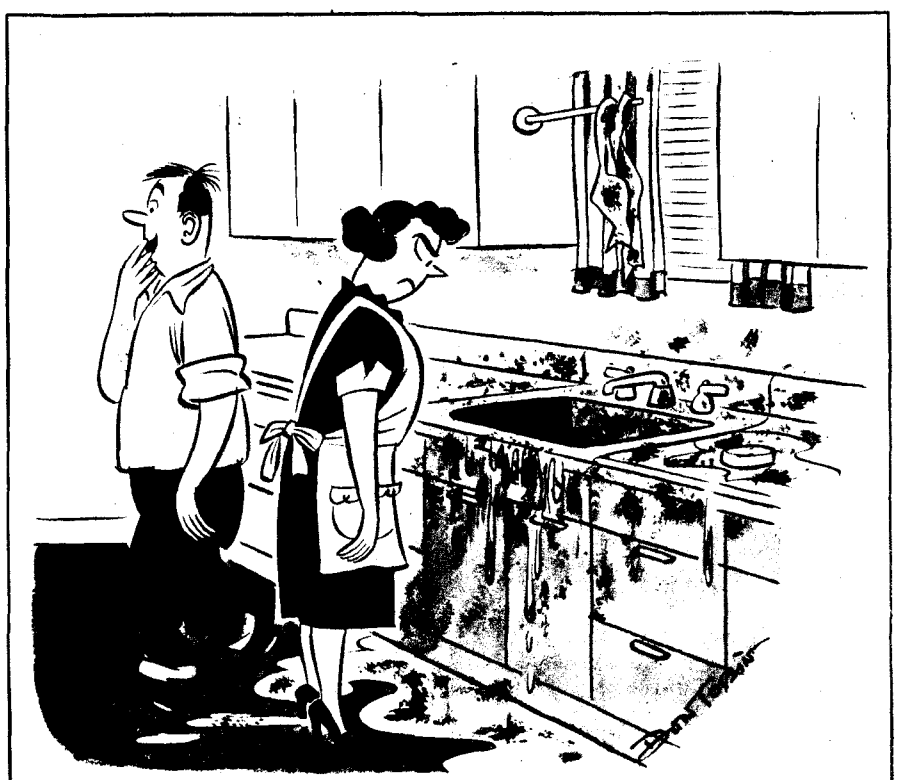
"I didn't, at first, but loneliness makes a man stupid at times."

"I hoped that it would work that way," Marsden said.

The bandit looked at him curiously. "You have felt it yourself, then?"

"Loneliness? I'm seldom without it."

"But this success will bring its reward, surely?" Part'n Deen said. "Promotion, a gift of plate suitably inscribed with the date of my capture? By the way, what is today, sahib?"



COLLIER'S

"Boy, it feels good to get clean after a messy job like cleaning the cellar!"

DON TOBIN

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COLLIER'S **"Today I want to discuss the optical illusion of so-called flying saucers"** WHITE

"November the thirtieth, nineteen twenty-eight."

"That date and my name," Part'n Deen said, "will live in your fame long after my body has stopped twisting at the end of a rope."

The policeman answered with constraint: "You have been ruthless, utterly without compunction. Sixteen villages in the district pillaged and burned to the ground, their people killed or made homeless. Surely you cannot expect—"

"Pardon? No sahib. Pardon is something that has never entered into my calculations."

He gazed once more at the white landscape broken by trees and at a small herd of antelope which moved in the distance, like a mirage. But the thought that moved through his mind was no mirage. Vivid and alive, it gleamed in his eyes and was instantly veiled.

Marsden did not see it. This was his hour of triumph, yet for some reason he could feel little elation. His sense of achievement was contradictory, to be shared, if at all, only by the man at his side. He felt a kind of tenderness for this man, and a regret and melancholy that their strange rivalry should be over at last.

THE carriage rolled comfortably down a white road between trees in whose shade a few travelers were resting from the heat. Monkeys played in the branches and small boys grazed their goats in the ditches alongside. It was a picture scarcely changed through the centuries, one which the Emperor Akbar might have seen four hundred years before as he rode his great horse past the conical milestones he had erected to mark the distance from point to point of his empire. And it was a scene that Part'n Deen knew well, that he knew as well as he knew the palm of his hand.

He sat quietly gazing around him, at the plain on one side of the road and the lentil fields on the other, a sea of luxuriant green standing as high as a man's head. Beyond the fields the plain began again, broken into gullies, dried watercourses, and caves familiar to him through the years. These caves had been his refuge often enough; he could have found his way to them blindfold.

"Sahib," he said suddenly, smiling, "I have just remembered a dream."

"Yes?"

"Do you ever dream, sahib?"

"Of course, though I can't say that I always remember my dreams."

"Ah, but one should remember one's dreams, for how else can one expect to read them aright?"

"As portents, you mean?" Marsden asked, absently.

"Prophecy is a happier word."

"And your dream?" Marsden asked him courteously. "What was it about?"

"I dreamed that I was hunting antelope and that the does were up to their usual tricks, trying to lure me away from their lord." He glanced at Marsden. "They tell me you are a great hunter, sahib—that you have killed many buck, some of the finest heads in the country."

"I hold the record for this district," Marsden replied, unable to keep the satisfaction out of his voice, for in the realm of sport, at any rate, his sense of achievement was always unalloyed. He smiled at his companion. "So you, too, are familiar with the ways of the antelope?"

"I have studied them," Part'n Deen replied. He stared at the waving tops of the lentil fields and felt his dream beckoning, saw branches opening out into a green sanctuary, with the illimitable plains beyond. Once on the plain, he would have a chance. A narrow choice, true, but had not Marsden himself declared that for such as he the choice must always be a narrow one?

The carriage had passed Akbar's fifth milestone when a small herd of does crossed the road before them and disappeared into the lentil fields to the left. Leaning forward, Part'n Deen pointed across Marsden's chest to the plain on the right. "See there," he murmured. "See the buck!"

Marsden turned his head and saw an antelope standing in the great light of the afternoon sun, and at that moment Part'n Deen leaped from the carriage and sped across the open space on the left, between the road and the field.

Marsden drew his revolver, trained it on the flying figure, and shot twice. Part'n Deen fell and lay still, his white turban uncoiled beside him, and the buck, bounding at the shot, vanished like a ghost into the sun. ▲▲▲

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STOP, LOOK *-and Especially* LISTEN

By STAN MARGULIES

Warning: Don't let your wife teach you how to drive

"As soon as you hear a whirry noise," she said, "stamp on that slanty board down there"

I CAN do almost anything that requires mechanical ability: replace a burnt-out light bulb, fill a fountain pen or roll up a tooth-paste tube. These, and a hundred other similarly difficult tasks, I can perform with the greatest of ease. But I cannot drive a car.

The fault is in both my heredity and my environment. Neither of my parents can drive a car. Furthermore, they chose to live, and to raise me, in a large metropolitan city blessed with swift and cheap public transportation. But my wife, on the other hand, was reared in the spacious West, where people thought nothing of driving 60 miles to borrow a cup of sugar and an earful of gossip. While we lived in the city, all was well. However, when we moved to a new town where a car was essential, I had to depend on her to serve as my chauffeur.

Finally, I could stand the embarrassment no longer. "I'm going to take driving lessons," I announced one night.

"Oh, no, you're not," she said, with one of those flashes of financial genius which have resulted in women owning 93 per cent of everything worth money in America. "Lessons would cost you $20. I'll teach you myself for only $10. That way you'll save money, and I can get a hat."

Knowing a bargain, and an immovable force, when I see one, I agreed. The next Sunday afternoon we went out to the car. I got behind the wheel.

"Now, you mustn't be nervous," my wife said, dropping her purse and spilling its contents on the floor. After we had picked up everything, she continued. "Confidence is essential. If you do what's right, all those other idiots driving cars won't bother you in the least. That is, the women drivers won't. Statistics prove women are the best drivers. But you must be careful of men drivers. They do all sorts of unpredictable things. When one of them sticks his left arm straight out the car window, it means you had better hurry up and pass him because the fool plans to make a turn right in front of you."

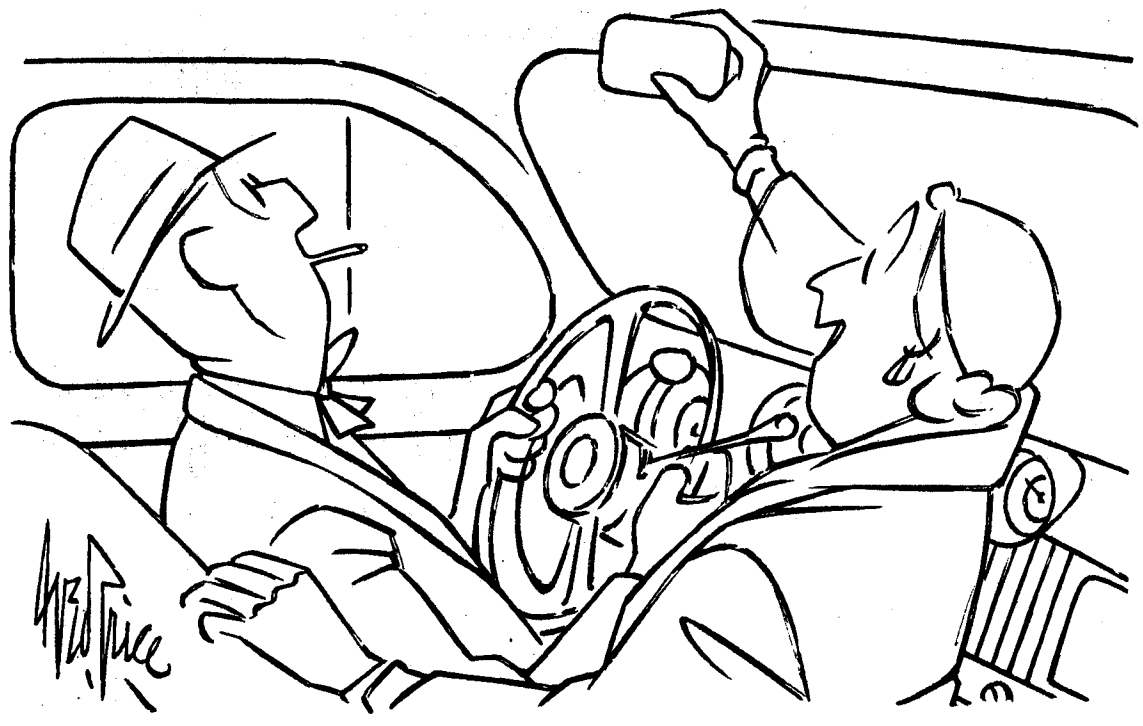
"Okay," I said. "Anything else?"

"Yes," she went on. "I do hope, darling, that driving won't affect your temper. Most men drivers seem terribly nervous and irritable. Why, the things they have said to me . . ."

"Can't tell how it will affect my temper until I know how to drive," I said cheerfully. "Let's start. Where's the clutch?"

"Don't try to confuse me with technical terms," she replied. "I know what I'm doing—this is the system Mother used to teach me. The first thing you do is put the key in that slot up there. The key —I wonder where I put the key." Fifteen minutes later she located the key in her coat pocket, where she had placed it so she could find it easily. I inserted it in the proper place.

"You turn the key to the left if you want to sit in the car and play the radio," she said.



"This little mirror," she told me, "is handy if you want to make sure your hair is combed"

"If I just wanted to play the radio, I could stay home," I reminded her.

"If you're not going to pay attention, you'll never learn," she retorted. "I'm trying to be patient, but if you don't want to learn, just say so." After I promised that we would have the kitchen repainted at the earliest opportunity, the lesson was resumed.

"This little mirror up here," she said, "is the handiest thing if you want to straighten your tie or make sure your hair is combed. And the bulb in the middle of the wheel is the horn. You blow it when you want Gert and Jane to know you're ready to go to the bridge game."

I sounded the horn, loud and clear. "Fine," I said. "Great. I am now ready to go to the bridge game. How do I start the car?"

"Turn the key to the right. Oh, before I tell you, let me show you this little drawer over here at the right. It's called the glove compartment, but why, I'm sure I don't know. It's important, though, because that's where I keep the card that has the garage's telephone number—just in case anything ever goes wrong."

Just then, my desire to learn was so strong that my wife must have felt it for, after a quick look at my face, she hurried to continue the driving lesson.

"Turn the key to the right when you want to start the car. Next, press that little button up there. Oh, wait a minute. Put your left foot on that gadget that sticks out of the floor and then press the button. As soon as you hear that whirry noise, stamp on that slanty board with your right foot."

I did as directed and the motor started. "That's splendid," my wife shrieked. "Now put your right hand on this thing that looks like a sliding cup shelf and push it all the way in. That's the extra brake on the car. Using your right hand, grasp this little doohickey under the wheel that looks like a towel bar and pull it up and to you. Let your left foot come up slowly as you press down on the slanty board with your right."

The car bucked and the motor stopped. My subsequent efforts to start it resulted in failure, and my wife informed me that I had "flooded the gasket."

While we were waiting for low tide, I proved I was a good pupil and turned the key to the left and switched on the radio. We heard a long commercial in which a driving school offered its course, and a pair of nylon seat covers, for "the unbelievably low price of $24.95; terms if desired."

My wife's pride suffered a large dent in the rear fender, but I can drive a car. She still claims I'm not so good at shifting from up-to-you to down-away-from-you but I feel that minor deficiency is more than offset by the fact that I can easily distinguish between the sliding cup shelf and the towel bar. ▲▲▲

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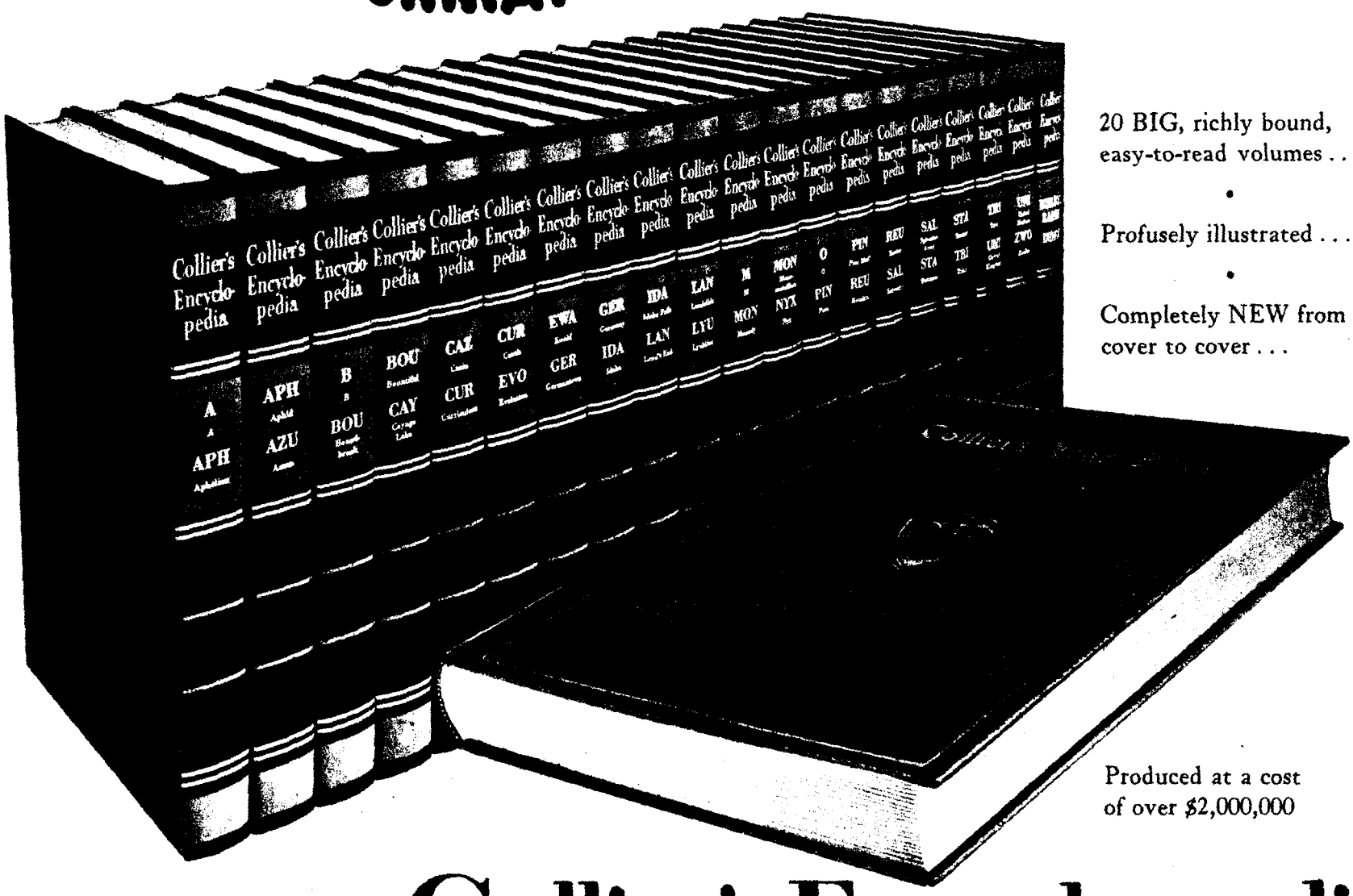

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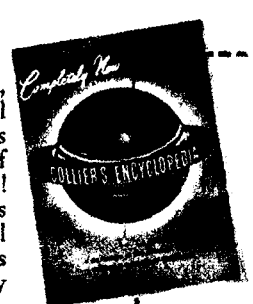

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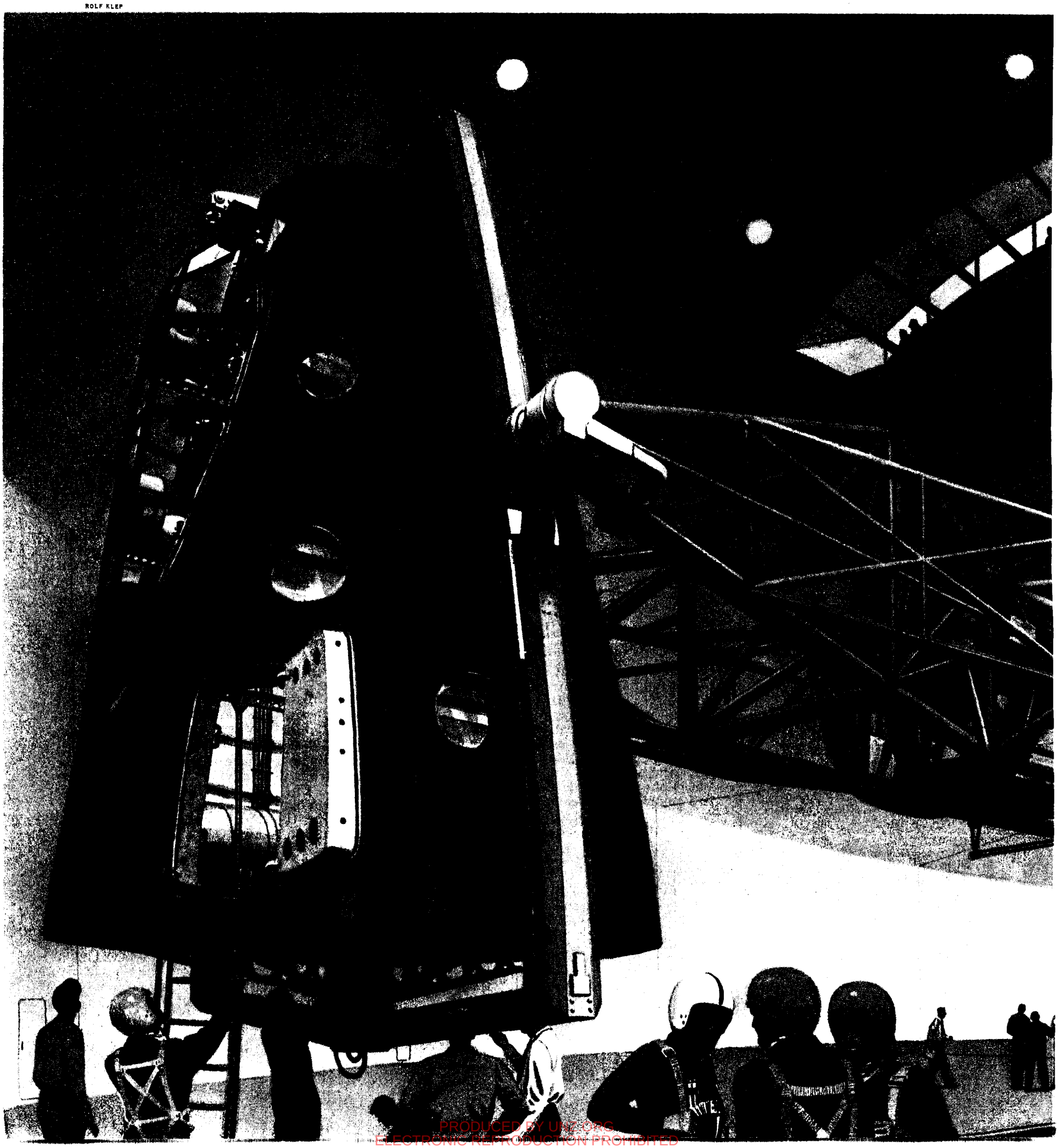
Man's Survival in Space

Testing the Men

ROLF KLEP



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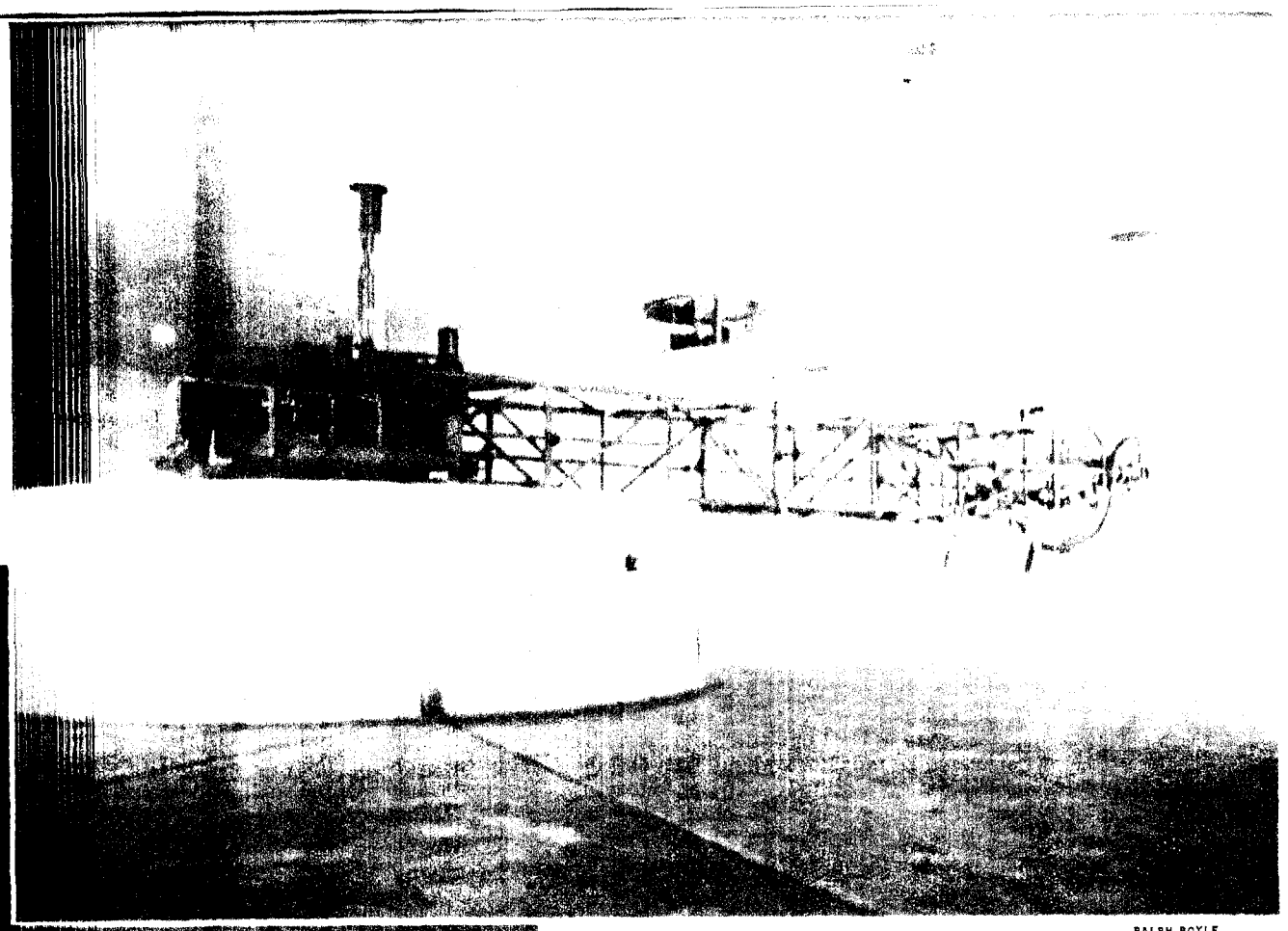
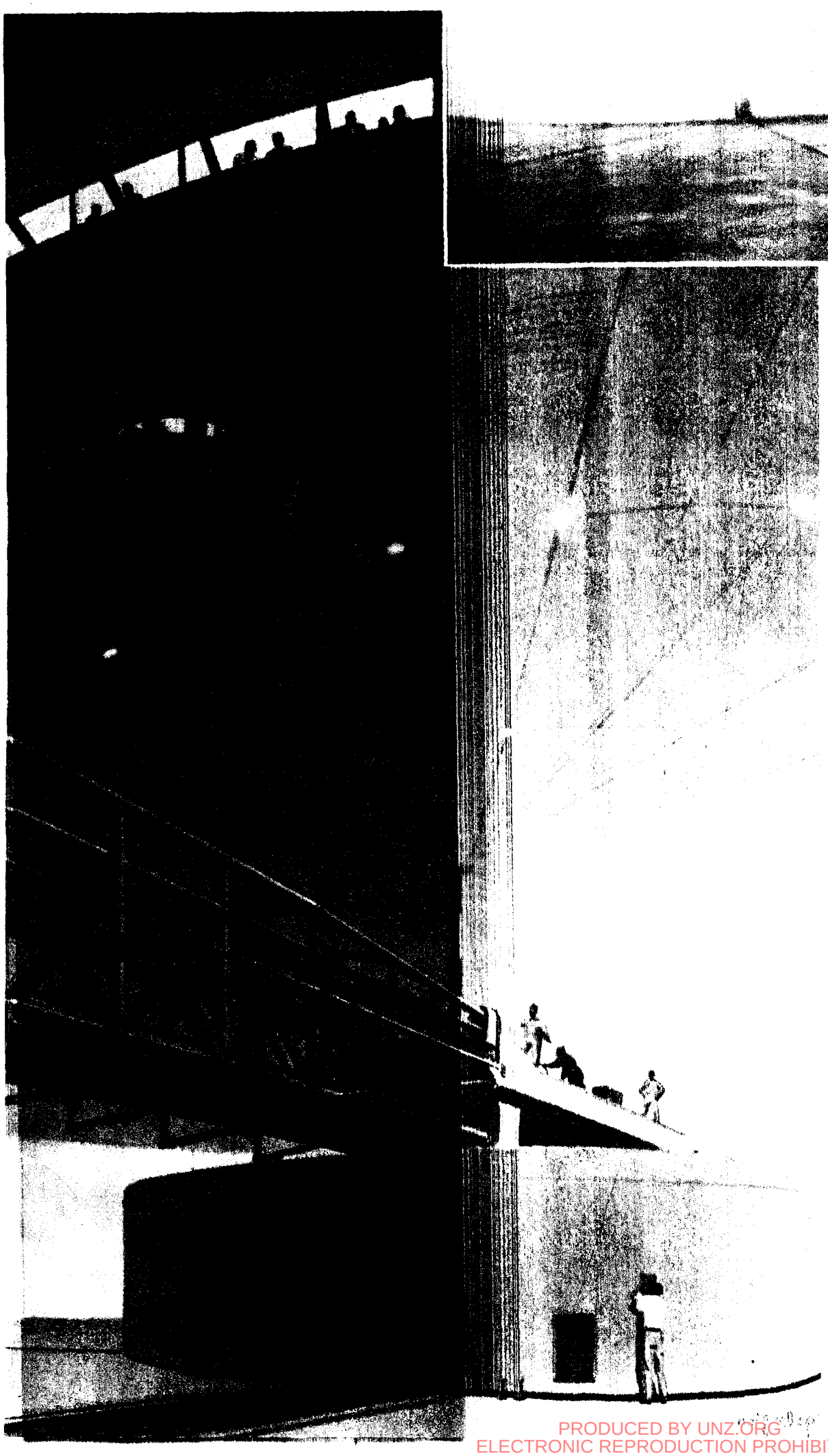
Disaster is the penalty for an error in space. The pioneer rocket crews will practice for perfection on earth, aided by a gallery of wonderful machines



RALPH ROYLE

Navy centrifuge at Johnsville, Pa., one of several in use to simulate acceleration force



Eleven top experts contributed to the symposium, Man's Survival in Space. This part, the second of three, is based on papers done by Dr. Wernher von Braun, chief, Army Guided Missiles Laboratory; Dr. Hubertus Strughold, head, Air Force Dept. of Space Medicine; Dr. Fritz Haber of the same agency; Dr. Donald W. Hastings, national psychiatric consultant to the Air Force; Dr. James P. Henry, Air Force Aero Medical Laboratory; rocket expert Willy Ley. Collier's Cornelius Ryan assembled the material

HOW do you make a space man out of an earth man? The tests a human encounters in space, the tasks he is charged with in rocket flight, are like nothing he knew on solid ground: flattening acceleration pressures; brain-twisting navigational problems; nerve-racking confinement in cramped quarters; the problem of moving from one point to another when you're hovering 1,000 miles above the ground. No man experiences such difficulties on earth. How does he prepare to meet them in space?

He must prepare on the ground. When he actually gets into space, it will be too late to start learning. Massive, dramatic machines are the teachers—and they already are roughly blueprinted.

One machine (you can see it at the left) will whirl crews around at speeds that reproduce the breath-taking, body-crushing pressures imposed by a fast-rising rocket ship. As the trainer rotates, problems will be fed into the cabin requiring split-second, co-ordinated action from the nearly immobilized crew.

A second machine will teach man to move around in the weightlessness of space. He'll spin, cartwheel, fly violently backward, roll and twist until he gets the hang of self-locomotion.

Trainees also will be jammed together for days in a sealed, boilerlike chamber—working, sleeping, eating, relaxing in a confined space and in a pressurized, synthetic atmosphere.

Navigators dare not be wrong in space; a fractional error may put a speeding vehicle thousands of miles off course. So navigators will have the

Crew centrifuge would expose five persons at once to g pressures, while instructors sent in problems requiring immediate solution. In action, cabin nose would swing down, bringing it into line with centrifuge arm. Operators suspended beneath ceiling could rotate cabin to simulate realistic emergency at launching

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Numbing acceleration pressures almost immobilize rocketeers at launching—yet the

most complicated—and most striking—trainer of all: a huge globe which will simulate the vastness and stark beauty of space; sitting inside, the navigator-trainee will get most of the errors out of his system before they can do any harm.

Five Years' Hard Study for Trainees

Besides training in these simulators, most of them designed by Dr. Wernher von Braun, the world's top rocket engineer, the crews will get a tough classroom schedule, taking courses in rocket and instrument design, physics, astronomy, navigation (for all personnel) and basic medicine. The training will take five years, and each of the crew members who graduates will have the equivalent of a master's degree in at least one specialty.

How many will graduate? About five out of every 60 who start the training course. But even those 60 will have been carefully selected; so the graduates will be the cream of a carefully chosen group that once numbered hundreds.

We know we can build superbly engineered rockets to carry man into space; in picking our crews we must aim for the same degree of perfection. Before an applicant is accepted, he must meet rigid physical, educational and age requirements (Collier's, February 28, 1953). He must be between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five; he must have a college education; he must be of medium weight, and between five feet five and five feet eleven inches tall. (Exceptionally tall or short people tend to have poor blood-circulation control, which hampers them in adjusting to the stresses of space travel.)

Of every 1,000 applicants who meet those standards, 940 are expected to wash out during the stringent medical and psychiatric examinations which precede training. And now, in the training phase, we'll find that 55 of the remaining 60 students can't cope with the physical, emotional and educational demands of rocket flight.

Perhaps the toughest test will be the trainee's ability to function swiftly and efficiently during acceleration.

Flight into space will be made in three-stage rocket ships: vehicles built in three sections, each with a bank of powerful rocket motors. The first stage, or tail section, provides the tremendous power needed to get the rocket ship off the ground; at an altitude of 25 miles, the first stage is cast loose and the rockets of the second stage, or center section, start firing. At 40 miles, the center section is dropped, and the third stage, which contains the crew compartment, continues on into space. All during the ascent, the rocket ship is guided by an automatic pilot. The pilot is operated electronically by a magnetic tape into which precise instructions have been fed beforehand.

How Acceleration Affects the Crew

As each stage takes over the task of propulsion, there is a sharp drop in acceleration, followed by a sudden thrust forward as the new bank of rockets bursts into action. The crew members feel a numbing acceleration pressure, like the pressure you feel against your back when you step on the gas in an auto, but many, many times more powerful.

The first great acceleration shock comes shortly after launching: from a standing start, the rocket surges to a speed of 5,250 miles an hour in 84 seconds. The second stage propels the rocket for 124 seconds, building up to a speed of 14,364 miles an hour, and the third stage, which then takes over, requires another 84 seconds to hit top speed—18,468 miles an hour. At each spurt, the rocket passengers are crushed against their seats with enormous force.

At the two acceleration peaks (about 80 seconds and 300 seconds after launching), the pressure is equal to nine times a man's weight—that is, nine times the force normally exerted by gravity. Scientists call it nine gravities, or nine g's.

Position Governs Time of Blackout

Can a man operate under such pressure? Yes, if he's sitting in the proper position. If the direction of the pressure is from his head to his feet, the blood drains from his brain, and he blacks out at only four or five g's. If the direction is from foot to head, the blood rushes in the other direction, and he can take barely 2½ g's. But if the pressure is from chest to back, some men can withstand as many as 17 g's without difficulty. How do we know? We have a machine that exposes men to g-forces, a centrifuge consisting of a cage on the end of a long arm, which whirls around like a bucket on the end of a string. Just as a stone in such a bucket will be pinned to the bottom, so a man in the centrifuge is pinned back against his seat. The faster the cage goes around, the more g pressure the man experiences.

Dr. James Henry, one of the Air Force's top physiologists, has found that men spun in the centrifuge at the Wright-Patterson Air Base in Dayton, Ohio, can take up to 10 g's, chest-to-back, and still move their arms and legs.

That's important. It means that if something goes wrong during the first five minutes of rocket

Within cabin of swiftly rotating centrifuge, crew is subjected to terrific strain like that of rocket acceleration. Force sustained equals nine tim a man's weight, or nine g's. Problems calling for group action are fed into trainer; crew responds by using fingers to strike armrest butto

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must act fast in emergencies

flight, the crew will be capable of taking emergency action, up to as many g's as they're likely to experience.

But emergency action in a rocket ship calls for split-second co-ordination among several people. So we'll train our crews in a bigger, more complicated centrifuge; the cage will be a near replica of the cabin of a rocket ship. The crew members will sit in contour seats so adjusted that the simulated acceleration pressure will strike them from chest to back, and during the test runs they will be fed emergency problems by instructors on the outside. The training probably will go something like this:

The captain and crew strap themselves into their chairs. Ahead of them, projected on the frosted glass of the cabin canopy, they see a color film showing a blue sky dotted with white clouds.

After a last-minute instrument check, the captain presses a button on the armrest of his chair. The rockets of the first stage begin to mutter; a muffled rumble emerges from hidden loud-speakers in the cabin.

The instructor at the remote-control board outside now gives the captain the launching signal. A light flashes in the cabin, and the captain pushes another button, turning the motors on full power.

The noise from the loud-speakers grows to a roar. The centrifuge begins to spin, simulating the lift of the rocket ship. The sudden surge throws the crew members back hard into their seats. As the white clouds on the canopy race toward the ship and disappear, the faces of the occupants begin to strain under the mounting pressure.

The sky darkens quickly to a jet black that is broken only by stars, glinting cold and sharp directly ahead. As the centrifuge picks up speed, the breath is driven from the bodies of the crew members, and their muscles become almost powerless against the g pressure; yet they watch the orange-red illuminated dials which register a multitude of performance signals. If anything goes wrong, they must be ready to act.

And suddenly, as the peak pressure of 9 g's approaches, something does go wrong.

Danger from Jamming of Fuel Pumps

A high-pitched klaxon horn blasts over the motor roar, and a light flickers near one of the dials on the engineer's panel: one bank of fuel pumps has jammed, and the lines providing the pumps with pressure may burst. Squeezed almost immobile between the chair backs and the tremendous pressure bearing down on their chests, the crew members must act—decisively and quickly.

The engineer's thumb gropes for the interphone switch on his chair arm. "Engineer to captain. Series five pumps are stuck!" The captain must make a hasty decision. The rocket trouble is sure to affect the ship's flight path; yet in a few moments the troublesome first stage is due to be jettisoned. Should he try to keep going? Or should he plan a forced landing or escape procedure? In the last, he can either gain more altitude for safety's sake, or get rid of both the first and second stages immediately and head back for the earth. He decides to continue.

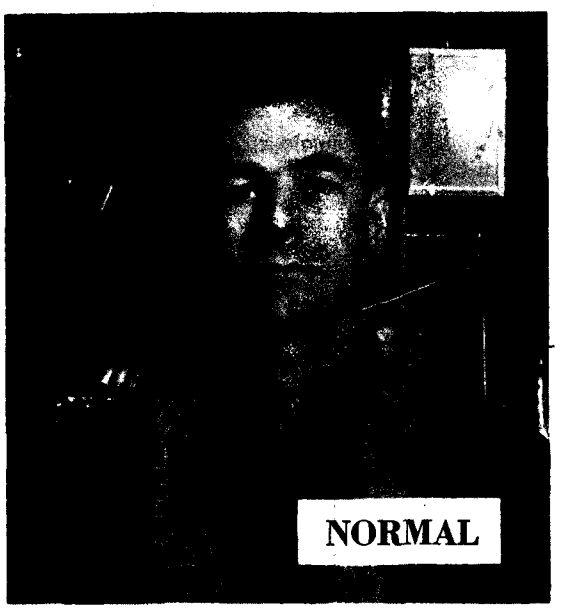
"Captain to navigator. Check flight path with ground station."

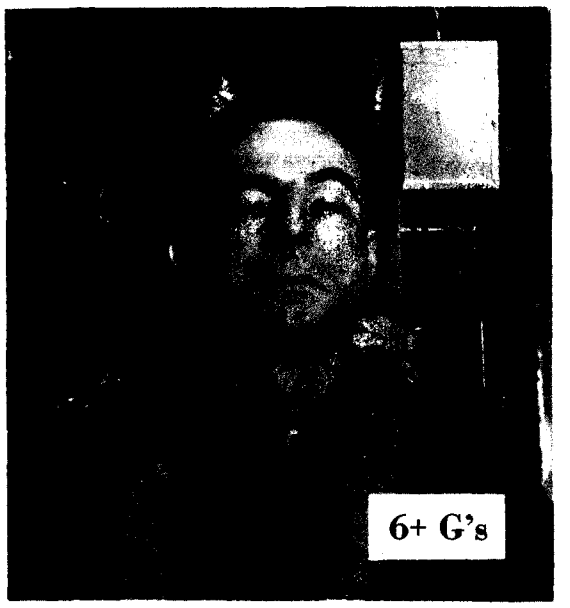
The radio operator, hearing the order, gives the navigator direct contact with the earth. The navigator speaks briefly, listens, then switches his set back to intercom with a movement of his finger. "Navigator to copilot. Tape 13."

The copilot turns his wrist until his hand is over a tape selector panel, then punches button 13.

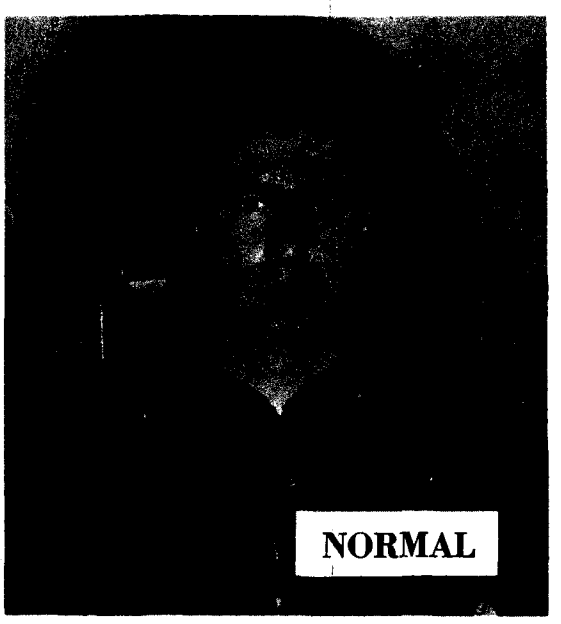
The engineer, meanwhile, has applied a partial corrective for the faulty rockets. "Increasing the speed of remaining pumps," he announces, as soon as the intercom is open.

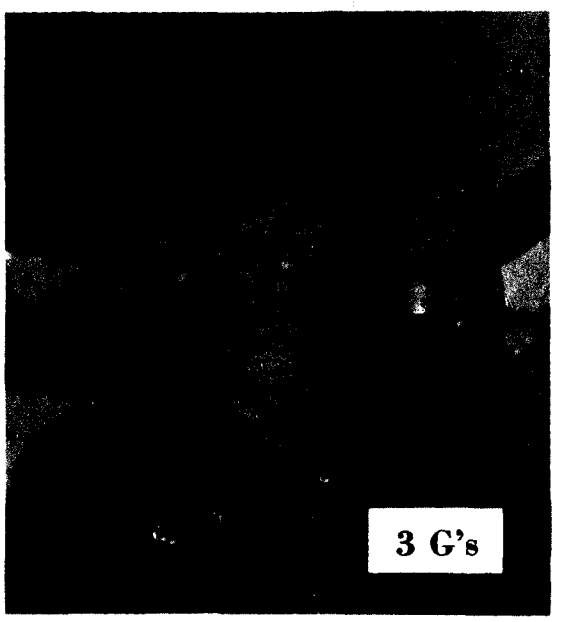
The navigator in turn prepares to call the ground for another heading, to compensate for the increased power put in by the engineer. The infor-



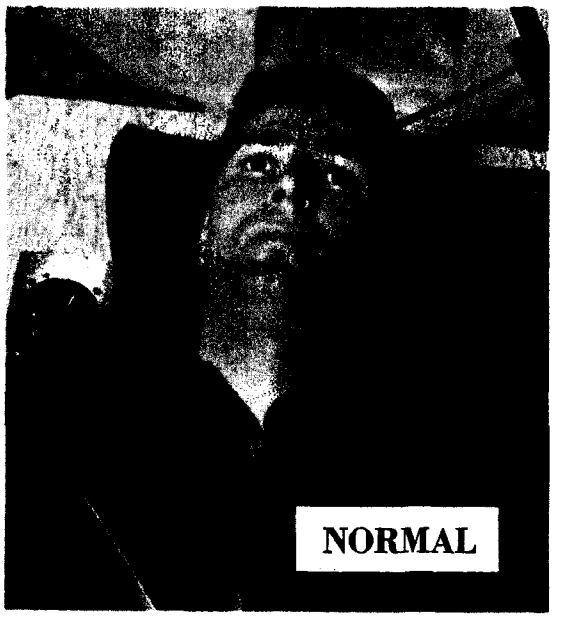


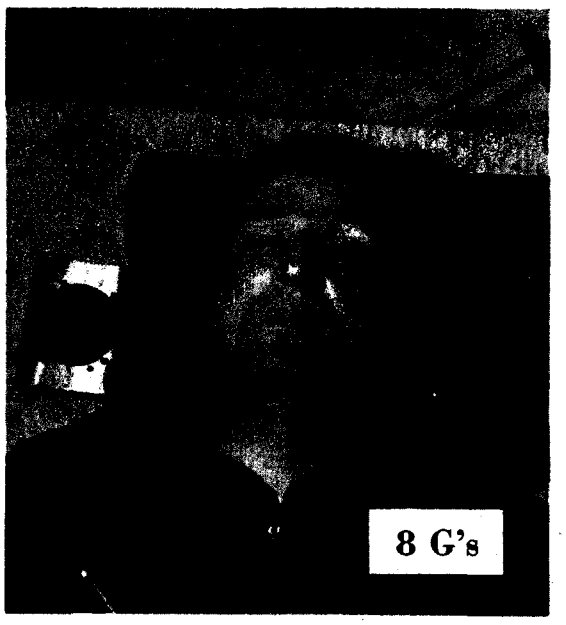
Here's what happens to a man subjected to head-to-foot g pressure, the kind an airplane pilot experiences in pull-out from a dive. Force drags facial muscles downward, drains blood from head, causing average man to black out at 5 g's. A rocket crew member would feel such force if he leaned forward during launching

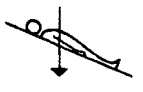




Foot-to-head force pulls muscles upward, causes blood to rush to man's head. A normal man can take only about 2 g's in this direction before he experiences the condition called red-out. Aircraft pilots performing difficult outside loop know this feeling, as would a rocket crewman leaning too far back at acceleration peak







Problem of g force can be licked if direction of pressure is from chest to back. Men in centrifuge tests have endured up to 17 g's of this kind without blackout or red-out, and space vehicle crews will be seated so acceleration forces strike them this way. All of these photos were made in Navy and Air Force centrifuges

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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Moving around in weightless space is tricky; you can spin, cartwheel, or tumble

mation he gets will affect the copilot, and the captain will have to take the actions of both into account in making further plans.

And all this time, the radio operator has been busy sending step-by-step reports back to the ground station, so the people there will know what happened in case the rocket ship crashes.

All this action has occurred in seconds. Inside the whirling cage, television cameras have caught the whole scene. Outside, instructors have watched TV screens and light panels, and have timed and recorded every move. By the time the first stage is cast loose, 84 seconds after launching, the emergency is over. Two more accelerations, as the second and then the third stage rockets open fire —and the centrifuge slows down and finally stops.

Many Wash Out in Centrifuge Training

There will be many centrifuge tests before a trainee steps into his first real rocket ship. Many of the students never will see the inside of a space vehicle, because they will wash out in centrifuge training.

Some people are more susceptible to g pressures than others; some will be able to take the pressures, but will falter when their judgment is tested in the spinning cage. They will be eliminated.

Still more will fail because they can't cope with the next machine, the personal-propulsion trainer.

What's so tricky about personal propulsion? The answer is almost everything—in space.

When a space vehicle circles the earth at the right distance and speed, it becomes a satellite, like the moon. A rocket ship 1,075 miles away, traveling 15,840 miles an hour, would circle the earth endlessly. Its speed at that distance would exactly counterbalance the earth's gravity. Once moving at the right speed, it wouldn't need power, because there's nothing in space to slow it down (as there is near the earth, where the atmosphere ultimately brakes the speed of any falling body). The ship would just stay up there, making one trip around the globe every two hours.

Suppose a man stepped out of the vehicle (protected by a space suit, of course). He, too, would be a satellite, spinning around the earth in the so-called two-hour orbit. He would remain in space, hovering near the rocket ship.

But suppose there were two rocket ships, and he wanted to move from one to the other. There's only one practical way for him to do it: each visitor to space will carry a small rocket motor in his hand. By firing it dead ahead, he'll make himself fly backward. When he wants to stop, he'll fire a short burst to one side. That will make him spin part way around. Two more pulls of the trigger—one to stop the spin, the other to halt his flight —and there he is.

It's complicated, and with a couple of hidden traps. What if he fires a trifle too high? He's apt to start tumbling end over end. If he holds his arm a little off to one side, he will spin like a top. If he fires sharply to the left or right, he may start cartwheeling. And it might be hard to stop.

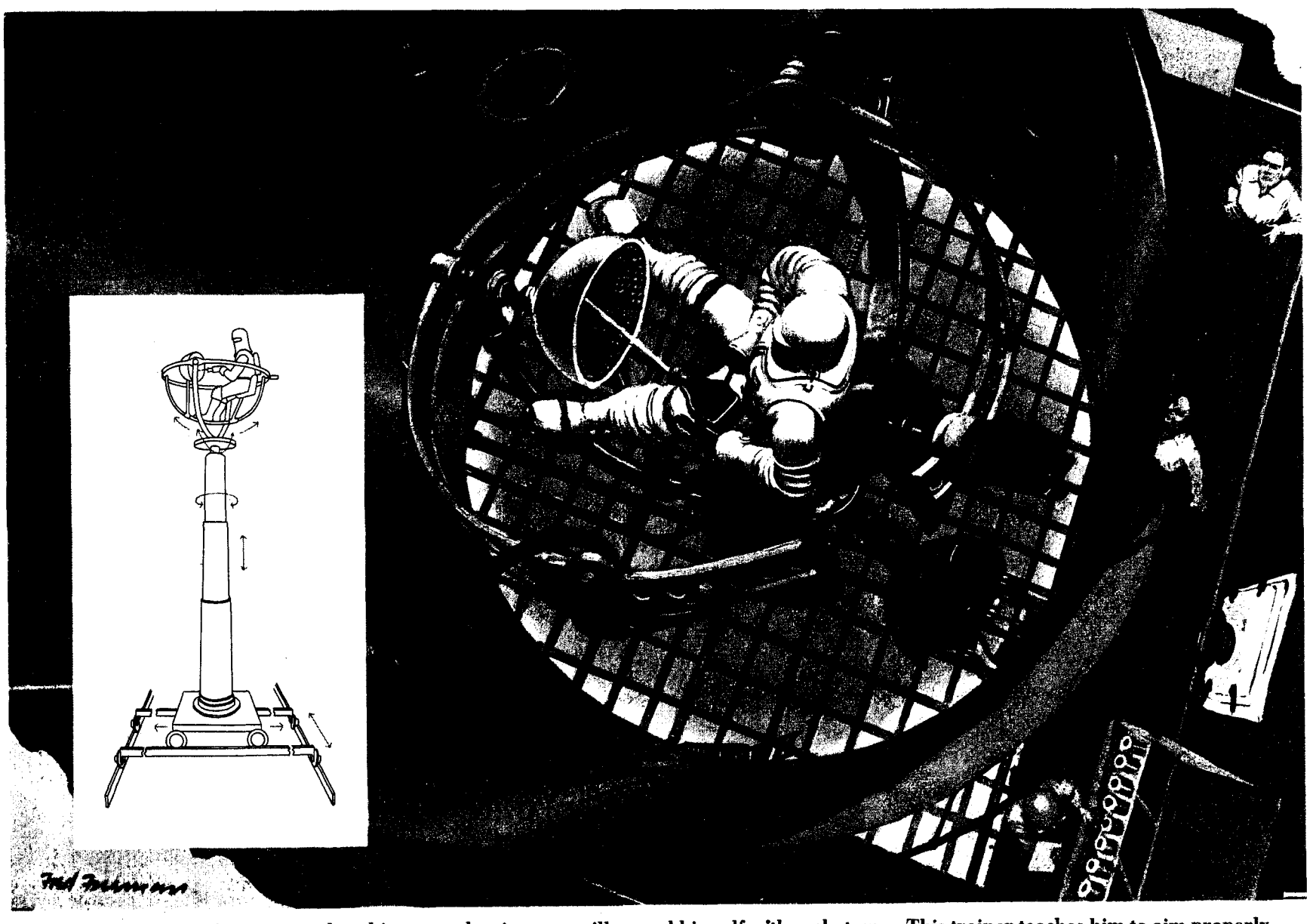
The way to prevent such mishaps is to train the crew members before they ever get into space. We can't duplicate the weightlessness man will experience as a satellite. But we can almost duplicate the spin, roll and pitch hazards of personal propulsion.

Instruction in Personal Propulsion

The student of personal-propulsion training, garbed in a bulky space suit, sits on a chair at the top of a slender telescoping pole. The chair is mounted within rings which enable it to roll sideways, or rock forward and backward. A system of rollers, elevators and gears also makes it possible to move directly backward and forward, or to either side; to go up and down, or to spin to right or left. In front of the student are concentric wire mesh screens studded with photoelectric cells which react to a light ray from the student's propulsion gun. The cells are connected to electric motors which set the chair in motion.

By firing directly in front of him, the student will propel himself backward. Any slight error in his

Crew trainees will stay for weeks on end in this sealed tank. Experts will observe how students react to each other—and to an air mixture of 40 per cent oxygen and 60 per cent helium (on earth, it's 20 oxygen, 80 nitrogen)



Man wanting to go from one rocket ship to another in space will propel himself with rocket gun. This trainer teaches him to aim properly, avoid gyrations. To reach target, trainee shoots light ray—instead of rocket gun—at electric-eye dish. Bad aim makes him spin and roll

DRAWINGS BY FRED FREEMAN

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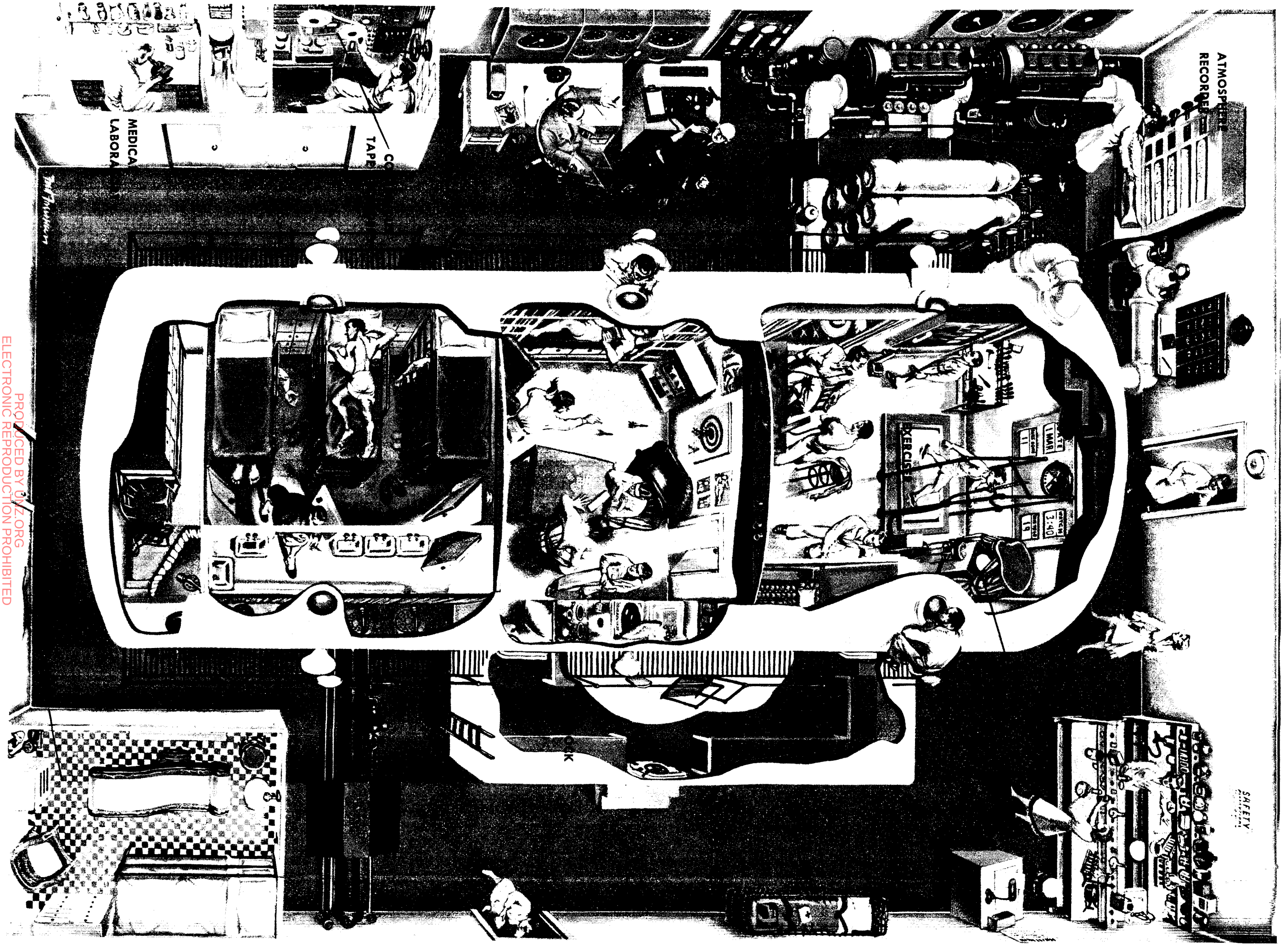

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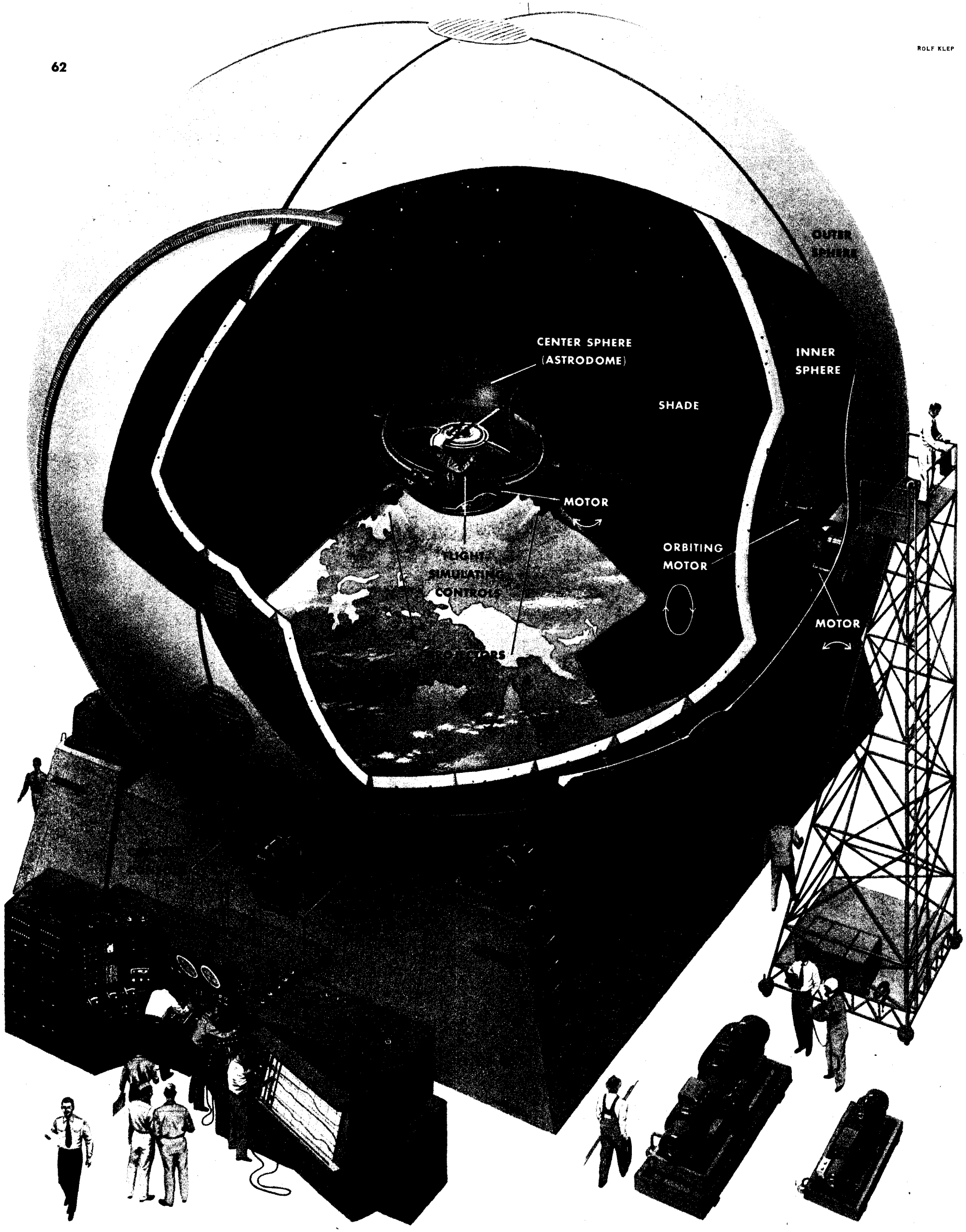

Navigator students will use this trainer—three concentric globes, all movable to simulate space flight. Trainee sits in center sphere, takes sights on stars and earth, which are depicted on inner sphere. Shade keeps light from the filmed earth picture from reflecting above

Collier's for March 7, 1953

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aim will have the same effect as a comparable error in space: he'll spin, cartwheel or tumble.

There's one more aspect of personal propulsion which the simulator can't duplicate exactly. Suppose a man blasts himself backward and suddenly finds his gun is jammed or out of fuel. Unless other men become aware of the danger in time to rescue him, won't he go plummeting off into space with nothing to stop him? No, he'll wear a protective life line, tied to the rocket ship. Not only will it keep him from becoming lost; it also will extend his range, because he can use up the fuel in his gun, then float back to the ship with one tug on the line.

Personal propulsion is a problem space men and women encounter outside the rocket ship. They'll also have to adjust to life *inside* the vehicle, and another trainer will help prepare them for that.

What difficulties will they face? A much lower atmospheric pressure than they're used to; personality conflicts resulting from long periods spent in close quarters with the same few people; psychological reactions to a monotonous existence in a small area. Those are the main problems; there are also a few minor ones.

All of them (with the exception of weightlessness, which can't be reproduced on the ground) will be simulated in the next trainer, a crew pressure chamber. Ten to 15 men at a time will spend several consecutive weeks in the chamber, getting used to the cramped quarters—and to one another.

Why so long? A trip to the two-hour orbit, where we someday hope to build a permanent station, will take only about an hour. Why force the trainees to spend weeks together?

Because they probably will be the crews which—after the space station is built—will pioneer in interplanetary flight. A trip to Mars will take eight months, one way. The men of a crew will be under severe stress during such a trip, and we must know *now* which ones are able to take it.

Reasons for Ban on Women

Women, who may beat out men for certain crew jobs, won't go along on interplanetary journeys, where privacy will be lacking for long periods. So they'll take the chamber tests separately, and briefly, in preparation for the shorter flights that they will make.

The chamber will be like the interior of a rocket ship—functional, pressurized and cramped. Most of the pressure problems have been worked out by the physiologist-engineer team of Drs. Hubertus Strughold and Fritz Haber. The chamber's interior pressure will not be that of the earth at sea level, which is about 14½ pounds per square inch, because such pressure would impose too much of a strain on the junctions where pipes and tubes pass through the sides of a rocket-ship cabin. A pressure of about eight pounds will be used, equivalent to an altitude of 15,000 feet.

After a short adjustment period, most men can breathe comfortably at that altitude. Increasing the percentage of oxygen in our artificial atmosphere, from the 20 per cent a man is accustomed to on the ground to about 40 per cent, will make it easier.

There will be another change in the atmosphere, suggested by Willy Ley, noted rocket expert and writer. Instead of nitrogen, which makes up about 80 per cent of the earth's air, helium will be pumped in. Nitrogen in the blood tends to form bubbles when there is a rapid change in pressure (which might occur by accident in space), producing the painful—and possibly fatal—affliction known as the bends. Helium does not form bubbles in the blood as easily as nitrogen does, so it poses no problems.

The psychological problems of the sealed cabin are even more interesting than the physical. Men working under strain for long periods tend to become irritable and less efficient; in long-distance aircraft they generally start growling at one another after about eight hours, and show a marked loss of efficiency after about 15 hours. Some do better than others, and tests in the pressure chamber will enable us to pick the top men.

How about those who show signs of early strain, those who start sulking and finally lapse into an unsociable silence? Are they finished?

No, but special efforts will be required to match them to the proper crewmates. Psychologists have found that they can almost eliminate friction on aircraft crews by choosing men with like interests, background and education.

Cases of Claustrophobia Are Rare

Besides indicating their ability to work as a team, the trainees may display other psychological reactions to the chamber tests. A few rare cases of claustrophobia may develop, for example, although Dr. Donald W. Hastings, the Air Force's chief psychiatric consultant, expects such fear of confined space to be rare. The ability of the men to act in crisis situations may be tested again; if a man becomes sick, his fellow trainees will care for him (unless an emergency develops, of course). Temperature and atmosphere changes will be fed into the room to test the physical—and emotional—responses of the students. Routine flight problems will be passed to the trainees to keep them busy, and exercise machines will be available inside the chamber to keep them fit.

But no problems that a navigator solves in a pressure chamber will prepare him for those he encounters in flight. The fourth simulator is aimed primarily at him, although other crew members will use it.

The navigation simulator consists of three spheres: a large globe, 30 feet in diameter, with two concentric spheres inside. The smaller of the two inner spheres, measuring about six feet across, is the navigator's compartment, or astrodome. The larger, which fits just inside the exterior globe, is, in effect, a great picture of the universe, with the earth looming large below.

The inside of this middle sphere is pitted with small holes through which light shines, to simulate the constellations. The earth is depicted by color movie film, projected against the inner skin of the sphere.

The big picture-sphere makes a complete rotation every two hours, so that the student navigator gets the illusion of starting in the two-hour orbit.

GEORGE WISLER

Air Force officers with model of new navigator-training plant, Wright Air Development Center, Dayton, O. Huge trainer is latest step in direction of navigation simulator on facing page

For the navigator, rocket flight will differ from aircraft flight in several important respects.

First, he won't have the usual landmarks and radio aids; his only points of reference will be the earth below and the stars above.

Second, during the outward flight, the normal navigational problems have been solved in advance and worked into the automatic pilot; so almost all the navigator's work will occur just before and during the rocket ship's return earthward from space.

The homeward journey is begun by cutting the speed of the rocket ship, so it no longer is moving fast enough to continue as a weightless satellite; it then starts to fall out of the orbit, toward the earth. The speed is reduced by turning the vehicle tail-end-to, so that the rocket motors point in the direction of movement, and employing a short burst of power. The strength and duration of the rocket thrust—if properly aimed and timed—will put the vehicle precisely on course for its destination on the earth.

The navigator's main job is to make the aiming and timing as nearly accurate as possible; if that's done correctly, the rest of the homeward navigation will virtually take care of itself. If his initial calculations are wrong, there may be trouble, for the rocket carries very little fuel on the return trip and it may prove difficult to correct the course. Obviously, the departure timing depends on what part of the earth is opposite the vehicle; under certain conditions, the problem is so complicated that the navigator must wait for a better moment.

A Test in the Astrodrome

In training, the student navigator will take his seat within the astrodome, and instructors outside will set up a problem by moving the stars to a certain position and by selecting a specific picture of the earth to be screened below him.

From then on, the trainee operates the simulator. He determines his present attitude *(attitude,* not altitude) by taking sights on the stars and the earth. Then he decides on his desired attitude for time of departure, and aligns the ship properly, by pressing buttons on a control panel at his right. In a real rocket ship, the buttons would cause the ship to tilt to the desired position; in the simulator, the pictures of the stars and earth shift instead.

The navigator then checks his exact location in space by radioing to the ground, confirms his timing calculations—and is ready to go.

Every move that he makes will be charted on the panel outside. New problems and emergency situations may be posed by the instructors, and careful measurements will be kept of his position, to determine the degree of error in his calculations.

For most of the crew members, the navigation trainer will be an interesting machine whose main purpose will be to familiarize them with the kind of scenery they'll see in space. For the navigator trainee, fighting to keep from being eliminated, it will be a major obstacle. Some navigator students will wash out.

By the time all the trainees have passed through all the simulators, only five will be left of the 60 who started the course (and of the 1,000 who originally applied for it).

Now comes flight training. ▲▲▲

Next Week **Disaster can strike in space, as it can anywhere else. How does a rocket crew save itself when its vehicle starts blowing up at a speed of 15,000 miles an hour, 1,000 miles from solid ground? Scientists tell the answers**

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The Prize

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

and then stayed there because it was a house.

"Look at me, Mother."

"I see. Don't bump your head."

"Mother, I could take Ella. The lady said I could."

"Oh. Oh, Julie—no, dear, not Ella. Why there'll be the most elaborate dolls from Paris there, and Ella is hardly in condition—why, Julie, you've had her for years, and she's all broken!"

"Ella is the most beautiful doll in the whole world," Julie said slowly, because it was true; and besides, she could sew the leg back on, and it wouldn't show.

Mother's legs were too short, so she made the car jerk all the way home. And she never talked much, because she had to watch what other cars were going to do, and then make a hissing noise and suck in her breath when anything looked dangerous. But she said, "Look, dear, *we* know she's the most beautiful, but I'm afraid that—"

"She *is!*" Julie shouted, and took the ear of corn and hit Mother's leg with it, just once, softly, keeping her eyes on her face to see if she might get cross. But she didn't; she just sighed.

At home, Julie went upstairs to her room and shut the door, and then opened the closet door against it, so that no one could get in without bumping the doors and giving you time to hide whatever you had. Things were mostly a secret, especially when people looked or asked, and when there wasn't time to hide them, you could change them. For instance, when the wrong sort of grown-ups asked, in the wrong sort of voice, what was Ella's name, Julie sometimes said, "Oh, her name's Gwendolyn!"—which was the same as hiding her, because then they couldn't see the Ella part, no matter how hard they looked, and the Ella part was all.

THE long story, whenever she had one to tell, was specially secret, and now she got Ella in her dirty nightgown and sat in the small rocker and rocked her and whispered, "Have you been good while I was away? 'Yes, Mother.' Now, Ella, if you've been very, very, very good I think I'll sew your leg back on, because it's wounded without it and should have a bandage. Poor Ella. Stop that crying! Stop it! I'll have to spank you."

She turned Ella upside down and spanked her until the dust rose up out of her stuffed body. "There, there. Now, dear, do you know what? You're the most beautiful, beautiful baby, and if you really truly behave like a real baby, tomorrow you're going to a party and win. Now what do you think of that, h'm? And do you know what it will be like . . ." Julie lay on her bed with Ella beside her head and didn't say anything out loud, but looked up at the ceiling and saw how it would be: at the same Carteret Hotel, which was a place you always went to in black patent-leather slippers, with your bangs all combed so they wouldn't scatter. The rooms were big; you had to hold onto someone's hand. Julie loved the Carteret. And tomorrow there would be herself and Ella, looking large and close, and all the other children and dolls tiny and far away. Mrs. Ebaugh stood there too, with violets floating on the tails of her summer dress, and said out loud, with everyone listening, "Ella wins because she is the most beautiful one. And now here is all the lemon ice cream for you, Julie." Julie saw herself growing taller and taller in front of all the people, wonderfully huge and grand, allowing people, if they said please, to see the baby—just to look but not to touch.

THE next morning Julie asked, "Is it now?" because she had the leg sewed on.

"Oh, no. Not today," Mother said, writing letters on the dining-room table.

Julie stared for a minute, because Mother always had to lean her head forward to look down over her stomach, which was dented in by the table. Julie sometimes played lady with a pillow in front, but it made your neck ache, looking down over it. "Ella's all ready. I want it to be now. Why isn't it now?"

Mother looked at Ella. "Julie, I don't think we ought to—"

A throw-up feeling began in Julie. But she talked carefully because, as Mother often said, they had been through all that whining and foot-stamping long ago. "Mother, do you know what? Ella told me that she *has* to go!" Julie opened her eyes wide and nodded her head mysteriously.

"Has to? Does she?" Mother said.

"Oh, yes, because she might find her daddy there, who's lost at sea—and, Mother! he might come riding in on the waves across the road and *right up on the Carteret* where she is!" And Julie ran once around the table, because good ideas scooted down into your legs and you couldn't stand still.

"Oh, I don't think so!" Mother said, and went on writing.

"Are you writing to Granny?"

"Yes."

"Is she going to come see me soon?"

"Maybe. Now, Julie, don't bother me any more!"

"Mother, if I go and wash Ella's face, will the time come sooner? I mean, for the party?"

"Maybe. Please, Julie!"

She ran to the bathroom and filled the whole basin full, and then even fuller, so that the water began to lick across the flat places and then a little down the sides; and if she sat underneath and held out her tongue, she could get a magic drink. Her dress got wet, and part of her feet, and finally she took off her shoes and put Ella's face upside down in the basin and scrubbed it with soap. Her feet got cold, and she had to dance on her toes. "Coldy, coldy, coldy," she whispered to Ella, and then she got terribly mad, because Ella's face, which was bisque, began to feel nasty and squashy. She spanked her hard again, but the face stayed all awful.

"You damn' fool!" she said, in a perfect rage. "You're just a silly ol' fool." And then she shook her half a dozen times and put her straight to bed, because now she would be good, all right, all right.

DAY after day she kept asking, "Is it now?" And Mother would answer, in a cross way, "No, Julie."

So she even made a new dress one day, out of a torn pillowcase and some red silk thread. It wouldn't meet in the back, but she thumbtacked it into Ella's back, while Ella kept right on smiling, and it looked lovely.

"Is it now?"

No, no—it was just *never*, she guessed. One day she got ink and made new eyes for Ella, because her old ones had gone down the drain. And then, quite unbelievably, Granny sent a crocheted red cap for Ella. Julie stood still as it came out of the parcel and picked it up gently with both hands. She drew it close to her chest and humped over it. "Oh, Mother, look! Isn't it the tiniest?"

"Well, go *get* Ella. See how it looks."

She ran fast and fell flat on her face, but she didn't feel anything, and raced back. "Oh, Mother, isn't she the most beautiful baby? Is it today?"

"Tomorrow, Julie, but don't you think—"

"When I wake up?"

She asked all day and was a nuisance, and at supper she didn't eat. "What's the matter, Julie? Why don't you eat your supper?"

"I don't want to. I've got a throw-up feeling."

"Oh, Julie, honestly! Just because of that silly contest tomorrow. Are we going to have trouble with you? Now finish your plate."

But she couldn't. Her stomach had knotted itself all up and was trembling inside her. So when nobody was looking she pushed the carrots and peas and cut-up chop bit by bit, with one finger, off into the napkin in her lap, then rolled it up until it was like a hot-water bottle against her stomach; and when supper was over she ran with it to the bathroom and flushed all the food away.

The night was forever, and she kept sitting up in bed. Once she got up and went to the window, but the pine trees were howling giants with their arms out and the moon was sneaking from behind places. She flew back to bed and whispered, "Dear God, please don't let things get me, and don't let the fire siren blow."

IN THE morning she had to eat the cereal with cream, but afterward she stood wobbly and heaving. Mother got her to the bathroom, where she threw it up and then looked at it.

"Why is it yellow when it went down white?"

"Julie," said Mother, wiping her face with a scratchy facecloth, "do you think you'll ever be able to go any place without being sick beforehand?"

That wasn't a very interesting question, so Julie said, "Can I wear my white dress with the red trimming, to match Ella?" It wasn't really her best dress, but it was the nicest.

"If you stay in bed and rest this morning."

That was easy. All you did was write a long, long story in whispers to Ella, about once upon a time a beautiful doll named Ella went to the Carteret and . . . Oh, to write stories was to be warm and curled, but also floating and far away, like the white daymoon sailing in the afternoon sky. "I love you. Do you love me, Ella?"

She must have been asleep after all, because suddenly it was after lunch, and Mother stood her on her feet and said, "We'll get you dressed now, Julie." Well, the floor tilted a bit, and for a minute her eyes kept closing while she reeled off backward, but then she remembered. Oh, it was now!

They had a little trouble, because Mother couldn't understand why, when Ella was already dressed, it was necessary to undress and dress her again, which took time. But it *was* necessary, so they were late getting to the Carteret. Mother ground the gears furiously and had to park way off; and the space, she said, was too small, because the more she went backward and forward, the farther from the curb she got. A man had to get in and fix it, finally. Julie trotted to keep up with Mother, who jerked inside her corset, and was cross in the way that no words came out. Julie's hand got all sticky with sweat.

But then they were there, and Julie couldn't have said a word, even if Mother hadn't been cross. It was too lovely! There was the big green lawn with umbrellas, the tiger-ladies prowling, and four dear little men wiggling

Next Week

What Is Your Sex IQ?

A challenging article by a noted marriage counselor, listing test questions and the correct answers

By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

Thousands of marriage counselors, doctors and ministers are now using an educational aid called the Sex Knowledge Inventory. It is a quiz expertly designed to reveal flaws in the information of those tested, so that advisers will know how to help. The author, a minister and a mother, describes the test and shows how it is helping many couples find greater happiness in their marriages

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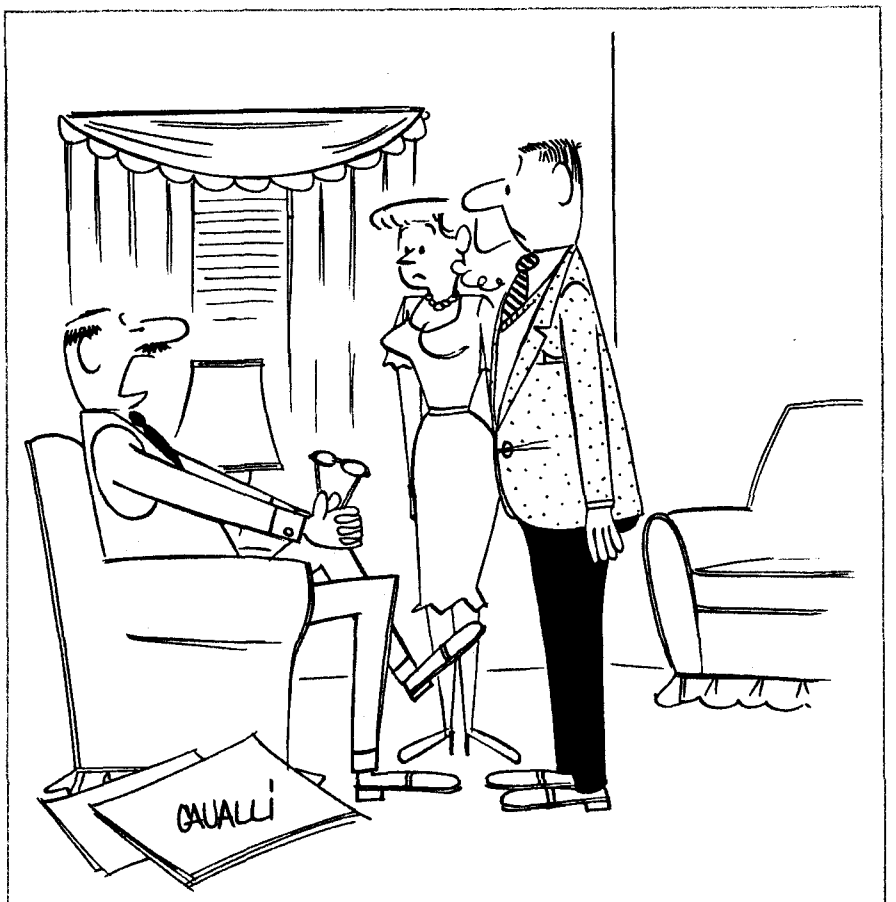

COLLIER'S **"Thirty-seven-fifty a week? Is that your salary or the withholding tax?"** DICK CAVALLI

out music in one corner. Today there were rows of chairs full of sitting uncles and aunts and fathers and mothers. The uncles all had on white pants, and the hats on the aunts, who kept turning around to talk to other aunts, flopped and thrashed like live fish. But right in the middle of the lawn, Julie saw the little girls sitting on a long row of chairs all by themselves, looking over at the uncles and aunts. Some of the dolls were so big you couldn't see their mothers' faces. But that was all right, because Ella was a little baby, not a horrible lady-doll.

"Here's Julie," Mother said to Mrs. Ebaugh. "But you can see why I didn't want to bring her. I could cry."

Julie looked up at Mother in surprise, because there certainly wasn't anything to cry about at a fine party. But Mrs. Ebaugh leaned down and said, "What a beautiful baby! May I hold her, please?"

JULIE nodded and gave Ella to Mrs. Ebaugh, who held her just right and bubbled her. Then Mrs. Ebaugh took Julie's hand, and they started down between the rows of people, and Julie said, "Let me have her back, Mrs. Ebaugh," because all the people were looking. So she carried Ella, and the people said things and made aah sounds, and her stomach was nearly sick. Oh, everyone in the wide world loved Ella. They walked across the empty space, and Mrs. Ebaugh told Julie to sit in a chair right at the end. She got up onto it very stiffly, with her feet dangling, and then—how awful—Mrs. Ebaugh walked away. Julie had thought Mrs. Ebaugh would tell all the people about Ella right then. But she walked down to the other end of the row of little girls, where Mrs. Hoyt was standing.

"What an ugly ol' doll," the little girl next to Julie said, and they stared at each other. The little girl had a fancy lady-doll with a matted yellow wig and a blue silk dress.

"She is not ugly. She's Ella," Julie said, after she got through looking.

"Mine's not. Mine's Yvonne."

"Mine's not really Ella. She's Gwendolyn," Julie said.

"Why did you bring her?"

"Just because," Julie said mysteriously. She looked at the doll Yvonne for a while, and then she said conversationally, "I don't like her much."

"I don't care. She's not my best. She's only my second best. My best one's named Caroline."

"I don't like that name," Julie said, but then they couldn't talk any more, because Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Ebaugh began looking at the dolls. Each child stood up and held out her doll, and the people clapped their hands. They clapped a lot for a big black-haired doll, and for Yvonne. But when Julie stood up they didn't clap so much, but they made a deep noise and moved around in their chairs. Julie looked up at Mrs. Hoyt's face. She didn't think she could say a word, but she held Ella way out proudly for everyone to see. But they stood waiting, and at last she whispered up at Mrs. Hoyt, "Is it now? Is she the most beautiful one?" For she didn't think she could wait any longer, not after years and years of waiting.

"My dear, it's tragic," Mrs. Hoyt said to Mrs. Ebaugh, and walked away.

Julie didn't know what tragic meant, but something was wrong, because Mrs. Ebaugh stooped down and whispered in her ear, "Never mind. *We* know she's the loveliest." Funny, that was what Mother always said.

She got up on the chair again and waited, but there was something heavy in her stomach. Where was Mother? She looked around at all the people, but she couldn't see her. And then Mrs. Hoyt picked up the big doll with black hair and said through a horn, "Ladies and gentlemen! We judge this doll to be the most beautiful doll here."

Julie stared. Not Ella. Not Ella at all. Oh, it wasn't true. Make it not true. There was a lot more shouting through the horn, and people clapped their hands, and the little girl who had won made a curtsy. Slowly Julie drew Ella in close to her chest, and sat there. The other little girls got down and ran off, and some of the uncles and aunts stood up, and there was ice cream on the long white table.

But Julie still sat there, the only one on the long row of chairs, and couldn't move because she was trying so hard not to cry. People did not cry in front of other people. Or if they had to, they ran off to a closet, but she didn't know where the closets were at the Carteret. The pain just blew up and blew up inside her like too-full balloons which might pop. Her lip shook so, she tucked it in under her top teeth. And then, with all the people looking, the tears began trickling anyway down her cheeks and dropping on her dress. If only she didn't have to make the mewing noise that came out when you cried.

MOTHER was hurrying toward her, and some of the uncles and aunts had stopped and pointed. It was dreadful. But Mother didn't do anything bad like kissing or anything; she only said, "Well, darling, well—maybe we should go home now." Mother's voice was sad, and the mewing noise began after all. Julie had to bend her head downward right on her chest, and cry and cry. How ashamed and hot she was! How she felt the people stare!

"Well, Julie, shall we go?"

She reached up one hand to take Mother's wriggling fingers, and she wiped some of the tears away with one of Ella's legs. She swallowed a long, shaky, downward sigh.

And then, just as they started to walk across the grass, there was Mrs. Ebaugh hurrying toward them, waving the horn and holding in her hand the most lovely Other Ella you ever saw.

"Oh, do wait!" Mrs. Ebaugh called. "We have decided to give Ella a special prize," she added, smiling at Mother. Then she crouched down and whispered in Julie's ear, "We thought Ella was the nicest all the time, but you see, the other little girl would have been so sad if she couldn't have a prize too!" Then she stood up and said loudly through the horn, "Ladies and gentlemen! The judges have decided to give Ella—this is Ella"—she held her up for all to see—"a very special prize for being the most—the *nicest* doll in the contest!"

All the people eating lemon ice cream turned around and listened and clapped and made a roaring noise and went on clapping while Mrs. Ebaugh leaned over and handed Julie the Other Ella, who was new and a baby.

"See, darling," said Mother, kneeling down, "it's all right after all."

But Julie stood holding both the Ellas and wondering. "Isn't she the most *beautiful?*" she said to Mrs. Ebaugh.

"Oh, it's much better to be the nicest," Mrs. Ebaugh said, winking at her. "Hardly anybody in the world gets to be that!"

And so it *was* all right after all. The tears ran backward down the inside of her eyes, and she ate all the sobs that came up like bubbles, and smiled at the people. Then she looked down at her two babies, sat right down on the grass and laid them in front of her and began touching Other Ella all over and whispering to her about her new home. And she was so happy and busy that when Mrs. Ebaugh said, "What about some ice cream?" she just nodded, because she was looking under Other Ella's dress and finding the loveliest lace edge on her pants. ▲▲▲

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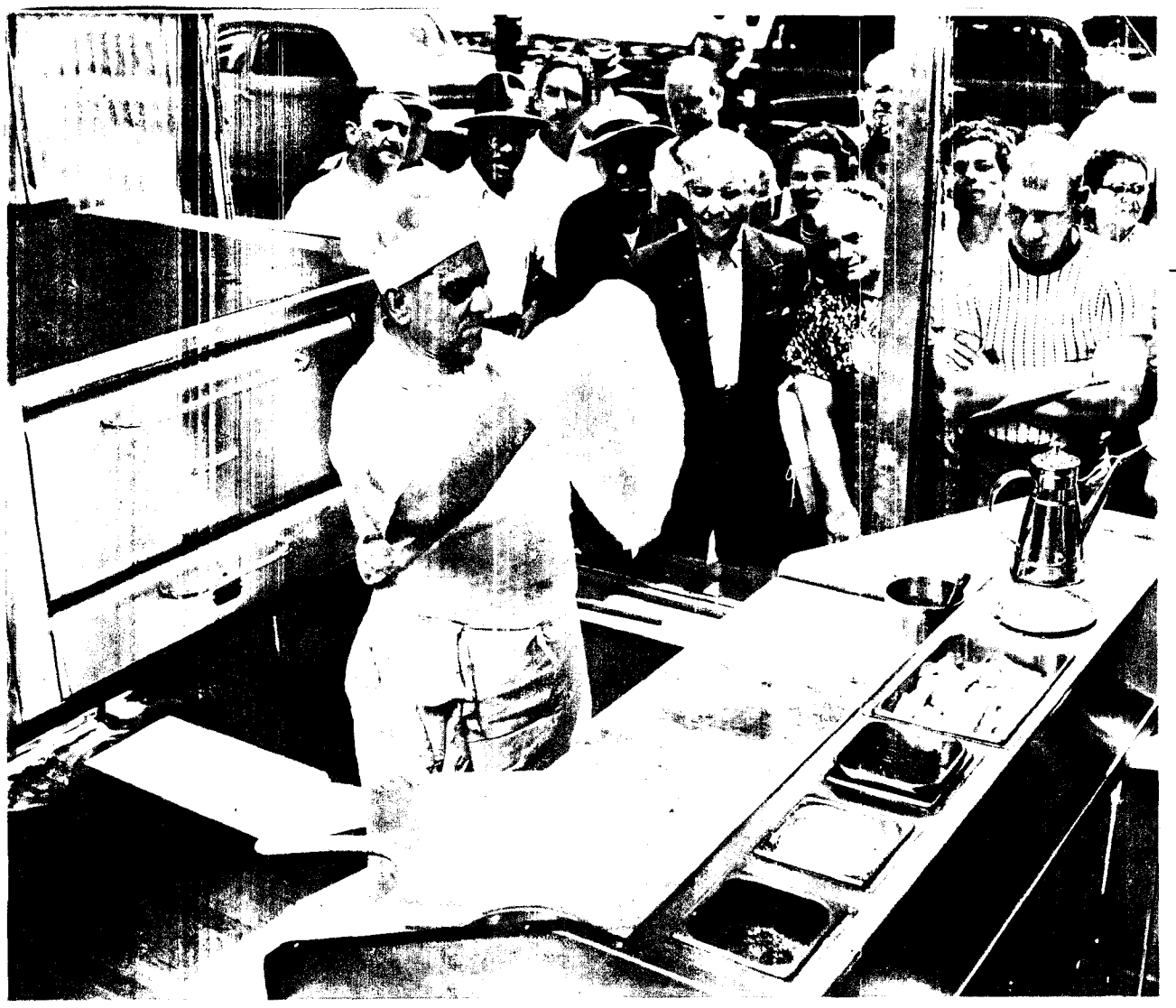

Engrossed throng watches *pizzaiuolo* (baker) Alfred Nunziato flip dough at Frank Mastro's model pizzeria in New York. Mastro is biggest dealer in pizza equipment in United States

One pizza every second rolls off the assembly line at Nino Food Products in Newark, New Jersey. The pizzas are refrigerated or frozen and shipped by air for sale in food markets

IKE VERN

FOR THI

An old Italian treat is sweepin

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER caused an international incident a couple of months ago. He said he had eaten better pizza in the Little Italy section of New York than he had ever sampled in Naples, Italy.

To the proud pizza makers of Naples, where the succulent pie originated 200 years ago, Eisenhower's remarks were heresy. You might as well say that you can find better baked beans in San Francisco than in Boston, or better shrimps créole in Chicago than in New Orleans.

But before Eisenhower's statement could become the subject of a diplomatic protest, Admiral Robert B. Carney, commander in chief of the North Atlantic Treaty Southern European Forces, came to the defense of the Neapolitan pizza makers. In a way, he had to; Carney's headquarters are in Naples, and the success of his mission depends in part on maintaining friendly relations with the inhabitants of the city.

Whatever his motives, Carney promptly issued this statement: "Despite the fact that General Eisenhower has been my commanding officer, despite the fact that he is my good friend, I am obliged to intervene on behalf of the pizza sellers of Naples. This is my considered opinion, greatly encouraged by the opinion of my wife, who considers the pizza of Naples to be nothing less than an artistic creation." The chef of Naples' Excelsior Hotel rewarded Carney with an 80-pizza dinner for the commander, Mrs. Carney and American, British, French, Turkish and Italian officers on Carney's NATO staff.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the whole incident was that the dispute was over pizza—before World War II little known in the United States outside Italian circles. It pointed up the fact that pizza has now become a favorite of all races and classes in this country. There are at least 15,000 pizzerias in the United States which bake and sell pizza on the premises, plus 100,000 or more stores and markets which distribute ready-made refrigerated or frozen pizza. And the numbers are growing all the time.

Just what is pizza?

In its classical Neapolitan form, pizza is a circular, thin layer of bread dough, usually a foot in diameter, laden with tomato paste, mozzarella cheese, olive oil, garlic, pepper and *orégano*. A baker, called a *pizzaiuolo*, flattens the dough by tossing it into the air, then deftly adds the other ingredients and shoves the pizza into the oven. The classicist still bakes the pie on bricks, but most modern *pizzaiuolos* use metal ovens.

Although the Neapolitan-type pizza is sold in 90 per cent of American pizzerias, there is also a Sicilian pizza, slightly thicker, more breadlike and baked in a pan. Then there are variations of both types—made with mushrooms, anchovies, sausages, eggs or onions. A pizzeria also will make a half-and-half pie; for example, one section with mushrooms and the other with sausages.

There is even a pizza nicknamed by its devotees the "kitchen sink" but more properly known as *pizza alla quattro stagioni* (the four seasons); it comprises all the ingredients already mentioned, plus any others which may be handy. Some of these "kitchen sinks" have an inch of filling atop the quarter inch of dough, are 16 inches in diameter, are big enough to serve four persons and cost as much as $7.

The real origin of pizza has been lost through the ages, according to sixty-six-year-old Milona Luigino, self-styled "Exploiter of Pizza in These United States" and proprietor of Luigino Restaurant and Pizzeria at 147 West Forty-eighth Street

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LOVE OF PIZZA

By HERBERT MITGANG

ıe nation. It's a meal-in-a-dish so succulent, composers have written songs about it

in mid-Manhattan, which caters to Broadway celebrities like Jimmy Durante, Fred Allen, George Jessel and Paul Whiteman.

"The first mention of pizza was in the seventeenth century in a cookbook written by Monzu Testa, a *pizzaiuolo* who became the royal cook," Luigino says. "King Ferdinand of Bourbon noticed him patting a piece of dough into round pies, ate one, and ordered the baker to the royal palace. There an oven was installed and pizzas were made fit for a king and his court."

Pizza crossed the Atlantic with Italian immigrants in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Probably the first pizzeria in America was established at 53½ Spring Street, New York City, about 1895. A few years later, Gennaro Lombardi, then a thirteen-year-old boy, became an apprentice *pizzaiuolo* there. He developed a hand for making pizza and in 1905, for $200, bought the pizzeria. Now known as Lombardi's, it is still run by Gennaro, assisted by his sons, John and George.

High Praise from Enrico Caruso

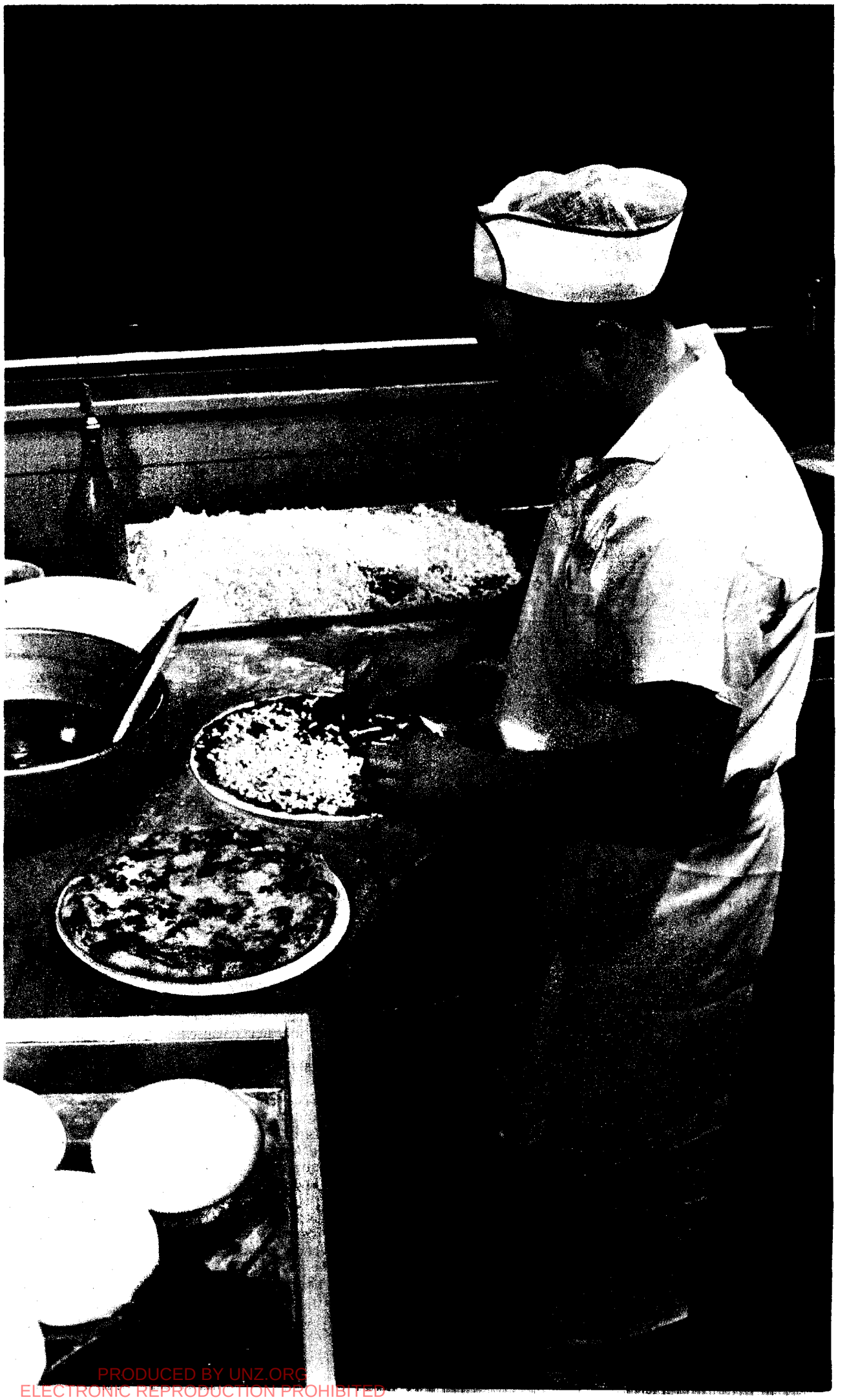
Both Lombardi and Luigino recall visits by a man who was probably the all-time greatest pizza eater in this country, Enrico Caruso. One evening after the opera, the great Neapolitan tenor strode into Lombardi's with his friends and ordered pizzas all around. When Lombardi laid a fresh tablecloth, Caruso yanked it off. "I come here to eat pizza, not tablecloths!" he exclaimed. This story is matched uptown by Luigino, who says Caruso, after a heavy session at the table, told him, "Luigino, I owe my voice to your pizza!"

In the intervening years, pizza has spread from the Italian section of New York to all 48 states. In New England, for example, you can buy pizza in supermarkets in almost every city and large town. Fresh pizza is sold by the slice at sporting events in Hartford, Connecticut. When winter comes to Revere Beach, Boston's Coney Island, one small light burns defiantly on the darkened boulevard through the cold months—at a year-around pizzeria. In Boston itself, a Syrian-American runs a pizzeria highly touted by Harvard men; the proprietor's nineteen-year-old son left recently for Florida to introduce winter vacationists to the closely guarded family recipe.

In the Southern states, ready-made pizzas usually can be found in the chain markets and in grocery stores, but it's sometimes difficult to locate the fresh and hot variety. Only two or three restaurants in Atlanta specialize in Italian food, and one recently removed pizza from the menu because the management was losing money on Georgia Tech students who ordered a single pizza for a whole group and then nursed it and a couple of bottles of beer for hours.

The biggest pizza establishments in the South are in ports like Mobile and Norfolk. Sailors get around the world and many of them, like crews on ships from the U.S. Sixth Fleet stationed at Naples, acquire a liking for Italian food in its native setting. Norfolk alone has at least two dozen pizzerias. New Orleans also has taken pizza to its tables. So has Miami Beach.

As for the Midwest, there are so many pizzerias



JOHN MENDICINO

At Flamingo Lounge in Gary, Ind., Bruno Jtin lovingly applies finishing touches to pizza before baking it. Dough, tomato paste, oil and cheese are the dish's basic ingredients

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How do you prepare the perfect pizza? The experts disagre

in Chicago that competition has forced prices down from $1.25 to $1 for a 12-inch pizza. One Chicago pizzeria has a sign reading, "Pitza." "I know it's spelled wrong," says the proprietor, "but it brings results. People come in to tell me the printer made a mistake, or wander in wondering what this new dish is. I sell them a pizza once they get past the door."

The Flamingo Cocktail Lounge in Gary, Indiana, dresses its pizza maker in a chef's hat and has him perform in a front window. While spectators gather outside the window, the baker tosses dough into the air, spreading it out thinner each time it flies up. Some Midwestern bars give pizza slices away free as appetizers because it helps to sell more beer

Southwestern palates appreciate pizza because of its vague resemblance to a Mexican enchilada. Pizza passed its biggest popularity test in Texas at the State Fair there last year. The first pizza concession in the history of the annual fair was opened by Louis (Frenchie) Roussel. He kept four persons busy serving nothing but pizza, and his salesmen hawked more pies all over the exhibition grounds, from the Cotton Bowl to Sally Rand's revue. Pizza held its own against such standbys as popcorn, fried chicken, tamales, French fries and hot dogs.

Along the Pacific Coast, Los Angeles has some 75 pizzerias, Hollywood about a dozen, and San Diego, with its naval base, a booming 30 to 40. But none produces a pizza with the authority of the firmly entrenched Italian citizenry in San Francisco's North Beach area. There are numerous lavishly appointed and well-advertised pizzerias in North Beach. However, they cater mostly to tourists. The connoisseurs and the Italians themselves mostly patronize small, family-type pizzerias. A typical one is the Sorrento Pizzeria and Restaurant at 314 Columbus Avenue. It is presided over by Camille Criscuolo, who hails from Sorrento, Italy. Her husband, Jerry, is the showmanlike chef, and his batter recipe is a family secret.

Pizza becomes "Big Business"

There can be no question that pizza is now a big industry in the United States. The nation's 15,000 pizzerias represent an average investment in equipment and furnishings of $12,000 each, or a total outlay of $180,000,000. The frozen and refrigerated pizza investment by about 1,000 manufacturers and distributors probably comes to another $25,000,000.

Nobody can guess with any accuracy how many pizzas are consumed annually because this is a highly individualistic business. There is no pizza association and probably never will be, although there are fierce loyalties and even three popular songs composed in praise of pizza: Pass a Piece of Pizza, Please; Pizza and Beer; and Angelina, the latter a song about a young woman who works in a pizzeria. As with every industry, however, close scrutiny discloses some interesting personalities behind the pizza's sudden upsurge in popularity.

One of the biggest manufacturers of refrigerated and frozen pizza is Francis X. (Nino) Ferrari, head of Nino Food Products, Inc., of Newark, New Jersey. And he is now doing two things which, to put it mildly, would startle any old-time *pizzaiuolo*: producing pizza on an assembly line, and distributing it by commercial airlines.

Ferrari began to fly 50,000 pizzas a week to Ohio, Illinois and Michigan this winter. The pizza flows off his assembly line at 8:00 A.M., is placed next to the air-conditioning unit in the rear of a four-engine plane by 9:30 A.M. at nearby Newark airport, arrives in Detroit three hours later and can be bought by a Detroit housewife in her local market in plenty of time for dinner. These pizzas are refrigerated, not frozen, and retail for 39 cents each; four cents of the price represents the cost of air-lifting each pizza to Detroit.

Spaghetti for Marines on Iwo

"I got into the pizza business because my brother Fred was a Marine sergeant on Iwo Jima in the Pacific during World War II," Nino Ferrari explains, somewhat incongruously. "One day I got a letter from him, after he had been wounded and won the Silver Star, saying that he could take anything if he only could have some of my mother's spaghetti and sauce. I fiddled around the kitchen experimenting with preparations that would keep during the long ride across the Pacific. I finally found a satisfactory combination and sent it off to Iwo. Pretty soon Fred's whole company was eating spaghetti and our sauce—cooking it in their helmets.

"After the war, Fred said that we ought to go into business because his buddies all over the country loved Italian food. With the help of my mother, we mixed a ready-made pizza sauce at home, and were in business. Mama Angelina came from Naples originally and Fiorello La Guardia, when a congressman, used to come to our house to eat her cooking."

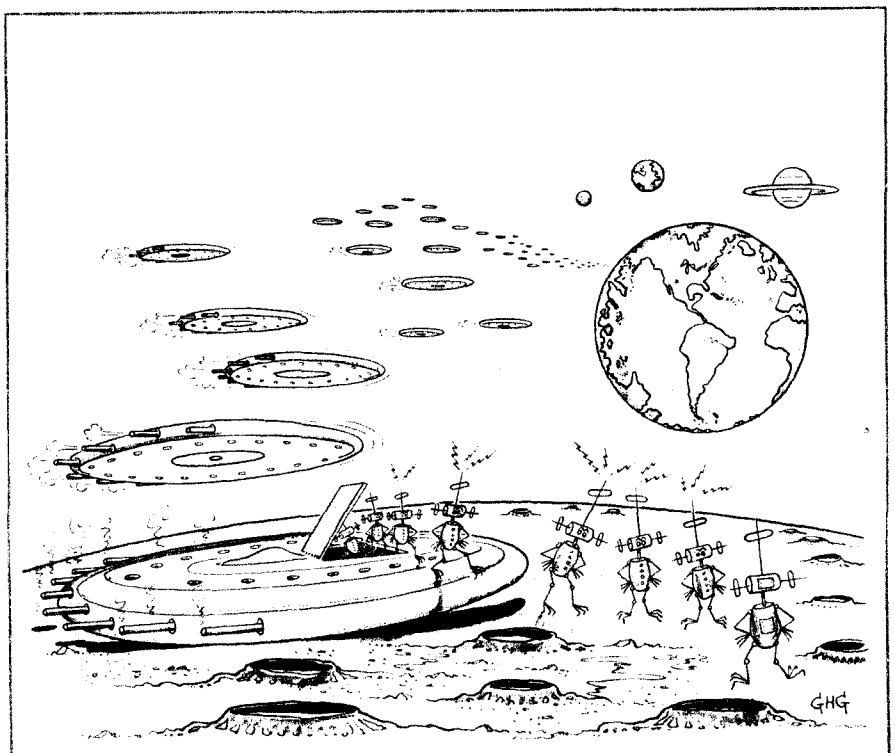
Fifteen women work on Ferrari's 40-foot assembly line, off which a pizza rolls every second. One worker prepares the dough shell, then two others place thin slices of mozzarella cheese on the shell and, as it rides the line, it gets a glob of Ferrari's own tomato sauce and a shake of pepper and *orégano from another worker*. Eight women wrap completed pies in cellophane and three others box them for air shipment. Ferrari's pizza is a real international pie: plum tomatoes from California, olive oil from Castelvetrano in Sicily, and pure black pepper from the Pacific area.

The Tasty Pizza Baking Corporation of Long Island City, New York, a competitor, also uses an assembly line and turns out 15,000 pizzas daily compared with Ferrari's 15,000 to 20,000. Both Nino and Tasty simply ask the housewife to heat the pizzas for five minutes or so, perhaps add some sausage and serve hot.

Another man who has played a major role in popularizing pizza is Frank Mastro, the largest dealer in pizza equipment in the United States. Most people who want to open a pizzeria go or write to Mastro's store on Manhattan's Bowery. He sells gas-fired ovens, work tables, dough retarders, serving trays, peels (long-handled baking trays), cardboard pizza boxes for home deliveries and even the pizza symbol—a plaster statue of an Italian chef holding a pizza.

Ovens Bake 60 Pies an Hour

"The pizza business has come up fast in the last ten years," Mastro says. "Before then, pizzerias used old-fashioned ovens. I got together with an oven company and designed a special pizza oven that turns out 60 pies an hour—one a minute. That oven has helped a lot of people go into business. One place opens and right away there's a second one in the same block. You need less



"We sure had them guessing. At first they said we were flying saucers, and then they called us weather balloons, and finally ended up with such conjectures as hallucinations, pipe dreams, bats in your belfry, nuts, and one too many"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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ut here are two tried-and-true recipes

than $2,000 to buy your equipment (oven, work table, refrigerator, the necessary tools and trays) and the profit can be high. Sell five hundred pizzas a week—not too difficult in the right neighborhood—at a dollar apiece, and you can see why there's a new pizzeria coming up all the time."

Mastro's store has the only pizza map of the United States. Pins indicate every town in which he has sold one of his ovens. His records list such random purchasers as the Beachwater Café, Biloxi, Mississippi; the Majestic Steak House, Kansas City, Missouri; and in Jacksonville, North Carolina, the Brooklyn Spaghetti House.

Luigino and Lombardi, who make their pizzas on solid brick ovens sunk into the floor, frown on progress in the shape of Mastro's metal pizza ovens, and both of them would rather not talk about Nino's refrigerated pizzas. Moreover, they do not agree on the best pizza recipe.

Nevertheless, for those who are interested in baking their own pizza, we can offer two recipes. The first is a real Italian (Italian, not Italian-American) recipe, and the second is a short-cut American recipe.

The Italian recipe comes from *Talismano della Felicita*, by Ada Boni, the cookbook given brides in Italy. (An English-language edition, Talisman Italian Cook Book, translated by Matilda La Rosa, is published by Crown.) Here is how to make pizza the Italian way for four people:

Pizza Dough

Flour, sifted, 4⅔ cups
Leaf lard, 2 tablespoons
Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Yeast, 1¼ envelopes
Water, warm, 1⅛ cups

Place flour on pastry board, add lard, salt, pepper, yeast and warm water and work well until smooth. Place in large pan, cover and let rise in warm place two hours, or until double in bulk. Place on floured board and pound lightly to deflate it. Divide into two pieces and stretch each piece on bottom of greased 12-inch pie plate.

Pizza Ingredients

Pizza dough
Olive oil, 2 tablespoons
Anchovy filets, ¼ lb.
Tomatoes, 1 medium can
Mozzarella cheese, sliced thin, ¾ lb.
Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Pepper, freshly ground, ⅛ teaspoon
Orégano, ½ teaspoon

Pull dough with your hands until it is about ½ inch thick and large enough to cover a round pie plate about 18 inches across (or two 12-inch plates). Sprinkle with oil until dough is well covered. Place anchovies, tomatoes and mozzarella cheese all over dough, add salt, pepper, *orégano* and a little more oil and place in hot oven (400 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes.

For those cooks scared off by the elaborate recipe, there is a simple formula for a midget-size pizza. It eliminates making the dough and is introducing pizza for the first time into many homes. Here it is:

Italian Pizza, New York Style

Pull apart 3 English muffins, toast light and place in pie pan. Drain ¾ cup tomatoes to remove juice, and break up lightly with fork; spread on muffin halves; top with thin slices of Italian mozzarella or American cheese. Sprinkle with salt, a little cayenne, and grated Parmesan-type cheese. (Pinch of *orégano* optional.) Pour one teaspoon salad oil over each. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 15 minutes.

Homemade or mass-produced, baked in brick ovens or in metal ovens, pizzas clearly are here to stay.

"There are probably more pizzerias now in New York than in Naples and surely more in the United States than in Italy," says Paul Grimes, of Burlington, Vermont, sales manager for the company which manufactures Mastro's ovens.

"Frank Mastro has sold pizza ovens in every state, and as far north as Montreal and Winnipeg and as far south as Puerto Rico. He even received an inquiry recently from Naples. Imagine selling an American pizza oven to a Neapolitan pizzeria!" ▲▲▲

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JOHN FISCHETTI

So Look Who's Talking

THE GAG ABOUT President Eisenhower's Cabinet consisting of "eight millionaires and a plumber" was reasonably funny the first time around, but we don't think it improves with repetition. In fact, our postelection talking and reading convinces us that it is a wisecrack which has misled some people into thinking that it is literally true. And from that literal belief it is easy to jump to the assumption that the President has assembled a Cabinet that is top-heavy with "reactionaries" whose sole concern is with the prosperity and profits of the business community.

We don't mean to be too literal about the gag ourself. But the truth is that there *aren't* eight millionaires in the Eisenhower Cabinet. And the history of Cabinet appointments reminds us that Mr. Eisenhower's "plumber," Secretary of Labor Durkin, is a much more untraditional selection than are his wealthy colleagues.

The late Franklin D. Roosevelt once told an executive of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company that one of his important jobs as President was to get as many wealthy and able men as possible into government, because such men had no incentive to make money out of their jobs and could therefore give a more impersonal and unselfish service to the whole nation.

A backward look at most of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet appointments reveals how really important he considered that job to be. Messrs. Morgenthau, Biddle, Wallace, Stettinius, Forrestal and Jesse Jones were all very wealthy. And let us not forget that Mr. Roosevelt was a millionaire himself. Yet these were the men who were among the principal architects of the New Deal —a political and economic philosophy which, for all the epithets flung at it, we never heard called reactionary.

The Truman Cabinet wasn't loaded with millionaires, although it's doubtful that such men as Mr. Acheson, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Harriman had to depend on their government salaries to pay the grocery bill. Yet we don't think that Mr. Truman's lower-income advisers were more "liberal" or more conspicuously talented than the rich Roosevelt aids.

It may be that the Democratic strategists have seized upon the total income of the Eisenhower Cabinet as an early issue in their long-forgotten role of loyal opposition, and are seeking to convince the voters that the President's choices are one more "proof" that the Republican party is the party of the "special interests." But it cannot be stated flatly that their wealth automatically gives them a McKinley-era outlook—particularly before these men have even started to make a record in government.

We do not mean to imply that federal officers are not bound by the law which prevents their handling business between the government and enterprises in which they have a financial interest. We do not suggest that, in the dispute over Charles E. Wilson's confirmation, the Defense Secretary's sense of public relations was good, however good his intentions or great his ability. But we do insist that a sizable fortune does not transform a man into a robber or even into a mossback.

It seems that all of us, in fairness, might reflect upon the likelihood that there may be some connection between a man's ability and his wealth. It is still possible in the United States, thank Heaven, for a man to get rich through nothing more mysterious than his own brains and his own honest effort. He doesn't have to steal, exploit the workingman or cheat the poor.

So maybe President Eisenhower appointed some wealthy men to his Cabinet not because of their wealth, but simply because he thinks they are the best men for the jobs.

Why Shield Crooks?

THE THREE-YEAR federal statute of limitations has run out in the famous case of the million-dollar robbery of Brink's, Inc., and the potentially perfect crime has moved a step closer to perfection.

A federal grand jury in Boston decided, with apparent wisdom, that an indictment was not warranted because of a lack of "complete, positive information." There is reason to believe, from the events that preceded the end of this time limit, that complete and positive information might eventually have been secured.

It is true that the statute of limitations in the state of Massachusetts still has three years to go, and that the local investigation will probably continue. The FBI will continue to work on the case and turn over any findings to the Massachusetts police. But the Brink's robbers may not be punished for their crime even if they are tracked down. Quite possibly, the criminals have fled the United States. If they picked their refuge shrewdly, they are safe from arrest, because some countries, even though they will turn over to us a man wanted for a federal offense, will not let us get our hands on one sought by a state.

This is not the first time that we have had occasion on this page to object to federal laws which hamper thorough investigation into crimes and balk the apprehension of their perpetrators. For example, we have stated our belief that it was a perversion of justice when Alger Hiss, because of the statute of limitations, was permitted to stand trial on the comparatively minor charge of perjury rather than on the charge from which the perjury arose.

Now we see once again, in a crime against a corporation rather than against the nation, a case in which the machinery of federal law enforcement is stalled by what seems an undue concern for the rights of the accused.

We do not believe that we are advocating cruel and unusual punishment when we suggest that Congress alter the national laws to a point where the agencies of enforcement are given at least an equal chance against the clever criminal —whether traitor, murderer, robber or whatever—who today is shielded by the calendar under the assumption that an accused person is handicapped in presenting his defense because a few years have passed since the crime was committed.

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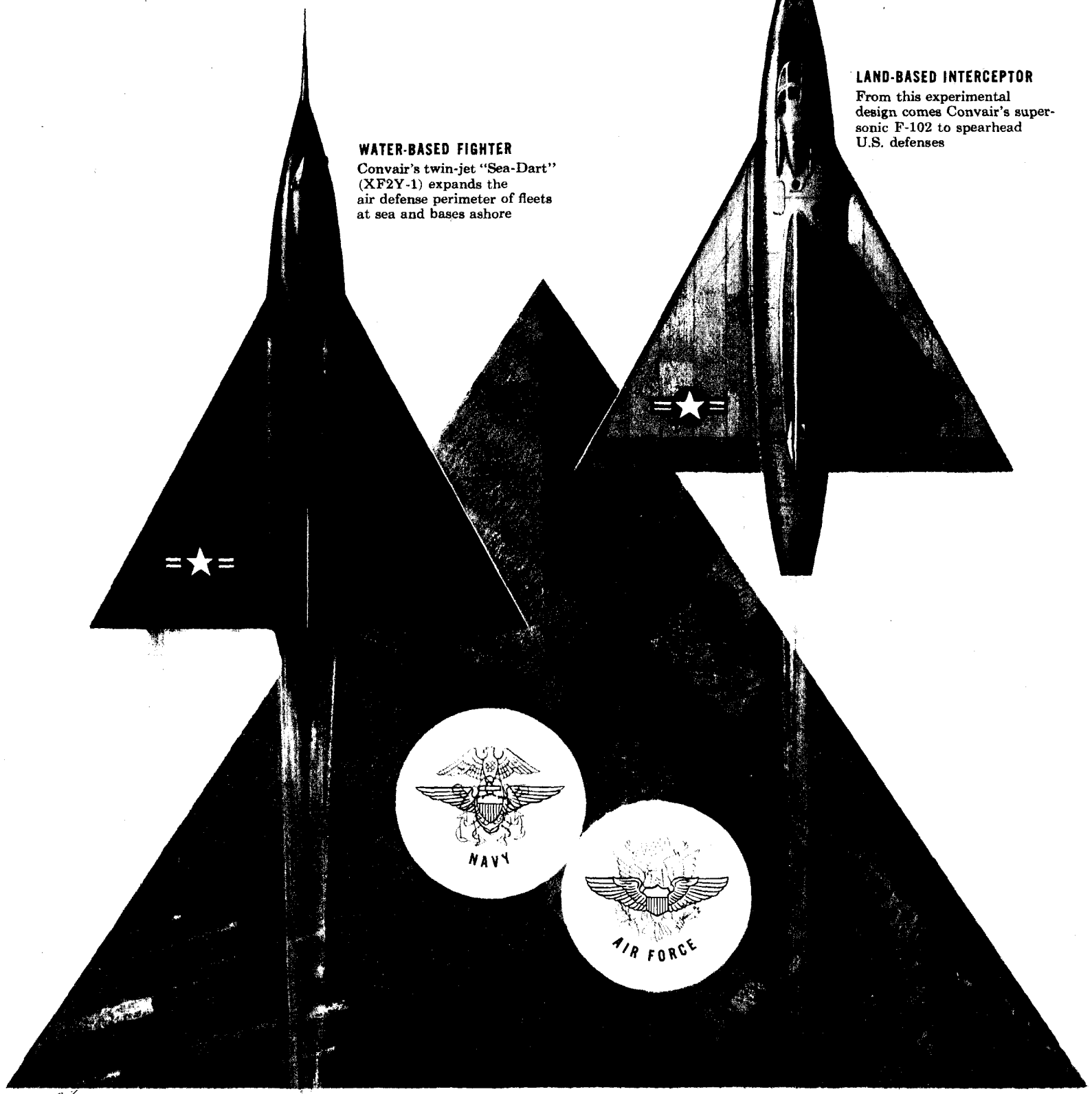
"DELTA WINGS," BORN AND BUILT BY CONVAIR'S

Engineering to the Nth power

WATER-BASED FIGHTER
Convair's twin-jet "Sea-Dart" (XF2Y-1) expands the air defense perimeter of fleets at sea and bases ashore

LAND-BASED INTERCEPTOR
From this experimental design comes Convair's supersonic F-102 to spearhead U.S. defenses



HERE'S A TRIANGLE WITH MORE THAN THREE POINTS

Convair was the first to engineer, build and *fly* the triangular shaped solution to the problem of human flight in the vicinity of the speed of sound... and beyond. Through the versatile skills of Convair engineering, the delta configuration has already given America its first land-based, supersonic interceptor... and the world's first water-based very-high-speed jet fighter. Adaptations of the delta to bomber and transport designs are now under way. Proof again, that Convair engineering achieves the maximum of air power... Engineering to the N*th* Power!

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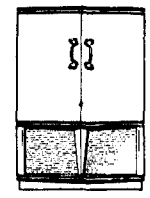
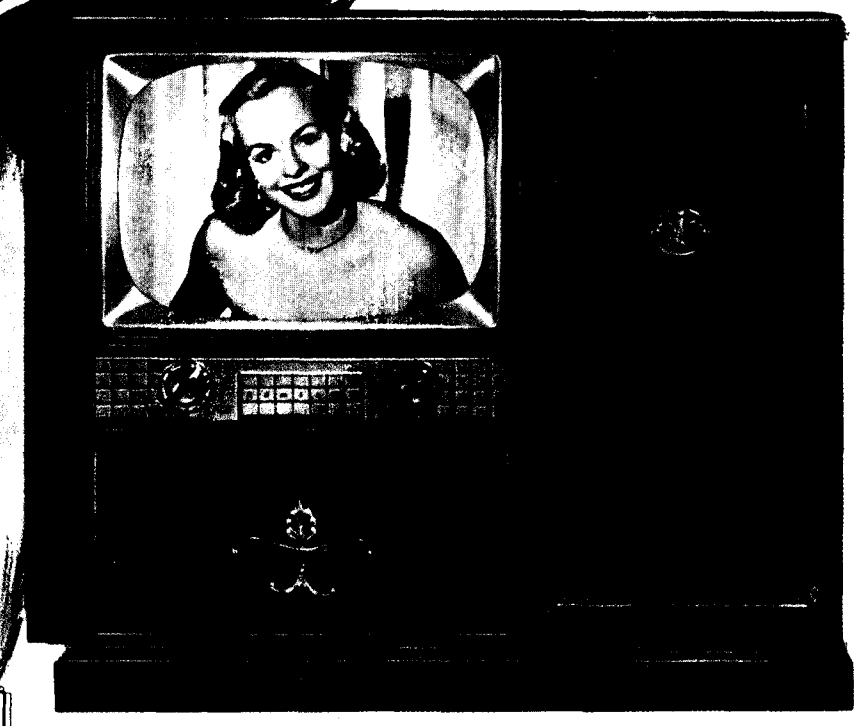
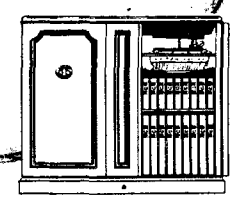


Look *AT THE STYLING*

Here is charm, grace, distinction—the kind of furniture you'll cherish, own with pride. Here, too, is *lasting* beauty. For each Admiral cabinet—traditional, modern or provincial—is expertly created to stay new and style-fresh through the years . . . blend with any home decor. Typical of matchless Admiral cabinetry is this stunning 21" TV Model 222DX27 with long distance Super Cascode Chassis . . . non-glare Super Panoramic picture tube—245 square inches . . . new wide range tone control.

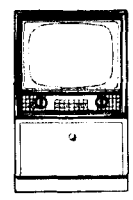
3 "Looks" tell why Admiral is your best TV buy





Look *AT THE PERFORMANCE*

With its great new long distance Super Cascode Chassis, Admiral brings you the clearest pictures in television—breath-taking reception in city or "fringe." Plus—*choice of two VHF-UHF tuners* . . . with interchangeable tuning strips for built-in 12-channel Turret Tuner . . . or the all-channel way with exclusive 82-Channel Tuner! See this brilliant performance in Model 322DX16A with 21" non-glare Super Panoramic picture tube—245 square inches . . . "TV-Integrated" Radio . . . Super "600" Triple-Play Phonograph . . . wide range tone control.



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Look *AT THE VALUE*

Admiral gives you the cabinet style, the model, the picture size you want—*at the price you want to pay!* With 21" TV—America's most wanted picture size—priced as low as $199.95, here are the greatest values in television! For proof of Admiral's sensational savings, see the price tag on this handsome TV-Radio-Phonograph Model 321DX26B with long distance Cascode Chassis . . . 21" Dyna-Ray picture tube. *See—then you'll believe!*

ON TV—See and hear Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, "Life is Worth Living." See local paper for time and station. Prices include Federal Tax and warranties—subject to change without notice.

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